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RUSKIN ON PICTURES

RUSKIN ON PICTURES

A Collection of Criticisms by John Ruskin not heretofore Re-printed and now Re-edited and Re-arranged

VOL. II

ACADEMY NOTES
NOTES ON PROUT AND HUNT

LONDON
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1902
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN this volume are collected seven pamphlets by Mr. Ruskin, which have for many years been out of print, and some of which are scarce. The pamphlets are: (1) "Academy Notes," 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1875; and (2) "Notes on Samuel Prout and William Hunt," 1879–80. A few Notes on Pictures from other sources, not hitherto collected, are here added. These sources are: "Catalogue of the First Exhibition of Pictures and Water-Colour Drawings, &c., at Douglas, Isle of Man" (1880), and "Notes on some of the Principal Pictures of Sir John Everett Millais, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1886, with a preface and original and selected criticism by John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D."

The series of "Academy Notes" was begun by Mr. Ruskin in 1855, and continued annually until 1859. The publication of the "Notes" was undertaken to serve as a kind of "circular letter," telling people "the pictures in the Exhibitions of the year which appear to me most interesting, either in their good qualities or in their failure" (see p. 3). The "Notes" were intended also as particular criticisms designed to support and illustrate general statements in Mr. Ruskin's works. He had already, in the second edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii., published under the heading "Addenda" some notes on pictures in recent Exhibitions of the Academy (1848). The success of his letters to the *Times* on the Pre-Raphaelites[1] (1851), in stemming the tide of hostile criticism against the young

[1] These letters have been reprinted in "Arrows of the Chace," vol. i. The Pre-Raphaelite pictures exhibited in the Academy of 1851 and referred to in Mr. Ruskin's letters were the "Mariana" (No. 561), the "Return of the Dove to the Ark" (No. 651), and the "Woodman's Daughter" (No. 799) of Millais; the "Valentine and Sylvia" (No. 594) of Holman Hunt; and the "Convent Thoughts" (No. 493) of C. A. Collins.

school, probably suggested to him the more regular and methodical exercise of his now considerable authority "I do not at all care," he wrote in a letter of 1854, "for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see people thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of my being listened to. I don't say I wouldn't care for reputation if I had it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about Art as 'unquestionable,' just as they receive what Faraday tells them about Chemistry, I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth caring about."[1] It was as one possessing authority that Ruskin wrote his "Academy Notes." "Twenty years of severe labour," he said, "devoted exclusively to the study of the principles of Art, have given me the right to speak on the subject with a measure of confidence" (see p. 3). His criticism was fearless and trenchant. He showed no respect for names merely as names. He abased, so far as in him lay, some of the proud; he exalted many who were at the time of no reputation. His criticisms had considerable influence both on the work of several of the younger painters and in correcting the public taste of the time. It is believed that the republication of his "Academy Notes," for the first time in a collected form, will be acceptable, not only as containing Mr. Ruskin's individual opinions (not elsewhere expressed) on a large number of painters and pictures, but also as illustrating an important chapter in the history of art in this country. They also abound in passages of general interest, for with Mr. Ruskin criticism of art was also criticism of everything. Mr. Ruskin, it may be added, seems at one time to have intended to re-issue his "Academy Notes," for proofs of a reprint of part of them (dated 1876) have been found among his papers.

Mr. Ruskin's annual "Notes" attracted a great deal of attention. They were, as an Academician of the time bears witness, "eagerly looked for and as eagerly purchased." Artists, as we know, "never read criticisms," but they somehow discover what the critics say. The pleasure of some who were favourably noticed, the wrath of others who were severely handled or (perhaps worse still) not mentioned at all, may be read in several memoirs of

[1] "Letters to Furnivall," p. 31.

the period. Men who had Mr. Ruskin's ear took measures to induce him to notice unregarded merit. The bitterness of those who dissented from his opinions may be judged from the tone of a criticism of the first number of "Academy Notes" in the *Quarterly Review* (March 1856, see below, p. 38). In a lighter vein were various skits, in pen and pencil, prose and verse, which the "Notes" inspired.[1] *Punch*, reflecting the public opinion of the day, gave utterance to the "Wail of the Royal Academician":—

> "I takes and paints,
> Hears no complaints;
> I'm sold before I'm dry.
> When savage Ruskin
> Sticks his tusk in,
> Then nobody will buy!"

The skits were sometimes shown to Mr. Ruskin, and he enjoyed them. But the frankness of his criticisms was not appreciated or understood.[2] "D—— the fellow," exclaimed one young artist, "why doesn't he back his friends?" After 1859 the "Notes" were suspended. "Thenceforward," Mr. Ruskin explained, "it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonourable unless it was false" (p. 221). Probably another reason for the discontinuance of the "Notes" may be found in the fact that at this time Mr. Ruskin's thoughts were in large measure diverted from art to ethics and economics. "Remember," he wrote, "that it is not so much in *buying* pictures, as in *being* pictures, that you can encourage a noble school."[3] "It is the vainest of affectations," he says again, "to try

[1] Among the authors of such skits was H. S. Marks, R.A. To his skit he owed a subsequent friendship with Ruskin. See his "Pen and Pencil Sketches," vol. ii. ch. 23. Another skit is mentioned by Messrs. Wise and Smart in their "Bibliography of Ruskin," i. 52. For the caricature by Mr. F. Sandys see p. 90 below.

[2] It did not, however, in all cases imperil private friendship: see the Epilogue to the 1883 edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii., where Mr. Ruskin gave some account of his relations with the Royal Academy. "It was certainly not the Academy Notes of after years, but the Pre-Raphaelite schism, and most of all Turner's death, which broke my relations with the Royal Academy. I hope they may in future be kinder; its President [Leighton] has just lent me two lovely drawings for the Oxford schools, and, I think, feels with me as to all the main principles of Ar Education."

[3] "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," § 137.

and put beauty into shadows, while all real things that cast them are left in deformity and pain."[1] Having finished "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin turned to the problem of social reconstruction, and wrote, instead of more "Academy Notes," "Unto this Last" and "Munera Pulveris."

In 1875 the publication was resumed for that year only. After 1855 the scope of the "Notes" had been enlarged to include the principal Water-Colour Exhibitions and the annual exhibition of French and other foreign pictures in the "French Gallery" in Pall Mall. In 1875 the "Notes" were confined to the Academy.

Most of the numbers of "Academy Notes" ran through several editions, of which some account is given in notes to the several catalogues. Fuller particulars may be found in the Bibliography by Mr. T. J. Wise and Mr. J. P. Smart. The text adopted in this collection is that of the last and most complete edition of each pamphlet. In 1885 an index to the six numbers of "Academy Notes," compiled by Mr. John Morgan of Aberdeen, was printed for private circulation (second edition, 1890). This index was useful, but far from complete. In the present volume references to all painters and pictures mentioned in the "Academy Notes" are included in the General Index.

The second section of this volume contains a reprint of Ruskin's "Notes on Prout and Hunt." These were written to illustrate a Loan Collection of Drawings, in part arranged by Mr. Ruskin, at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in the winter of 1879–1880. The reader comparing these "Notes" with those of the previous year on the Turner Drawings (in vol. i. of this book) will be struck at once by the greater quietness of tone and more systematic treatment which characterize the later of the two catalogues. Mr. Ruskin had recovered from the illness which attacked him during the Turner Exhibition. There was perhaps, too, something in the modest art of Samuel Prout and William Hunt, and in the happy recollections which it prompted, that induced in the author a mood of greater equanimity. In arranging their drawings his mind was carried back to the exhibitions, during his early manhood, at the Old Water-Colour Society (see

[1] "Catalogue of the Educational Series," p. 25.

p. 287). Those exhibitions, he writes elsewhere, "presented an aggregate of unaffected pleasantness and truth, the like of which, if you could now see, after a morning spent among the enormities of luscious and exotic art which frown or glare along your miles of exhibition wall, would really be felt by you to possess the charm of a bouquet of bluebells and cowslips, amidst a prize show of cactus and orchid from the hothouses of Kew. The root of this delightfulness was an extremely rare sincerity in the personal pleasure which all these men took, not in their own pictures but in the *subjects* of them—a form of enthusiasm which, while it was as simple, was also as romantic, in the best sense, as the sentiment of a young girl; and whose nature I can the better both define and certify to you, because it was the impulse to which I owed the best force of my own life" (*Art of England*, § 159). The qualities of the art which Mr. Ruskin was in these "Notes" analyzing passed into his own mood. In the "Notes on Prout and Hunt" there is something of the same limpid ease of mind and style which characterizes "Præterita."

It was indeed happy "scenes and thoughts" in his past life which the collection of Prout's and Hunt's drawings recalled to Mr. Ruskin. Samuel Prout (1783–1852) was a friend of Mr. Ruskin's father. His drawings were among the earliest with which Mr. Ruskin himself was familiar, and served as the models for his own first exercises in art. Prout was a constant guest at the dinner-party on Mr. Ruskin's birthday, and at Herne Hill and Denmark Hill they had him for a neighbour. "He went home to De-Crespigny Terrace from Denmark Hill one evening, seeming perfectly well and happy;—and we saw him no more."[1] The references to Prout in Mr. Ruskin's writings are, as might thus be expected, very numerous. In the earlier volumes, as in the later, of "Modern Painters," Prout is mentioned as pre-eminent in his own line. There is a very interesting letter in "Præterita" from Prout to Mr. Ruskin's father, written after the first appearance of "Modern Painters," vol. i. The artist was "pleased to find" that he personally had "come off beautifully," but regretted

[1] A letter from Mr. Ruskin senior, describing Prout's death, will be found at p. 137 of Mr. Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin" (1900).

that the Graduate of Oxford had not combined his firmness and candour with "the courteousness of Sir Joshua Reynolds' lectures."[1] In 1849 Mr. Ruskin contributed to the *Art Journal* an account of Prout's life and work (now reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. i.). In "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851) Mr. Ruskin noticed the happy coincidence of Prout's special powers and interests (his short-sightedness notwithstanding) with the close of the great war:—

> At the instant when peace had been established all over Europe, but when neither national character nor national architecture had as yet been seriously changed by promiscuous intercourse or modern "improvement"; when, however, nearly every ancient and beautiful building had been long left in a state of comparative neglect, so that its aspect of partial ruinousness, and of separation from recent active life, gave to every edifice a peculiar interest—half sorrowful, half sublime;—at that moment Prout was trained among the rough rocks and simple cottages of Cornwall, until his eye was accustomed to follow with delight the rents and breaks and irregularities which, to another man, would have been offensive; and then, gifted with infinite readiness in composition, but also with infinite affection for the kind of subjects he had to portray, he was sent to preserve, in an almost innumerable series of drawings, *every one made on the spot*, the aspect borne, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, by cities, which, in a few years more, re-kindled wars, or unexpected prosperities, were to ravage, or renovate, into nothingness.[2]—*On the Old Road*, i. § 191.

In "The Stones of Venice" (1851–3) many other references to Prout will be found. In "The Elements of Drawing" (1857) his sketches are included among "things to be studied" by every young artist, for their "unrivalled power of composition and love and feeling of architectural subject." In the lecture on "The Unity of Art" (1859),

[1] Vol. ii. ch. ix.

[2] A similar remark at the end of Mr. Ruskin's essay on Prout in the *Art Journal* will be read with peculiar interest in view of the recent calamity at Venice: "A time will come when his zeal will be understood, and his works will be cherished with a melancholy gratitude when the pillars of Venice shall be mouldering in the salt shallows of her sea, and the stones of the goodly tower of Rouen have become ballast for the barges of the Seine."

now included in "The Two Paths," Mr. Ruskin gave another short summary of Prout's life and characteristics. So, again, in one of his later lectures at Oxford ("The Eagle's Nest," §§ 86, 87). These passages, and especially the separate essay on Prout, should be read in connection with the following "Notes."

With William Hunt, also, Mr. Ruskin had long been on terms of familiar friendship, and Hunt's work had always strongly appealed to his sympathies. William Henry Hunt, of the Old Water-Colour Society, was born in 1790 and died in 1864. Mr. Ruskin's father had bought many of Hunt's drawings. The breakfast-room at Denmark Hill, "opening on the lawn and farther fields, was extremely pretty," says Mr. Ruskin, "when the walls were mostly covered with lakes by Turner and doves by Hunt" ("Præterita," vol. ii. ch. viii.). Hunt's drawings were among Mr. Ruskin's selected standards of excellence in his latest as well as his earliest books. In the first volume of "Modern Painters," Hunt's "keen eye for truth" was noticed, and in later volumes other characteristics were noticed. In an article contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in 1849 Mr. Ruskin referred to his brilliant colour ("On the Old Road," i. §§ 129, 132, 146). In the pamphlet on "Pre Raphaelitism" (1851) his power and aims were noticed with sympathetic praise, while in "The Elements of Drawing' (1857) he was pronounced "the best painter of still life that ever existed," and his methods were commended to the imitation of students (§§ 175, 256*n*). A letter has been preserved from Mr. Ruskin senior to his son, describing a visit to "old Hunt," as he was familiarly called:—

> "I like the little Elshie," he says, nicknaming him after the Black Dwarf, for Hunt was somewhat deformed; "he is softened and humanized. There is a gentleness and a greater *bonhomie*—less reserve. I had sent him 'Pre-Raphaelitism.' He had marked it very much with pencil. He greatly likes your notice of people not keeping to their last. So many clever artists, he says, have been ruined by not acting on your principles."—*The Life of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood, 1900, p. 136.

Mr. Ruskin had indeed praised the old painter for his honesty, earnestness, and constancy. Yet he regretted that "the last" was always of the same pattern. The

passage from "Pre-Raphaelitism" may be cited here as supplementing the estimate of Hunt contained in the following pages, both in "Academy Notes" and in the "Notes on Prout and Hunt":—

> Who is there who could for a moment contend with him in the unaffected, yet humorous truth with which he has painted our peasant children? Who is there who does not sympathize with him in the simple love with which he dwells on the brightness and bloom of our summer fruit and flowers? And yet there is something to be regretted concerning him: why should he be allowed continually to paint the same bunches of hot-house grapes, and supply to the Water-Colour Society a succession of pineapples with the regularity of a Covent Garden fruiterer? He has of late discovered that primrose banks are lovely, but there are other things grow wild besides primroses; what undreamt-of loveliness might he not bring back to us, if he would lose himself for a summer in Highland foregrounds; if he would paint the heather as it grows, and the foxglove and the harebell as they nestle in the clefts of the rocks, and the mosses and bright lichens of the rocks themselves. And then, cross to the Jura, and bring back a piece of Jura pasture in spring; with the gentians in their earliest blue, and a soldanelle beside the fading snow! And return again, and paint a grey wall of alpine crag, with budding roses crowning it like a wreath of rubies. This is what he was meant to do in this world; not to paint bouquets in china vases.—*On the Old Road*, i. § 190.

The "Notes on Prout and Hunt," in their original form, passed through four editions, as noted on p. 273. The text adopted in this volume is that of the fourth. There was also an edition illustrated with twenty autotypes. All have for some time been out of print. The index list of the drawings in the Exhibition, compiled for the original pamphlet, is here reprinted. General references to the artists are included in the terminal index.

Notes added by the editor are in all cases distinguished by inclusion in square brackets [ ]. Explanations of allusions in the text which might no longer be readily understood have been given. References to illustrative passages in other books by the author have been added. In the case of "Academy Notes," brief notices with regard to many of the

more important pictures and painters have been supplied. The short notice of each painter is given at the first mention of him, and can always be found on reference to the index. Biographical or critical particulars would have been out of place, but I thought that it might be serviceable to remind the reader by a few dates and other facts of the stage in the career of the artists at which Mr. Ruskin's "Notes" were written. Mr. Ruskin, it will be seen, had the privilege of recognizing, encouraging, and directing much early talent. It is important, with regard both to notices of particular painters and to remarks upon general tendencies, to read Mr. Ruskin's "Notes" in relation to "the needs of English art at the time when they were made."[1]

For facilities kindly given in connexion with the illustrations, I am indebted to the owners of the pictures and drawings whose names are printed in the List of Plates (p. xvii.).

E. T. COOK.

November 1902.

[1] Mr. Ruskin's phrase in sanctioning the reprint of his Notes on Millais in 1886 (see p. 269 below).

CONTENTS

PAGE

E ' 'S PREFACE v

' ' EMY NOTES":

'. 55. PREFACE 3
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 5
SUPPLEMENT 27

1' 356. PREFACE 37
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 41
SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS . 63
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS 72
FRENCH EXHIBITION 72
POSTSCRIPT 73

1 1857. EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 77
SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS . 102
NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS 113
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS 117
FRENCH EXHIBITION 119

IV. 1858. PREFACE 125
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 129
FRENCH EXHIBITION 147
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS 154
NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS 159
OLD SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS 163

PAGE

V. 1859. PREFACE 175
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 177
POSTSCRIPT 201
WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES 203
FRENCH EXHIBITION 211
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS 215

VI. 1875. PREFACE 221
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . 223

COLLECTED NOTES BY RUSKIN ON MILLAIS . 265

"NOTES ON SAMUEL PROUT AND WILLIAM HUNT":—
PREFACE 273
WILLIAM HUNT 276
SAMUEL PROUT 283
NOTES ON THE DRAWINGS:—
PROUT 301
HUNT 331
APPENDICES 339
INDEX OF DRAWINGS BY PROUT 345
" " " HUNT 348

GENERAL INDEX 351

LIST OF PLATES

I. Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., *P.R.A.*: "The Rescue" . . . . . *to face page* 20

(*From the painting in the possession of Holbrook Gaskell, Esq.*)

II. W. L. Windus: "Burd Helen" . . ,, ,, 74

(*By permission of Mr. J. Caswall-Smith*)

III. Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., *P.R.A.*: "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" . . . , ,, 92

(*From the painting in the possession of R. H. Benson, Esq.*)

IV. Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., *P.R.A.*: "The Vale of Rest" . . . . . ,, ,, 178

(*From the painting in the Tate Gallery*)

V. John Brett, *A.R.A.*: "Val d'Aosta" . ,, ,, 198

(*From the painting in the possession of R. P. Cooper, Esq.*)

VI. G. F. Watts, *R.A.*: "The Spirit of Christianity" (Dedicated to all the Churches) . . . . . ,, ,, 226

(*From the painting in the Tate Gallery. By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer*)

VII. SAMUEL PROUT: "COMO" . . . *to face page* 294

(*From the drawing in the possession of Mrs. Kennedy*)

VIII. SAMUEL PROUT: "LISIEUX" . . . ,, ,, 310

(*From the drawing* in the possession of W. Pritchard Gordon, Esq.*)

IX. WILLIAM HUNT: "THE EAVESDROPPER" ,, ,, 332

(*From the drawing in the possession of E. F. Quilter, Esq.*)

* The plate is from the water-colour drawing (No. 13 in the List of Drawings by Prout).

I

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

1855

WITH A SUPPLEMENT

PREFACE

I AM often asked by my friends to mark for them the pictures in the Exhibitions of the year which appear to me the most interesting, either in their good qualities or their failure. I have determined, at last, to place the circular letter which on such occasions I am obliged to write, within reach of the general public. Twenty years of severe labour, devoted exclusively to the study of the principles of Art,[1] have given me the right to speak on the subject with a measure of confidence; but it will be found that in the following pages, few statements are made on my own authority, and that I have limited myself to pointing out simple facts with respect to each picture, leaving to the reader the power of verifying such statements for himself. No criticism is of any value which does not enable the spectator, in his own person, to understand, or to detect, the alleged merit or unworthiness of the picture; and the true work of a critic is not to make his hearer believe him, but agree with him.

Whatever may be their abstract truth, the following remarks have at least in them the virtue of *entire* impartiality. Among the painters whose works are spoken of, the greater number are absolutely unknown to me; some are my friends, and some quite other than friends. But the reader would be strangely deceived who, from the tone of the criticism, should endeavour to guess to which class the painter belonged. It might, indeed, be alleged that there is some unfairness in fastening on the faults of one or two works, not grosser in error than many around them; but it would have been tedious to expose all the fallacies in the Academy,

[1] [Mr. Ruskin here puts his claim a little high. In 1835 he was sixteen. It is the case, however, that his first essay in defence of Turner was written in 1836, and his papers on the principles of architecture ("The Poetry of Architecture") in 1837–8.]

and I believe it will be found, besides, that the notice of the particular picture is nearly always justified, if not by excess of demerit, at least by excess of pretension.

I have been hindered, by unforeseen pressure of work, from noticing, this year, any but pictures in the Academy, and have perhaps missed several there which ought to have been favourably distinguished; but I hope henceforward to furnish, every year, in the same form, some notes on the leading pictures in all the Exhibitions, which may be of use in guiding the public to the discernment and acceptance of those unobtrusive truths of which our modern Idealism has so long repressed the pursuit, and withheld the appreciation.[1]

May 29th, 1855.

[1] [Of the 1855 "Notes" there were three editions. No. 2 was a reprint of No. 1. No. 3 was the same, except for the addition of a Supplement; see p. 27.]

NOTES, &c.

35. AZALEAS. (*Miss A. F. Mutrie.*[1])

There are two other works by this artist in the rooms, Nos. 304 ["Primula and Rhododendron"] and 306 ["Orchids"]. It would be well to examine them at once in succession, lest they should afterwards be passed carelessly when the mind has been interested by pictures of higher aim; for all these flower paintings are remarkable for very lovely, pure, and yet unobtrusive colour—perfectly tender, and yet luscious—(note the purple rose leaves especially), and a richness of petal texture that seems absolutely scented. The arrangement is always graceful—the backgrounds sometimes too faint. I wish this very accomplished artist would paint some banks of flowers in wild country, just as they grow, as she appears slightly in danger of falling into too artificial methods of grouping.

68. EL PASEO, the property of Her Majesty the Queen.[2] (*J. Phillip.*[3])

76. MRS. COLERIDGE. (*W. Boxall, A.*[4])

The juxtaposition of these two pictures looks very like

[1] [Miss Annie Feray Mutrie (1826-1893) studied at the Manchester School of Design, then under the direction of George Wallis. She first exhibited at the Academy in 1851. She was younger sister of Miss M. D. Mutrie (see p. 47).]

[2] [The late Queen Victoria.]

[3] [John Phillip (1817-1867) went to Spain for the sake of his health in 1851, and thenceforward made a speciality of Spanish subjects. He was elected A.R.A. in 1857 and R.A. in 1859. His work had for some years attracted the favour of the Court, and he painted several ceremonial pictures by command. A characteristic example of Phillip's Spanish subjects may be seen in the Tate Gallery, No. 1534, "The Promenade."]

[4] [Sir William Boxall (1800-1879) was elected A.R.A. in 1852 and R.A. in 1864. He was Director of the National Gallery from 1865 to 1874, and

deliberate malice; but it may read an excellent lesson to the two artists. Mr. Phillip's fault is excess of decision and force; Mr. Boxall's, excess of delicacy and tenderness. Mr. Phillip's work, by the contrast, has become vulgar, and Mr. Boxall's evanescent.

Looked at separately, there is much merit in both paintings; but the truth, so painfully brought out, is still a truth with respect to both. Mr. Phillip has much to subdue, and much to refine, before he will be able to represent not merely the piquancy, but the wayward, half melancholy mystery of Spanish beauty; and Mr. Boxall has much to complete, much to *de*fine, before he can hope that his graceful idea of the English lady will be in anywise justly expressed. The same may be said of all his works in this exhibition. Refined in expression, though in some cases looking too stiffly straightforward, the faces he paints are still little more than shadows—the reflection of the truth in a cloudy mirror. The dresses are even less than this; in fact nothing more than a filling of the canvas with vague sweeps of the brush, issuing, when there is any momentary distinctness, in pure fallacy; as in the portrait before us, where the shadow of the chain on the neck, which, to accord with the faintness of the rest of the drawing, should have been so tender as hardly to be perceived, is nearly as black as the chain itself—and this equally on the flesh tint and on the white dress!

Mr. Boxall will never satisfy himself, nor do his real talents justice, until he is content to paint, unaffectedly, as far as he is able, things as they are. It is not time nor labour that is wanting: there are as many touches on this ghostly gown as there are on one of Velasquez's portraits, head and all, which looks living enough to stalk the next moment into the middle of the room.

77. COLIN.[1] (*J. C. Hook, A.*)

There is a sweet feeling in this choice of landscape subject, as in most of the other works of this painter. The

was knighted in 1871. A picture of his—"Geraldine" (a lady at her toilet)—is in the possession of the National Gallery, but is no longer exhibited. In "Præterita" (vol. ii. ch. vii.), Mr. Ruskin describes conversations at Venice in 1845 with Boxall, "a much-regarded friend."]

[1] [A figure in a landscape, called in the catalogue "Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheard's boye" (from Spenser's "Shepheard's Calendar").

execution is flimsy and imperfect, and must be much bettered before his pictures can rank as works of any importance. He has, however, a very interesting figure-subject in the middle room, of which more in its place. [See p. 22.]

78. THE WRESTLING IN "AS YOU LIKE IT." (*D. Maclise, R.A.*[1])

Very bad pictures may be divided into two principal classes—those which are weakly or passively bad, and which are to be pitied and passed by; and those which are energetically or actively bad, and which demand severe reprobation, as wilful transgressions of the laws of all good art. The picture before us is of the last class. Mr. Maclise has keen sight, a steady hand, good anatomical knowledge of the human form, and good experience of the ways of the world. If he draws ill, or imagines ungracefully, it is because he is resolved to do so. He has seen enough of society to know how a Duke generally sits—how a young lady generally looks at a strange youth who interests her; and it is by vulgar choice, not vulgar ignorance, that he makes the enthroned Duke straddle like a village actor, and the young lady express her interest by a cool, unrestrained, and steady stare. It is not worth while to analyze the

Of Mr. Hook's work in later years Mr. Ruskin wrote with increasing appreciation (see pp. 87, 102). In "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin said that "the designs of J. C. Hook are, perhaps, the only works of the kind in existence which deserve to be mentioned in connection with the pastorals of Wordsworth and Tennyson" (vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 23). In the Academy of 1871 Mr. Ruskin "found nothing deserving of notice otherwise (than in condemnation), except Mr. Hook's always pleasant sketches from fisher-life, and Mr. Pettie's graceful and powerful, though too slightly painted, study from Henry IV." ("Aratra Pentelici," preface). Mr. Hook, born in 1819, was elected A.R.A. in 1851, R.A. in 1860. He is represented in the Tate Gallery by four pictures, Nos. 1512–14 and 1598.]

[1] [Daniel Maclise (1806–1870) was the great artist of his time; his vogue may be gathered alike from the acres of canvas which he was commissioned to paint, and from the appreciation of contemporaries (see, *e.g.*, Mr. Frith's "Autobiography," vol. i. ch. xi.). He was elected A.R.A. in 1834 and R.A. in 1840; in 1865 he declined the Presidency. Mr. Ruskin was not among his admirers; *cf.* p. 81. "Nothing," he wrote in "Modern Painters," "can more completely demonstrate the total ignorance of the public of all that is great or valuable in Shakespeare than their universal admiration of Maclise's 'Hamlet'" (*vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. i. § 2 n.*). Maclise is represented in the Tate Gallery by Nos. 422 and 423; in the National Portrait Gallery by a portrait of Dickens; and by three pictures in the South Kensington Museum.]

picture thoroughly, but let us glance at the two opponent figures—Charles and Orlando. The spectator can certainly see nothing in this "Charles" but a grim, sinister, sinewy monster, wholly devoid of all gentleness or humanity. Was Shakespeare's Charles such an one? So far from it, that into his mouth is put the first description of the love of Rosalind and Celia—"The Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her—never two ladies loved as they do." So far from it, that he comes to Oliver especially to warn him against allowing his brother to wrestle with him. "Your brother is but young and tender; for your love, I would be loath to foil him." Then, on Oliver's execrable slander of Orlando, poor honest Charles is "heartily glad I came hither; if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment;" this being not in cruelty, but in honest indignation at Orlando's ascribed villainy; nevertheless, when the trial comes, although flushed with victory, and haughty in his supposed strength, there is no bitterness in his question—"Where is this young gallant?" Poor Charles is as much slandered here by the painter as Orlando was by his brother. Well, but what of Orlando himself? He folds his hands, and turns up his eyes like a lover in his last appeal to his lady's mercy. What was the actual fact? Orlando had been but that instant called before the princesses; he had never seen them before in his life. He is a man of firm, calm, and gloomy character—the sadness having been induced by injustice; he has no hope, no thought of Rosalind or her love, at this moment; he has challenged the wrestler in quiet resolve to try with him the strength of his youth—little caring what comes of it. He answers the princesses with deep and grateful courtesy, but with a despairing carelessness of his fate—"If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing." Imagine the calmness and steady melancholy of the man who would speak thus, and then compare the sentimental grimace (as of a fashionable tenor in a favourite aria) of the Orlando in the picture.

Next to pass from imagination of character to realization of detail. Mr. Maclise is supposed to draw well and realize minute features accurately. Now, the fact is, that this work has every fault usually attributed to the Pre-Raphaelites, without one of their excellences. The details are all so sharp and hard that the patterns on the dresses force the eye away from the faces, and the leaves on the boughs call to us to count them. But not only are they all drawn distinctly, they are all drawn *wrong*.

Take a single instance in a simple thing. On the part of the hem of the Duke's robe which crosses his right leg are seven circular golden ornaments, and two halves, Mr. Maclise being evidently unable to draw them as *turning* away *round* the side of the dress. Now observe, wherever there is a depression or fold in the dress, those circles ought to contract into narrow upright ovals. There *is* such a depression at the first next the half one on the left, and that circle ought to have become narrowed. Instead of which it actually widens itself! The second is right. Then the third, reaching the turn to the shade, and all those beyond it, ought to have been in narrowed perspective—but they all remain full circles! And so throughout the ornament. Imagine the errors which a draughtsman who could make such a childish mistake as this must commit in matters that really need refined drawing, turns of leaves, and so on!

But to pass from drawing to light and shade. Observe, the light falls from the left, on all the figures but that of the two on the extreme left. These two, for the sake of effect, are in "accidental shadow." Good; but why then has Oliver, in the brown, a sharp light on the left side of his nose! and on his brown mantle? Reflected lights, says the apologist. From what? Not from the red Charles, who is five paces at least in advance of Oliver; and if from the golden dress of the courtier, how comes it that the nearer and brighter golden dress of the Duke casts *no reflected light* whatever on the yellow furs and red hose of the wrestler, infinitely more susceptible of such a reflex than the dress of Oliver?

It would be perfectly easy to analyze the whole picture in this manner; but I pass to a pleasanter subject of examination.

90. AN ARMENIAN LADY: CAIRO. (*J. F. Lewis.*[1])

It is very instructive to pass immediately from Maclise's work to this. Both propose the complete rendering of details: but with Maclise all is inherently wrong; here everything is exquisitely, ineffably right. I say *ineffably*—for no words are strong enough to express the admirable skill and tenderness of pencilling and perception shown in this picture. It is one of the first that I have seen by this master in oil, and I am rejoiced to find it quite equal in precision and purity to his best work in water colour, while it is in a safer medium. The delicacy of the drawing of the palm in the distance, of the undulating perspective of the zigzags on the dress, and of the deep and fanciful local colouring of the vase, are all equally admirable. The face —infinitely laboured—fails slightly. The flesh tint is too blue—a fault into which the master has lately fallen from trying to reach impossible delicacy.

It is only to be regretted that this costly labour should be spent on a subject devoid of interest.

94. THE RIVER'S BANK. (*T. Creswick, R.A.*[2])

This, like most other of the landscapes hung on the line, is one of those works so characteristic of the English school, and so little creditable to them, in which everything

[1] [John Frederick Lewis (1805–1876) was classed by Mr. Ruskin among the leaders of Pre-Raphaelitism. In each of the annual "Academy Notes," 1855–59, the works of Lewis are highly praised. In his pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), Mr. Ruskin had written: "I believe John Lewis to have done more entire justice to all his powers (and they are magnificent ones) than any other man amongst us" ("On the Old Road," vol. i. § 192. See also "Arrows of the Chace," i. pp. 95, 109, 171; "A Joy for Ever," § 102 *n.*; "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. ix.). Lewis was elected A.R.A. in 1859 and R.A. in 1865. Two characteristic pictures by him are in the Tate Gallery, Nos. 1405 and 1688.]

[2] [Thomas Creswick (1811–1869) was elected A.R.A. in 1842 and R.A. in 1851. At a period earlier than the present criticism, Mr. Ruskin instanced Creswick as a typical "modern painter" not of the first class, in the faithfulness of his study from nature, in contrast to the conventional untruthfulness in old masters such as Poussin. Creswick's is "the work of a man who has sought earnestly for truth: and who, with one thought or memory of nature in his heart, could look at the two landscapes, and receive Poussin's with ordinary patience? . . . Creswick has sweet feeling, and tries for the real green too, but, from want of science in his shadows, ends in green paint instead of green light" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 20, 34). Pictures by Creswick may be seen at the Tate Gallery and the South Kensington Museum.]

is carelessly or ill painted—because it is in a landscape. Nothing is really *done*. The cows have imperfect horns and hides; the girl has an imperfect face and imperfect hands; the trees have imperfect leaves; the sky imperfect clouds; the water imperfect waves. The colour, of a heavy yellow with dim green, is worse than imperfect; for colour must either be right—that is, infinitely beautiful; or wrong—that is, *less* than beautiful. All tame and dead colour is *false* colour.

120. BEATRICE. (*C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A.*[1])

An imitation of the Venetians, on the supposition that the essence of Venetian painting consisted in method: issuing, as trusts in Method instead of Fact always must issue—in mere negation. Sir Charles Eastlake has power of rendering expression, if he would watch it in human beings—and power of drawing form, if he would look at the form to be drawn. But when, because Giorgione and Titian draw broadly, and sometimes make their colours look broken, he supposes that all he has to do is to get a broken breadth; he ends, as all imitators must end, in a rich inheritance of the errors of his original, without its virtues. Titian and Giorgione have a slight tendency to flatness; but Giorgione's G Flat has accompaniments, Sir Charles's C Flat stands alone.

The real source of the error may be sufficiently seen in the distance; Titian paints his distances in pure colour—but at least indicates what is grass and what is stone. The distant ground, here, with its white spot for a castle, is a mere space of dim brownish-green paint, which can by no possibility stand for grass, or moss, or any other natural thing. It seems to me, however, that there are some points

[1] [Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793–1865) was elected A.R.A. in 1827, R.A. in 1830, and P.R.A. in 1850. He was Keeper of the National Gallery from 1843 to 1847, and Director from 1855 till his death. Mr. Ruskin reviewed his "Materials for a History of Oil Painting" (1848) in the *Quarterly* (see "On the Old Road," vol. i.). A reference to Eastlake may be found in a letter from Mr. Ruskin to Dean Liddell (1844), printed in the "Memoir" of the Dean by H. L. Thompson, p. 220: "It puts me into a desperate rage when I hear of Eastlake's buying 'Guidos' for the National Gallery. He at least ought to know better—not that I should anticipate anything from looking at his art, but from his reputed character and knowledge." Pictures by Eastlake may be seen at the Tate Gallery and the South Kensington Museum.]

in the execution of the picture, considered as an example of certain textures, which are instructive. The whole is careful, and the draperies well cast. But who is the lady? Dante's Beatrice, or Benedict's? She can hardly be either: her face indicates little piety, and less wit.

121. FLITTING SHADOWS. (*H. Jutsum.*[1])

Not particularly remarkable, but good as an instance of tolerably clear and firm drawing. The clouds and ferns are both exceedingly well articulated.

136. "COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM," &c. (*A. Egg, A.*[2])

Mr. Egg has considerable power of expression, and though this subject of prison sentiment is both painful, useless, and hackneyed, he appears to have something like serious purpose in his work. But he will never be a great painter until he has a greater respect for plain truth. There is in this picture one of the most wonderful fallacies that ever painter ventured. Observe the shadows of the bars of the window. They fall with intense sharpness on the wall at the back of the bed. Now, to get there, the sun must have come *in* at the window; it did not get through the keyhole. And as it came in at the window, it must have cast the first portions of those shadows *from the ends of the bars themselves.* But, actually, at the bars there are no shadows at all! It is dim daylight, shadowless, at the window itself. Hot sunshine, ten feet within the prison! The state of mind in which a painter could firmly carry out such a fallacy is wholly adverse to all real progress.

It is better to walk at once into the next room, in order to examine the more important work by this artist, "The Life and Death of Buckingham," No. 349. The story is worth telling, and there is vigorous painting in both pictures; but the figures which surround Buckingham in his riot are not

[1] [Henry Jutsum (1816–1869), a pupil of James Stark, first exhibited at the Academy, 1836; member of the New Water-Colour Society, 1843.]

[2] [Augustus Egg (1816–1863) was elected A.R.A. in 1848 and R.A. in 1860. He is represented in the Tate Gallery by two pictures, Nos. 444 and 1385. "He was," says Mr. Holman Hunt (to whom in his early days Egg gave encouragement and assistance), "a pictorial dramatist of true power; a keen reader and renderer of human expression to the very realm of poetic inspiration, if not of imaginative interpretation."—*Contemporary Review*, April 1886.]

of the class which could have entertained a man either of wit or breeding. Vice, unhappily, is not always repulsive at first sight, and the Tempter has not usually his bargain quite so cheap as he would have had of the Duke on such terms. The head of the dying Buckingham is forcible, but quite unfinished.

141. THE MITHERLESS BAIRN. (*T. Faed.*[1])

The story is well told, and the figure of the orphan child very affecting. But the painting is throughout the most commonplace Wilkieism—white spots everywhere. I expected far higher things from this painter, whose work eight years ago was more modest and powerful than it is now.

142. DUTCH BOATS: ZUIDER ZEE. (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*[2])

A fair example of Stanfield; but I never understand, in the accepted types of marine painting, why there is no distinction between the Foam and the Water. In the sea there is either yeasty foam or smooth surface; but in all marine paintings the waves are merely touched upon with little oblong strokes of white, which express neither water nor spray. Observe those in this picture at the boat's bow.

149. LEAR RECOVERING HIS REASON AT THE SIGHT OF CORDELIA. (*J. R. Herbert, R.A.*[3])

As No. 78 [p. 7] furnished us with an instance of the class of picture which is Actively bad, we have here an

[1] [Thomas Faed (1826–1900) was elected A.R.A. in 1859 and R.A. in 1864. Characteristic examples of his art are in the Tate Gallery, Nos. 1525–27.]

[2] [William Clarkson Stanfield (1793–1867) was elected A.R.A. in 1832 and R.A. in 1835. Mr. Ruskin always ranked him among the best marine painters of England. In the first edition of vol. i. of "Modern Painters" (1843) he was described as "firm and fearless, and unerring in his knowledge—stern and decisive in his truth—perfect and certain in composition—shunning nothing, concealing nothing, and falsifying nothing—never affected, never morbid, never failing—conscious of his strength, but never ostentatious of it—acquainted with every wave and hue of the deep sea," &c.; see pp. 377, 378 in the Index volume of "Modern Painters," ed. uniform with this book. For later criticisms of Stanfield, see "Modern Painters," vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 36; sec. iii. ch. iii. § 27; sec. v. ch. ii. §§ 10, 11; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iv. § 2 *n.* Stanfield's work may be studied in several examples at the Tate Gallery and South Kensington Museum.]

[3] [John Rogers Herbert (1810–1890), who did some damage to his reputation in the later years of his life by exhibiting works of singular

equally important instance of the Passively bad; which, had it been in a less prominent place, might kindly have been passed without notice; but, since it is thus recommended to the public by its position, it must needs be examined.

In the whole compass of Shakespeare's conceptions, the two women whom he has gifted with the deepest souls are Cordelia and Virgilia. All his other women can speak what is in them. These two cannot. The "Nothing, my lord," of Cordelia, and the "gracious silence" of Virgilia, are the everlasting seals set by the Master of the human heart upon the most sacred writing of its folded and golden leaves. Shakespeare himself could not find words to tell what was in these women. And now, cast down at her father's feet, the alabaster vase is broken—the house of life is filled with the odour of the ointment—all Cordelia is poured forth in that infinite "I am" of fulfilled love.[1] Do but think of it for one quiet instant. Think of the rejected creature, so long disallowed from daughter's word and act; unsistered also—all her sisterhood changed into pale flame of indignation—now at last, in consummation of all sorrow, and pity, and shame, and thankfulness, and horror, and hope long delayed, watching the veil grow thin that in those eyes, wasted with grief, was still drawn between her father's soul and hers. Think of it! As for imagining it—perhaps Dante might have imagined it, with the winds of paradise yet upon his brow. As for painting it——

And yet, in the midst of the Royal Academy Rooms of England, and in the midst of the nineteenth century, that profile of firwood, painted buff, with a white spot in the corner of the eye, does verily profess to be a painting of it.

It is a thing not a little to be pondered upon, that the men who attempt these highest things are always those who cannot even do the least things well. Around the brow of

weakness, was elected A.R.A. in 1841 and R.A. in 1846. For the decoration of the Houses of Parliament he was commissioned to paint, in fresco, "King Lear disinheriting Cordelia" (now hopelessly decayed) in the Upper Waiting Hall, and also nine subjects illustrative of Human Justice for the Peers' Robing Room. Of these the "Moses" is generally considered the best, and it is also the best preserved. A picture by Herbert, "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter" (1844), is in the National collection, now lent to Chester.]

[1] "I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cordelia. And so I am; *I am.*"
(Act iv. sc. 7.)

this firwood figure there is a coronet, and in the coronet four jewels. I thought that, according to Royal Academy principles, in a "High Art" picture, this Rundell and Bridge[1] portion of it should have been a little less conspicuous. However, as we find these unideal emeralds and rubies thus condescendingly touched, let us see *how* they are touched. Each stone has a white spot, or high light, upon it. Now, that flash is always the reflection of the highest light to which the jewel is turned; and here, in a tent, it must be of an opening in the tent on the left-hand side. Now, as the jewels are set round the brow, each in a different position, each would reflect this tent door from a different spot of its surface. This change in the position of the reflection would be one of the principal means by which Nature would indicate the curve of the coronet. Now, look at the painting. Every gem has actually the high light in the same spot, on the left-hand side, all round the brow!

The dimness of pictorial capacity indicated by such a blunder as this is very marvellous. For a painter of the slightest power, even though he had not drawn the gems from Nature, would infallibly have varied the flash, for his own pleasure, and in an instinctive fulfilment of the eternal law of change.

It is nevertheless a fact that, although from some peculiar idiosyncrasy not comprehending the passage in King Lear, Mr. Herbert has feeling; and if he would limit his work to subjects of the more symbolic and quietly religious class, which truly move him, and would consider himself by no means a great master, but a very incipient student, and paint everything from the fact and life faithfully, he would be able to produce works of some value.

159. Sir Robert Harry Inglis.[2] (*G. Richmond.*[3])

A very interesting portrait of a good man by a good painter. The attitude, as characteristic of Sir Robert, is

[1] [Rundell and Bridges, long established on Ludgate Hill, were the great silversmiths and jewellers of George III. & IV.'s time.]

[2] [Inglis (1786–1855) was for many years M.P. for the University of Oxford. He took a prominent part in the political controversies of the time as a Tory and strong Churchman, and was exceedingly popular in the House of Commons. He was also Antiquary of the Royal Academy.]

[3] [George Richmond (1809–1896) was elected A.R.A. in 1857 and R.A. in 1866. Several of Richmond's portraits may be seen in the National

admirably chosen; but the face, though it has all the gentleness, has hardly the vivacity, of Sir Robert's look of welcome. The chief fault of this portrait is the mistiness of the accessories on the right hand. I am sorry to see Mr. Richmond countenancing the false, though of late Parliamentary, persuasion, that every statesman's proper element is Fog; and it was a poor compliment, both to Sir Robert Inglis and to himself, to suppose that the portrait would not be sufficiently interesting, unless he subdued the collateral interest of the joint-stool.

161. ROYAL PRISONERS: 1650. (*C. W. Cope, R.A.*[1])

A very beautiful and well-chosen subject,[2] not ill painted. The spectator will see it to better advantage, if with his hand he will hide the guard's helmet, which projects into the light like the beak of a canoe, and appears, for a moment, to be the principal subject.

181. CHRISTABEL. (*W. Dyce, R.A.*[3])

An example of one of the false branches of Pre-Raphaelitism, consisting in imitation of the old religious masters. This head is founded chiefly on reminiscence of Sandro Botticelli. The ivy leaves at the side are as elaborate as in the true school, but are quite false both in colour and shade. There is some sweet expression in the face.

Portrait Gallery. In the Tate Gallery is a Raphaelesque picture by Richmond, painted when he was eighteen (No. 1492). In 1840 Richmond was in Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the Ruskins (father and son); see "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. ii. Richmond's head of Mr. Ruskin in chalk, done in 1842, appears as the frontispiece to the "Selections" from his writings. The same artist's water-colour portrait of Mr. Ruskin, full-length figure, is reproduced in W. G. Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin" (1893 ed.), vol. i. p. 108. Richmond also did a head in chalk of Mr. Ruskin's father.]

[1] [Charles West Cope (1811-1890), historical painter, was elected A.R.A. in 1843 and R.A. in 1848. He executed some of the frescoes for the Houses of Parliament, but these are now in a very bad condition. Of his smaller works there are good specimens in the South Kensington Museum.]

[2] [Princess Elizabeth lying dead, and her brother, Prince Henry, at Carisbrook Castle.]

[3] [William Dyce (1806-1864) was elected A.R.A. in 1844 and R.A. in 1848. For a more favourable criticism in a later year, see p. 83. Dyce is represented in the Tate Gallery by two characteristic pictures, Nos. 1407, 1426.]

199. A CHURCH DOOR. (*J. D. Luard.*[1])

A faithful little study, very refreshing among the artificialnesses with which it is surrounded.

201. PENSEROSA. (*C. W. Cope, R.A.*)

The young lady appears to be reading, may possibly be thinking, is certainly passing under a Norman arch, and is very pretty. This *ensemble* is interesting, but had better have been put into the architectural room, as it may materially promote the erection of Norman arches in the gardens of the metropolis, for the better performance of pensive appearances to morning visitors.

228. IN BETCHWORTH PARK. (*W. F. Witherington, R.A.*[2])

240. THE BIRD KEEPER. (*R. Redgrave, R.A.*[3])

We have here two interesting examples of another fallacious condition of landscape—that which pretends to Pre-Raphaelite distinctness of detail; but is in all detail industriously wrong. In Creswick's work the touches represent nothing; here they represent perpetual error, assuming that all leaves of trees may be represented by oval, sharp-pointed touches of yellow or green—as if leaves had not their perspectives, shadows, and changes of hue like everything else! There is great appearance of fidelity to nature in these works, but there is none in reality; they are mere mechanical accumulations of similar touches, as a sempstress mechanically accumulates similar stitches. If the spectator desires to know the difference between right and wrong in this matter, let him first examine Mr. Witherington's oval touches, and then cross the room to No. 321 [p. 21], in which the flowers in the window are

[1] [John Dalbiac Luard (1830–1860) originally held a commission in the army, which he left to become a pupil of John Phillip.]

[2] [William Frederick Witherington (1785–1865) became A.R.A. in 1830, and R.A. in 1840. His earlier pictures were landscapes.]

[3] [Richard Redgrave, C.B. (1804–1888), exhibited at the Academy from 1825 onwards, first genre pictures, afterwards landscapes; R.A., 1851. From 1847 to 1875 Redgrave filled official positions in the Art Department, and from 1857 to 1880 was Surveyor of Crown Pictures. In "Richard Redgrave: a Memoir compiled from his Diary," a few reminiscences of Ruskin may be found.]

truly and properly painted, and look at the way the leaves are set and worked there; and if it be supposed that this is only to be done in a cabinet picture, the question is well worth settling at once by merely walking out of the Academy into the National Gallery next door,[1] and looking at the leaves which crown the Bacchus, and the little dancing faun, in Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" [No. 35], in which every turn of the most subtle perspective, and every gradation of colour, is given with the colossal ease and power of the consummate master. Examine, further, the vine-leaves above on the right, and the flowers in the foreground, and you will return to the Academy with an eye so instructed, as hardly thenceforward to accept, in such matters, fallacies for facts.

239. THE BROKEN WINDOW: WHO THREW THE STONE? (*W. H. Knight.*[2])

This picture does not catch the eye at a distance, but, on looking close, there will be found exquisite and careful painting in it. The fish on the tray on the boy's head are amongst the best bits of cabinet painting in the room.

244. "THE MOORLAND:" TENNYSON.[3] (*J. W. Inchbold.*[4])

This is, as far as I have seen, the only thoroughly good landscape in the rooms of the Academy. It is more exquisite in its finish of lichenous rock painting than any

[1] [The Royal Academy was at this time housed in the same building with the National Gallery. Over one of the entrance doors to the Gallery in Trafalgar Square the words "Royal Academy of Arts" may still be seen.]

[2] [William Henry Knight (1823–1863), first exhibited at the Academy 1846. "The Broken Window," the picture noticed above, was engraved in the *Art Journal*, Aug. 1865.]

[3] ["O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"—*Locksley Hall.*]

[4] [John William Inchbold (1830–1888) was one of the painters who carried the principles of Pre-Raphaelitism into the field of landscape. A picture of his in the Academy of 1854 had attracted Mr. Ruskin's attention (see p. 33, below); he sought out the young painter, gave him advice and encouragement, and introduced him to the work of Rossetti (see "Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism," pp. 79, 96). Inchbold also made the acquaintance of Mr. Swinburne, who has published a memorial poem upon him. Coventry Patmore was another admirer; see his "Life," by B. Champneys, ii. 169. There is a picture by Inchbold in the Tate Gallery, No. 1477, which also is a moorland scene.]

work I have ever seen. Its colour, throughout, is as forcible as it is subtle and refined; and although it appears as yet to display little power of invention, the appreciation of truth in it is so intense, that a single inch of it is well worth all the rest of the landscapes in the room. It may well be supposed that my knowledge of this picture was not obtained by study of it in its present position. Those who happen to be interested in the system of hanging now pursued in the Academy, will do well to verify my statement by an examination of the picture after the exhibition closes.

There are two other works by this artist, in the outer rooms: 1075, ineffective, but yet full of excellent work and right feeling; and 1162, exceedingly beautiful.[1]

282. THE RESCUE. (*J. E. Millais, A.*[2])

It is the only *great* picture exhibited this year; but this is *very* great. The immortal element is in it to the full.

[1] [1075, "At Bolton;" 1162, "A Study: in March."]

[2] [The career of Millais (1829–1896) is too well known to need any notice here. A few dates with regard to his relations with Mr. Ruskin and to the criticisms by the latter may, however, be worth giving, as the matter is often misunderstood. In 1851 the Academy pictures of Millais and Holman Hunt were bitterly attacked in the *Times*. Millais asked Coventry Patmore to see if Ruskin would take up their cause. Patmore did so, and Ruskin defended the young artists in letters to the *Times* (May 1851) and in a pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism" (Aug. 1851). Ruskin's advocacy was a turning-point in the fortunes of Millais and his group. Millais was elected A.R.A. in 1853. In 1851 Ruskin made the acquaintance of Millais, and a close friendship ensued. Ruskin had married in 1848. In Millais's picture of "The Order of Release," exhibited in 1853, the figure of the woman was painted from Mrs. Ruskin. In that year the Ruskins had taken a cottage at Glenfinlas. Millais and his brother William accompanied them, and stayed for some weeks at the neighbouring inn. Millais's portrait of Ruskin was done at this time. He also drew the frontispiece for the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" which Ruskin was writing, and which contained a further appreciation of Millais's work. Millais at this time was painting under Ruskin's guidance with minute finish. "I have stopped all this time," wrote Ruskin from Glenfinlas (Oct. 16, 1853), "to keep Millais company —to keep him up to the Pre-Raphaelite degree of finish—which I have done with a vengeance, as he has taken three months to do half a background two feet over, and perhaps won't finish it now. But I have got maps of all the lichens on the rocks, and the *bubbles* painted in the foam" (*Letters to Furnivall*, p. 17). Millais's marriage took place in 1855, the year of the present "Notes," with their enthusiastic appreciation of Millais as an artist. In the "Notes" of 1856, Ruskin was yet more enthusiastic (see p. 50, below). In 1857 Ruskin noted a change in the painter's work: "it is not merely Fall, it is Catastrophe" (p. 91). In

It is easily understood, and the public very generally understand it. Various small cavils have been made at it, chiefly by conventionalists, who never ask how the thing is, but fancy for themselves how it ought to be. I have heard it said, for instance, that the fireman's arm should not have looked so black in the red light. If people would only try the experiment, they would find that near black, compared with other colours, is always black. Coals do not look red in a fire, but where they are red hot. In fact, the contrast between any dark colour and a light one, is always nearly the same, however high we raise the light that falls on both.[1] Paul Veronese often paints local colour darker in the lights than in the shadow, generally equal in both. The glow that is mixed with the blackness is here intensely strong; but, justly, does not destroy the nature of the blackness.

The execution of the picture is remarkably bold—in some respects imperfect. I have heard it was hastily finished; but, except in the face of the child kissing the mother, it could not be much bettered. For there is a true sympathy between the impetuousness of execution and the haste of the action.[2]

1859 Ruskin continued to sound a note of warning, but also extolled the painter's powers (pp. 178–181). Millais's criticism of his critic at this period is interesting: "Ruskin will be disgusted this year, for all the rubbish he has been praising before being sent into the Royal Academy has now bad places. There is a wretched work like a photograph of some place in Switzerland, evidently painted under his guidance, for he seems to have lauded it up sky-high; and that is *just where it is* in the miniature room! He does not understand my work, which is now too broad for him to appreciate, and I think his eye is only fit to judge the portraits of insects" (*Life and Letters of Millais*, i. 342). In the "Notes" of 1875, Ruskin returned to the charge against what he considered Millais's lapse from the ideals and methods of his youth. His later criticisms, including emphatic tributes to the master's genius and appreciation even of his "freehand painting," are collected lower down (see p. 265).]

[1] [See further on this point, p. 31, below.]

[2] [The origin of this picture and the circumstances in which it was painted are fully described in "The Life and Letters of Millais," vol. i. pp. 247–257. Millais had taken great pains with the preliminary studies, but was behind-hand with the picture itself. "On the last day but one he began to work as soon as it was daylight, and worked on all through the night and following day until the van arrived for the picture. His friend Charles Collins sat up with him and painted the fire-hose, whilst Millais worked at other parts; and in the end a large piece of sheet-iron was placed on the floor, upon which a flaming brand was put and worked from amidst suffocating smoke." The picture is now in the collection of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell.]

Sir J.E. Millais R.A.

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Rescue.

From the painting in the possession of Holbrook Gaskell, Esq.

305. At the Opera. (*W. P. Frith, R.A.*[1])

There is great cleverness and successful realization, up to a certain point, in this picture, the work being very thoroughly done, as far as the painter sees what *is* to be done, and all very skilfully handled, down to the utmost seam of the white kid gloves. It is not a kind of painting which will ever bring great fame, or deserve it; but it is better than spurious "High Art."

321. The Writing Lesson. (*J. Collinson.*[2])

This is a very careful and beautiful study—the subject not interesting enough to render the picture attractive; but it is a good piece of work throughout, and there are not many pictures in the room of which this can be said.

355. A Contrast.[3] (*A. Solomon.*[4])

It is difficult to see this picture at the height at which it is placed, but it seems to me better than most of its class in the rooms; and the face of the invalid is very beautiful.

[1] [William Powell Frith (b. 1819) began to exhibit at the Academy in 1840; was elected A.R.A. in 1844; and in 1852, R.A. His early pictures were of subjects from English literature. In 1854 he made his first great success, in subjects of modern life, with "Ramsgate Sands." For other references to Mr. Frith, see pp. 46, 137, 237.]

[2] [James Collinson (d. 1881) was one of the seven original members of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." Of his minute methods of workmanship some account is given in W. M. Rossetti's "Præ-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters," p. 223. To the *Germ* he contributed a mystical poem, entitled "The Child Jesus." In 1851 appeared his principal work, "An Incident in the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," in illustration of Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." On becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism, Collinson resigned his membership in the brotherhood. His letter of resignation is printed in "Præ-Raphaelite Diaries," p. 275. He spent the years 1852-54 in a convent, but in 1855 resumed exhibiting at the Academy. Some interesting reminiscences of Collinson are given in Mr. Holman Hunt's papers on the brotherhood (*Contemporary Review*, May 1886).]

[3] [In the catalogue were the illustrative lines:—

"Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
Such are the poor in health; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not."]

[4] [Abraham Solomon (1824-1862), whose work was thus praised by Mr. Ruskin, established his reputation two years later with "Waiting for the Verdict" (see p. 97).]

357. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANS: THE SERMON. (*J. Stirling.*)

A very noticeable picture, showing careful study and good discrimination of expression. But the painter cannot yet do all he wants to do; he should try to work more delicately, and not attempt so much at once.

471. FOWL AND PIGEONS. (*W. Huggins.*[1])

There is excellent painting in pieces of this study; but as a whole it is incomplete, the background being wrong, and the parts out of harmony. The painter ought to work with the sternest self-denial, from corner to corner of his picture, completing everything from nature, near or distant, to the best of his power.

486. THE MOTHER OF MOSES. (*J. C. Hook, A.*)

I alluded to this picture in noticing the landscape works by the same artist [p. 7]. This is very truly and thoughtfully conceived. It is interesting to consider how many "findings of Moses" have been painted, not one of which ever attempted to express this, the deepest note of passion in all the scene. The princess and her maidens pleasantly surprised at finding a child among the reeds! this was all that the so-called great masters ever dreamed of. The modern painter is to be deeply thanked for his true and earnest thought; above all for the little Miriam, trotting by her mother's side with her rough harp, and pitcher hung by it, looking back, in her childish wisdom and fear, to see that the princess is not watching the burst of passion which might betray her mother.

545. ST. SEBASTIAN: DURING THE SIEGE, JULY 1813. (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*)

A careful and good example of Stanfield's work. But persons who accuse the Pre-Raphaelites of faults in aerial perspective, may perhaps be able to account, better than I can, for the fact that the foreground and the hill three miles off are precisely of the same colour.

[1] [William Huggins (1820–1884) was known in his native city as "the Liverpool Landseer."]

569. CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE. (*F. Leighton.*[1])

This is a very important and very beautiful picture. It has both sincerity and grace, and is painted on the purest principles of Venetian art—that is to say, on the calm acceptance of the whole of nature, small and great, as, in its place, deserving of faithful rendering. The great secret of the Venetians was their simplicity. They were great colourists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and colour, but because when they saw a thing red, they painted it red; and when they saw it blue, they painted it blue; and when they saw it distinctly, they painted it distinctly. In all Paul Veronese's pictures, the lace borders of the table-cloths or fringes of the dresses are painted with just as much care as the faces of the principal figures; and the reader may rest assured that in all great art it is so. Everything in it is done as well as it *can* be done. Thus, in the picture before us, in the background is the Church of San Miniato, strictly accurate in every detail; on the top of the wall are oleanders and pinks, as carefully painted as the church; the architecture of the shrine on the wall is well studied from thirteenth-century Gothic, and painted with as much care as the pinks; the dresses of the figures, very beautifully designed, are painted with as much care as the architecture; and the faces with as much care as the dresses—that is to say, all things, throughout, with as much care as the painter could bestow. It necessarily follows, that what is most difficult (*i.e.*, the faces) should be comparatively the worst done. But if they are done as well as the painter could do them, it is all we have to ask; and modern artists are under a wonderful mistake

[1] [Frederic, Lord Leighton (1830–1896), was at this time little known in art circles in London, for he studied and worked abroad. It was not till 1864 that he was elected A.R.A.; he became R.A. in 1868, and President in 1879. The "Cimabue" was bought by Queen Victoria, and made Leighton famous. Other contemporary criticisms by high authorities may be read in D. G. Rossetti's "Letters to William Allingham," and in Madox Brown's Diary printed in W. M. Rossetti's "Præ-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters," p. 183. Ruskin's favourable criticism led to Leighton making his acquaintance through Robert Browning (see "Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism," p. 93). Ruskin's later references to Leighton are to be found in the "Academy Notes" of 1875 (pp. 225, 247, 250 of this vol.), and in ch. iii. of "The Art of England."]

in thinking that when they have painted faces ill, they make their picture more valuable by painting the dresses worse.

The painting before us has been objected to; because it seems broken up into bits. Precisely the same objection would hold, and in very nearly the same degree, against the best works of the Venetians. All faithful colourists' work, in figure-painting, has a look of sharp separation between part and part. I will not detain the reader by explaining *why* this is so, but he may convince himself of the fact by one walk through the Louvre, comparing the Venetian pictures in this respect with those of all other schools. Although, however, in common with all other works of its class, it is marked by these sharp divisions, there is no confusion in its arrangement. The principal figure is nobly principal, not by extraordinary light, but by its own pure whiteness; and both the master and the young Giotto attract full regard by distinction of form and face. The features of the boy are carefully studied, and are indeed what, from the existing portraits of him, we know those of Giotto must have been in his youth. The head of the young girl who wears the garland of blue flowers is also very sweetly conceived.

Such are the chief merits of the picture. Its defect is, that the equal care given to the whole of it, is not yet *care enough*. I am aware of no instance of a young painter, who was to be really great, who did not in his youth paint with intense effort and delicacy of finish. The handling here is much too broad; and the faces are, in many instances, out of drawing, and very opaque and feeble in colour. Nor have they, in general, the dignity of the countenance of the thirteenth century. The Dante especially is ill-conceived—far too haughty, and in no wise noble or thoughtful. It seems to me probable that Mr. Leighton has greatness in him, but there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not, in succeeding years, paint far better, he will soon lose his power of painting so well.

594. Rome. (*D. Roberts, R.A.*[1])

This is a large architectural diagram, with the outlines

[1] [Of David Roberts (1796-1864) Mr. Ruskin had spoken in terms of warm commendation in the first volume of "Modern Painters" (pt. ii.

executed sharply in black, the upper half being then painted brick-red, and the lower green-grey. (Note the distinctness of the mannerism in the *outlined* statues and pillars of the chapel in shade upon the right.) I can hardly understand how any man, devoting his time to painting, ever comes to suppose that a picture can be right which is painted in two colours! or by what reasoning he persuades himself that, because seen under the red light of sunset, the purple trunk of a stone pine, the white stucco of house walls, the scarlet of tiles, and the green of foliage, may all be of the same colour![1] Imagine a painting of a beautiful blue-eyed female face, by sunset, which represented its blue eyes, its nose, its cheeks, and its lips, all of the same brick-red!

Mr. Roberts was once in the habit of painting carefully-finished cabinet pictures, which were well composed (in the common sense), and fairly executed in the details. Had he continued these, painting more and more, instead of less and less, from nature, he might by this time have been a serviceable painter. Is it altogether too late to warn him that he is fast becoming nothing more than an Academician?

686. TROUT STREAM IN WALES. (*J. Dearle.*)

Mr. Dearle's painting, considered as mere laying of colour, is perhaps better than that of any of the landscapists whose works are low enough to be visible, but his drawing of foliage is mannered and false. These trees are far more like moss than trees. He appears also to be confining himself to one kind of scene—an indolent habit, which can end in nothing but mediocrity. His

sec. i. ch. vii. § 35). He mentions also his own early imitation of Roberts's architectural drawings. The painter was a friend of the family, and sometimes joined the dinner party with which Mr. Ruskin, senior, always celebrated his son's birthday ("Epilogue to M. P.," vol. ii. §§ 1, 14). Lower down in these "Notes" (p. 31), Mr. Ruskin refers to his personal regard for the painter. In the "Notes" of 1859 Mr. Ruskin again contrasts Roberts's later work unfavourably with his earlier (p. 185). In "Præterita" (vol. ii. ch. ix.) Mr. Ruskin gives a general characterization of the painter: "He was like a kind of grey mirror." In the Tate Gallery, Roberts is represented by pictures painted in 1835 and 1848 respectively (Nos. 400, 401). At South Kensington there are several examples of his work both in oil and water-colour.]

[1] [See further on this point, p. 30, below.]

river scene last year was good,[1] for once; a duplicate of it is too much.

1334. THE GOOD HARVEST, OF 1854. (*C. A. Collins.*[2])

There is much careful painting in this little study; and it was a wicked thing to put it into a room in which, while its modest subject could draw no attention, its good painting was of necessity utterly invisible.

1359. DRESSING FOR THE FIRST PARTY. (*A. C. Chisholme.*)

A very spirited picture, the best in execution (of its school) in the rooms.

1405. THE "LONDON GAZETTE" 1854. (*F. B. Barwell.*)

The Academy is, of course, filled with pictures of this kind of subject. This is, I think, the most earnest. It seems to be the only one which takes grief out of the drawing-room, and conceives it as independent of miniatures by Sir William Ross.[3]

There are several other pictures in the rooms respecting

[1] [The river scene of 1854 was "Evening, on the Marchno, North Wales." Mr. Ruskin had praised it in a letter to the *Times* on the Pre-Raphaelites: "The spurious imitations of Præ-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines, but with no variety of colour, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of nature. With this spurious work the walls of the Academy are half covered; of the true school one very small example may be pointed out, being hung so low that it might otherwise escape attention. It is not by any means perfect, but still very lovely" (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 103).]

[2] [Charles Allston Collins (1828–1873), brother of Wilkie Collins, painted for some time in the style of the Pre-Raphaelites, exhibiting at the Academy from 1848–55. In the latter year he gave up painting and devoted himself to literature, contributing to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, then under the editorship of Charles Dickens, one of whose daughters he married. The picture noticed above is now in the South Kensington Museum, having been acquired under the Townshend bequest in 1869. Collins was a great friend of Millais, of whom he did a pencil drawing in 1850, now in the University Galleries at Oxford. He assisted Millais to finish the "Rescue," *ante* p. 20, and stood as his model for the "Huguenot" and the "Black Brunswicker." There is a touching story of a picture which Collins had left unfinished. Twenty years later, when the end came, the canvas was found lying on his death-bed ("Life and Letters of Millais," i. 133).]

[3] [Sir William Ross, R.A. (1794–1860), was at this time the fashionable miniature painter.]

which I should have been glad to say a few words; but I have no time to pursue the subject further, and must here leave the reader to his own investigations, only expressing my regret that absence from London prevents, for the present, my seeing a picture, of which a friend, in whose judgment I have great confidence, speaks with unusual enthusiasm—No. 514, "Early Spring Evening" (W. Davis).[1] My friend says it contains the "unity of perfect truth with invention." I cannot answer for its doing this, which would place it in the first rank of works of art; but, as it is hung in a place where it is not easily caught sight of, I have little doubt it must be a work of merit.[2]

SOME surprise has been expressed to me by friends at the small number of pictures marked in the preceding Notes, as if, in passing by the others, I had intended to convey an impression of their being beneath criticism. I do not think that of all the pictures on the walls there are more than six or seven beneath criticism; but I do think that those which above are mentioned with praise are, on the whole, the best in the rooms, and that those which are blamed are fair examples of the worst: one or two omissions, made accidentally, in a somewhat hurried review, it is better, perhaps, thus late, than in nowise, to repair.

Of these the only one I seriously regretted was of the "Elgiva," by Miss J. M. Boyce[3] (No. 1295). The expression in this head is so subtle, and so tenderly wrought, that at first the picture might easily be passed as hard or cold; but it could only so be passed, as Elgiva herself might have been sometimes seen,—by a stranger—without penetration of her sorrow. As we watch the face for a

[1] [William Davis (1812–1873) was Professor of Painting in the Liverpool Academy. Rossetti was the "friend." See "Ruskin, Rossetti, & Pre-Raphaelitism," p. 168.]

[2] [Here the first and second editions of the pamphlet ended. The third edition, published on July 1st, contained the supplement which follows.]

[3] [This was the first exhibited work of Miss Joanna Mary Boyce (1831–1861), sister of G. P. Boyce, the painter (see note on p. 138). Two years later she married Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A. She continued to exhibit, but the high hopes which her talent inspired were cut off by early death. She was a friend of Rossetti, who took a portrait of her as she lay in death ("Letters and Memoirs of D. G. Rossetti," i. 212; "Anne Gilchrist," p. 94). Elgiva, the queen of Edwy (from whom she is said to have been separated by the machinations of the Church), was in favour with painters at this time. Her sad story was the subject of a picture by Millais in 1847.]

little time, the slight arch of the lip seems to begin to quiver, and the eyes fill with ineffable sadness and on-look of despair. The dignity of all the treatment—the beautiful imagination of faint but pure colour, place this picture, to my mind, among those of the very highest power and promise. Complete achievement there is not in it as yet, chiefly because the colours, quite exquisitely conceived and arranged, are not each in their own separate quality perfect, in the sense in which any given colour by Bonifazio or Giorgione is perfect; but if this artist, looking always to Nature and her own thoughts for the thing to be expressed, will strive to express them, with some memory of the great Venetians in her treatment of each separate hue, it seems to me that she might entertain the hope of taking place in the very first rank of painters.

Two pictures I passed intentionally without remark, not because they were unimportant, but because they seemed to me to unite good and bad qualities in a manner so curiously entangled, that no short criticism could clearly separate the one from the other—I mean Mr. Dobson's "Almsdeeds of Dorcas" (379),[1] and Mr. Sant's "Eda" (638).[2] Of these the first has certainly some high qualities, but seems to me singularly wanting in pictorial delightfulness: it looks like the work of a man of good feeling and considerable industry, who had been forced to learn to paint against his will, and did it in many respects well, but without pleasure. The second, "Eda," shows, as do all Mr. Sant's works, very high pictorial power, more or less lost in the cold conventionality of modern colour, or non-colour. Surely Mr. Sant must admire Reynolds! why does he not aim at Reynolds's pitch and character of hue? Very certainly he admires children,—does he really think that this pretty little lady's cheeks have as much of the peach and as little of the mortal clay in them as he sees in the sunned cheek of living childhood? There is much throughout this picture to be admired, but also much to be regretted; and I cannot, without too long detention of the reader, accurately mark the gradations of respect or regret.

[1] [W. C. T. Dobson (1817–1898), after exhibiting little figure subjects for some years at the Academy, was elected A.R.A. in 1860 and R.A. in 1872. He also contributed to the water-colour exhibitions.]

[2] [James Sant (b. 1820) was elected R.A. in 1870, and was principal Painter-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria.]

In the work commended to me by my friend—Mr. Davis's "Spring Evening" (514)—I am disappointed. It is unfair to judge of it in its present position, but it appears to me merely good Pre-Raphaelite work, certainly showing no evidence whatever of inventive power, and perhaps less tact than usual in choice of subject; but it is assuredly superior to any of the landscapes hung on the line.

There are also many promising and meritorious studies of landscape, such as Mr. Dearmer's "Magpie Island" (665), scattered about the rooms, in positions variously inconspicuous; but these I do not particularly name, as until a picture possesses some qualities of *colour* it is not, in the proper sense, a picture at all; and studies of simple green effects are to be considered merely as materials for future work of higher order. Many of these studies, however, would have won some admiration and sympathy for the young artists, if they had been placed where they could have been in any wise justly seen; and in reprobation of the treatment they have for the most part received, it would be well to remember—glancing once more at Mr. Leighton's picture of Giotto and Cimabue—those noble lines of Mrs. Browning, in "Casa Guidi Windows," beginning—

> "I hold, too,
> That Cimabue smiled upon the lad
> At the first stroke which passed what *he* could do;
> Or else his Virgin's smile had never had
> Such sweetness in't."

And now, in conclusion, I have only to notice and answer an attempted defence by one of the daily papers of some of the pictures blamed in the above Notes. It is not indeed my usual practice to read, still less to answer, the remarks of journalists on what I write. Their public duty compels them to criticise at an hour's notice what I have taken years to consider; and it cannot be a matter of wonder that, under such circumstances, they should often misunderstand, and sometimes misrepresent me. The error and the distortion may in general be left to the correction of time; but as these Notes are intended expressly for the use of readers who have little time to spare, I will meet with as much reply as may be necessary every endeavour on the part of the journalists to invalidate their authority.

Hitherto I have noticed but one effort of the kind—namely, that in the *Globe* of the 18th of June.

It is above said of Mr. Roberts's picture, that the reasoning must be strange which persuaded its artist "that, because seen under the red light of sunset, the purple trunk of a stone pine, and the white stucco of house walls, the scarlet of tiles, and the green of foliage, might all be of the same colour."

The *Globe* replies:—That in "Modern Painters" I said,—"Local colour, changeful and uncertain in itself, is again disguised and modified by the hue of the light."[1] I did so. I said much more than this. If the writer had searched a little further, he might have found the following passage, infinitely more to his purpose: "I have seen the pale fresh green of spring vegetation in the gardens of Venice turned pure russet, or between that and crimson, by a vivid sunset of this kind, every *particle of green colour being absolutely annihilated.*" I said this, and said it most truly; but I never said that the leaves were, under such circumstances, *of the same colour as the trunks*, or as the palace tiles, or as the house walls. The light which will turn green to brownish russet turns blue to purple, white to pale rose, scarlet to a burning flame-colour, far above all possible imitation, and brown to scarlet,—every colour retaining its due relation, in paleness or darkness, to every other; while all the shadows, down to the minutest angle of a stone, retaining the local colours unaltered by the light, and doubly brought out by opposition, fill the intervals and interstices of the warm effect with the most marvellous pieces of the purest blue, green, or grey. A thousand different hues ought to have been seen in every inch of that glowing light, before it could have been right; and the notable misfortune of the picture is, that where there *is* the slightest variation, it is always on the wrong side. Thus, in the principal tower on the right, the tiles, which were naturally red, and ought now to have been of intensest vermilion, are actually, though a little darker, less *red* than the wall below; and the paler buildings (Castle of St. Angelo, etc.), beyond the river, are less affected by the red light than the sprays of the stone pine! while the reflection in the river—which

[1] [The reference is to vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. v. § 8. The passage next referred to by Mr. Ruskin is vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. i. § 18.]

the writer in the *Globe* instances as an introduction of a third colour—is the broadest fallacy in the whole work: it is brighter than the sky above it, instead of being, as a reflection always is, a little darker; and what makes the matter worse is that the river, seen from above in that position, could not have reflected the pale sky at the horizon at all, but only the dark sky some distance above.

I deeply regret having been forced to speak again of this picture, because (so much of private feeling it may be permitted me to confess) I have great personal regard for Mr. Roberts; but it may be well to state at once, that whenever I blame a painting, I do so as gently as is consistent with just explanation of its *principal* defects. I never say half of what I could say in its disfavour; and it will hereafter be found that when once I have felt it my duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends of the artist can possibly adopt will be to defend it.

The next passage which the *Globe* endeavours to invalidate is that in which I said, respecting "The Rescue,"—"The contrast between any dark colour and a light one is always nearly the same, however high we raise the light that falls on *both*;" against which the *Globe* quotes my statement in "Modern Painters:"[1]—"Light and shade so completely conquer the distinctions of local colour, that the difference of hue between the illumined parts of a white and black object is not so great as the difference, in sunshine, between the illumined and dark side of either separately."

Will the writer for the *Globe* be so good as to point out the contradiction? This last passage, indeed, says:—"Light and *shade* conquer distinctions of local colour." It does not say that *light* alone does. In the first passage I say: "Raise white a certain height, and raise black as far, and still they are at the same distance from each other; or, in other terms, raise 6 to 12 and 0 to 6, and they are still 6 apart." In the second passage I say: "That this difference, whatever it may at any moment be, is not so great as the difference between the full light and full shadow of a given colour in sunshine."

Of course this does not mean dim sunshine, or that dark sides may not by reflected light become nearly as bright as

[1] [Vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. v. § 8.]

light sides; but it expresses, in few words, this most important and stern fact, that, while the resources of art always easily equal the most violent distinctions of local colours or patterns, they are utterly inadequate to express the depths of gradation between full sunshine and full shadow in any given colour—so that Albert Dürer, and all the great masters of form, are compelled to leave all local colour as pure *white*, in order to get the gradations between it and the shadow. In Albert Dürer's best plate, the "Adam and Eve"—highly finished as it is—the green leaves are represented as pure white, in order to get them even approximately raised above the shadow; and even then half of the intermediate gradations are missed.

The great colourists always chose, of course, to give the other side of the scale of truth. They gave the local colours truly, and sank or subdued the gradations of shadow—Veronese giving the type of the perfect statement of local colour, Tintoret striking the exact balance between him and the Chiaroscurists, and Rembrandt representing as much as was possible of the truth of the opposite scale.[1]

Millais is a great colourist, and, of course, works on the principles of the colourists. The question respecting his picture is one respecting the distinctions of local colour, and that question I have simply and sufficiently answered; nor would any one have been embarrassed by the answer who had ever seen a coal fire, unless the unfortunate writer for the *Globe* had done his best to communicate to them the infection of his misunderstanding. The press does good service in many things, but it is a wonderful instrument for the dissemination of imbecility; and there is this mischief in the nature of things, very prettily illustrated by the subject we are upon of local colour, that dulness, like local blackness, "is always black, however high you raise the light that falls upon it"; but as all whiteness may entirely cease to be white in the night, so there is no perspicuity which a resolute bluntness cannot obscure.

Thus much of answer may suffice touching what the writer for the *Globe* ventures to assert on his own responsibility;

[1] [In the fourth vol. of "Modern Painters," published in the following year, Mr. Ruskin returned to this subject and elaborated it. See ch. iii. "Of Turnerian Light."]

but his mention of Mr. Leslie[1] obliges me to say a few words respecting this artist, which I had intended to reserve for another place and another time.[2]

There has perhaps never been a greater master than Leslie of the phases of such delicate expression on the human face as may be excited by the slight passions and humours of the drawing-room or boudoir. His painting from the "Rape of the Lock," in last year's Academy, was to my mind an absolute masterpiece,[3] and perhaps the most covetable picture of its kind which I ever remember seeing by an English artist. Equal to Hogarth in several of its passages of expression, it was raised in some respects above him by the exquisite grace and loveliness of the half-seen face of its heroine, and by the playful yet perfect dignity of its hero. Nor was it less admirable as a reading of Pope; for every subordinate character had been studied with such watchful reverence to every word in which it is alluded to throughout the poem, that it seemed to me as if the spirit of the poet had risen beside the painter as he worked, and guided every touch of the pencil.

This, and much more than this, I wrote of the picture at the time it appeared, and sent my notice of it to the *Times*, together with one of Hunt and Inchbold. The letter was not inserted; and as the only part of it which I was very desirous to put before the public was that respecting Hunt, and I supposed the letter was too long for the *Times* in the form in which it was first sent, I withdrew the notices of

[1] [The article in the *Globe* was a review conjointly of Ruskin's "Academy Notes" for 1855 and C. R. Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters." Leslie's experience as a painter was referred to as investing his critical dicta with great authority, and the reviewer quoted Leslie's criticisms of "Modern Painters" as disposing of Mr. Ruskin's claims.]

[2] [Charles Robert Leslie (1794–1859), A.R.A. 1821, R.A. 1826. From 1848 to 1851 he was Professor of Painting at the Academy. Mr. Ruskin returned to praise Leslie's skill in subsequent issues of the "Notes" (see below, pp. 89, 187). Mr. Ruskin was on friendly terms with Leslie and his family. See "Dilecta," in the preface to which book Mr. Ruskin says: "The too brief notes of autobiography left by the quietly skilful and modest painter, C. R. Leslie, contain the truest and best-written sketches of the leading men of his time that, so far as I know, exist in domestic literature." Two pictures by Leslie, and several sketches for pictures, are in the Tate Gallery.]

[3] His picture from Don Quixote, this year, is less important, but full of admirable power. [The picture of 1855 was No. 95, "Sancho Panza and D. Pedro Rezio. The picture of 1854 was No. 192, "Sir Plume demands the restoration of the Lock."]

Leslie and Inchbold, and sent it again in this reduced form. It was then inserted;[1] but it has always been a matter of serious regret to me that I had not the opportunity of directing the attention of the public specifically to this picture while it was on the Academy walls; and the more so, because it must very soon become my painful task to expose the weakness of the Author, when I would willingly have confined myself to praise of the Painter.[2] The power over slight and passing expression is always a separate gift, eminently possessed by many caricaturists (for instance, in the highest degree by Leech); and it has never, I believe, in a single instance, been consistent with any understanding of the qualities of the highest art. It was, therefore, the extreme of rashness in Mr. Leslie to attempt a work of criticism on historical or sacred painting. But it was worse than rashness—it was an inexcusable want of sense, to venture, farther, into the criticism of landscape art; and his work, instead of becoming what it was intended to be by the ingenious Mr. Murray, a guide to young painters, will remain a perpetual warning to painters advanced in life, not to suppose that by watching the smiles of coquettes they can learn to appreciate the ideals of the masters of religious art, or, by a life spent among the sophistications of the world, become sharers in the spirit of the great painters who have communed with the heart of Nature.

[1] [The *Times*, May 5, 1854. The picture by Mr. Hunt was "The Light of the World." On May 25 appeared a second letter from Mr. Ruskin, noticing the same painter's "The Awakening Conscience." The letters are given in "Arrows of the Chace," i. pp. 98–107.]

[2] [In 1855 Leslie published his Academy lectures under the title "A Handbook for Young Painters." Among other statements, Leslie found fault with the work of Francia as insipid. He made also several direct criticisms upon Ruskin's "Modern Painters" (*e.g.* pp. 245, 268–278). Ruskin's retort, in the passage above, was supplemented in "Modern Painters," vol. iii. App. I.), where allusion is made to "Mr. Leslie's unadvised and unfortunate *réchauffé* of the fallacious art-maxims of the last century"); and in vol. iv. App. I., where, with reference to Leslie's criticism of Francia, Ruskin says: "Even those whose work is of higher aim, and wrought habitually in colour, are prevented by their pursuit of *piquant* expression from understanding noble expression." See also below, p. 185.]

II

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

AND THE

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

1856

WITH POSTSCRIPT

PREFACE

In presenting the second number of these "Notes" to the public, distinguished as they are from most of the criticism brought under their notice, by the writer's attaching his name to them, I may perhaps be permitted one or two words respecting the probable difference, in aim, between anonymous and acknowledged criticism; and this the rather, that I found, last year, the offence which the work, in its very nature, could not but give, seemed to be deepened instead of diminished by the fact of its being openly owned to, and I was bitterly accused of malice or unkindness, as if malice were usually the most outspoken passion in the world, and unkindness always the greater when it was ready to answer for itself.

It is evident that there can be but three reasons for a writer's concealment of his personality. Either, firstly, having confidence in what he has written, he must have none in his name (as I wrote the first volume of "Modern Painters," sure of the truth of what I wrote, but fearing that I might not obtain fair hearing if the reader knew my youth.[1]) Or, secondly, he may know that his name would carry some weight with it, but may be ashamed of what he has written. Or, thirdly, there may be dangers of private loss or inconvenience, which he cannot speak openly without incurring, and which to avoid he must get his opinion uttered as best he may, namelessly. Generally, I believe, the last reason to be the only legitimate one; and that, though in rare instances it may be wisdom to try to obtain a hearing under a masque, which would be refused if the face were shown, in all ordinary cases it should be not only

[1] [Ruskin was twenty-four when the first volume of "Modern Painters" was published. For a reference to its anonymous publication, see "Præterita," vol. i. ch. xii.]

with the voice, but with the eyes, that men should address their fellows. I never felt at ease in my "graduate" incognito; and although I consented, some nine years ago, to review Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," and Sir Charles Eastlake's "Essay on Oil Painting," in the *Quarterly*, I have ever since steadily refused to write even for that once respectable periodical.[1]

But, as touching these "Notes," of which I hope to continue the series yearly, I trust that the reader will feel that I have given him the best guarantee in my power of their sincere purpose, in signing them. If he thinks I always see the brightest colours in the works of my friends, or that it can only be in rooted malice that I point out an error in perspective, I have put it in his power to inquire into these matters, and to ascertain for himself whether indeed it is always a friend's work that I praise, or whether the transgressor of perspective law is conscious of any personal enmity between himself and me. And truly, it is a sorrowful thing to me, and one bearing witness, very bitterly, to the dishonesty of criticism in general, that people should be so ready to call every kind of faultfinding "hostility," the moment they can bring it home to a

[1] It has lately, I observe, in consequence, sought to amuse its readers by some account of my private affairs; of which—if the writer of the article in question is not ashamed of *his* name—I shall be happy to furnish him with more accurate details, as well as to recommend him to a school where he may learn what will not in future be disadvantageous to his writings—a little more astronomy and optics.

[The reviews referred to appeared in the numbers for June 1847 and March 1848. They are reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. i. For Mr. Ruskin's reasons for writing the reviews, and Lockhart's editorial treatment of them, see "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. x. The *Quarterly* for March 1856 contained a review of "Modern Painters," vols. i., ii., iii., and of the first number of "Academy Notes." The reviewer began (and ended) with "an analysis of the author himself." He was accused of an entire absence of moral qualities, of "a cold and hardened habit;" "an unfeeling heart;" and of "malice, bitterness, and uncharitableness." It was asked, "How does it happen that this man never descends from his mountains—'the pure and holy hills, as he calls them'—without stumbling on that particular kind 'of young lady who, rising in the middle of the day, jaded by her last night's ball,'" &c., &c. Mr. Ruskin was also attacked for having renounced his trusteeship under Turner's will (see p. viii. of vol. i. of this book), and was accused of "endeavouring to have the expenses of his lawyer's investigation defrayed from Turner's estate." With regard to "optics" and "astronomy," the reviewer devoted a good deal of space to controverting Ruskin's criticisms upon the representations of light and sun in the old masters. The author of the *Quarterly* article was Lady Eastlake (Elizabeth Rigby), wife of the P.R.A. (See "Letters and Journals of Lady Eastlake," ii. 82.)]

known person. One would think, to hear them, that there was no right or wrong in art; that every opinion which men formed of it was dictated by prejudice, and expressed in passion; that all praise was treacherous—all rebuke malignant—and silence itself merely a pause of hesitation between Flattery and Slander.

That it must sometimes be so, I am forced to believe, since the imputation of such dishonesty is constant; and it is strange, as well as frightful, to reflect how many forms of guilt are involved in one dishonest criticism. A common thief steals only property; a dishonest critic steals property, together with Fame, and the power of being useful. A common thief steals, for the most part, in imperfect knowledge of right; but a dishonest critic steals wittingly, and with all advantages of education. A common thief steals "to satisfy his soul when he is hungry;" but a dishonest critic, to satisfy his soul when he is envious. A common liar risks the discovery, and bears the penalty, of his own falsehood; but a lying critic shrinks behind his associates, and diffuses the discredit of his falsehood, while he multiplies its influence. A common liar, being discovered, leaves other men's honour unscathed; a lying critic, discovered, has infected with his own disgrace the men behind whom he stooped, and cast suspicion over the general honour of his race.

This, and much more than this, is the real character of all anonymous writers against conscience; and the evil of it would be too great to be, with a remnant of charity, imputed to any human being, were it not that men continually commit their most blamable acts in the mere dulness of habit, and are like dogs taught to pilfer, in whom we pardon, to the imperfect nature, what would be unpardonable in a rational one.

It is little to say that I am free from guilt such as this. I have striven, from the first day when I began to write, to reach an impartiality far beyond that of mere uprightness. It is possible to be thoroughly upright, and yet unconsciously partial—continually deceived by personal associations or instincts. I have striven for that higher impartiality, which can only be obtained by labour in conquering predilections, by toil in the successive study of opponent schools, and earnest endeavour to sympathize

with the separate spirit of each master I approached. And I can say fearlessly, that although it is not possible, in the time I am able to give to this work, to enter as I should desire into the consideration of every picture examined, yet I approach each of them with a distinct effort to gain the point of aspect by which its painter intended it to be commanded, and with a personal experience of the difficulties of various art, which renders me as charitable to true effort as disdainful of attempts to be great without labour. I say this, once for all, and the reader will perhaps pardon me this length of preface, since it is to assure him that I do not write these Notes carelessly, nor look upon them as things of little importance. I look upon them, on the contrary, as one of the chief works which I have henceforward to do; and though, from its very nature, it must always be done hastily, it never will be done thoughtlessly, nor without the earnest hope that the pain I may have to give by unwilling blame, may be more than counterbalanced by the help which I know even the best painters may derive from the expression of an eager sympathy, and a faithful praise.[1]

[1] [Of the 1856 "Notes" there were six editions. No. 2 was a reprint of No. 1. No. 3 was the same, except for the addition of a Postscript: see p. 73. Nos. 4, 5, and 6 were reprints of No. 3.]

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

If the reader, before fixing his attention on any particular work, will glance generally round any of the rooms, he will be struck by a singular change in the character of the entire exhibition. He will find that he can no longer distinguish the Pre-Raphaelite works as a separate class, but that between them and the comparatively few pictures remaining quite of the old school, there is a perfectly unbroken gradation, formed by the works of painters in various stages of progress, struggling forward out of their conventionalism to the Pre-Raphaelite standard. The meaning of this is simply that the battle is completely and confessedly won by the latter party; that animosity has changed into emulation, astonishment into sympathy, and that a true and consistent school of art is at last established in the Royal Academy of England.

Such an exhibition I have never yet seen, and the excellence of it is all the more to be rejoiced in because it is every whit progressive. It does not consist merely in the splendour of the work of one noble artist, urged to unusual exertion (though this it can boast), nor in an accidental assemblage of the happiest efforts of several (though by this also it is adorned); but in the achievement which has rewarded the steady effort of all, now at last turned in the right direction, and ensuring for each, in process of time, such utmost success as his genius is capable of. There is hardly an exhibitor this year who has not surpassed himself, and who will not surpass himself again in every subsequent effort; and I know that they must feel this, and must be as happy in their sense of sudden power, and in the perception of the

new world opened to their sincerity, as we spectators have cause to be in the gifts of art they offer us.

As for my own special work, I look upon it as now almost supererogatory—I have little to do but to multiply monotonous terms of praise; for, now that nearly every picture in the room has a meaning, and the observer is thus led to expect one, and to exert his attention, I believe that people will easily distinguish such meanings for themselves, without the impertinence of explanation; and as for minor faultfinding, I hold it generally useless in the cases of artists who mean well, and are painting from Nature. They will gradually find out their faults for themselves, and the spectator ought seldom to have his attention withdrawn from the real merits by any carping at passages of failure. Last year several pictures, in which to point to anything was to point to an error, were put into the best places, when it was right at once to mark their demerit, in order to check this system of complimentary precedence. But this year the worst pictures are, for the most part, in retired places, and there I shall have pleasure in leaving them. If I find fault with any others, it is either to help the observer in forming his judgment of art in general, or to suggest a possibly better mode of practice to the painter.

10. CHRISTMAS DAY, IN ST. PETER'S, AT ROME, 1854. (*D. Roberts, R.A.*)

The change above spoken of is very manifest in this, the first picture of importance enough to attract the eye. It is both careful and brilliant; and though I do not myself like the subject (caring neither for the architecture nor the pomp of St. Peter's), I can answer for the faithful delineation of what must be to most people a striking scene. The effect of light and shade in this picture was very difficult, and is studiously wrought—note, for instance, the pretty and true change in the colour of the red cross in the dome, where it is half in shade and half in sun.

8. THE ROADSIDE SPRING, YORKSHIRE. (*E. C. Booth.*)

From the pomp of marble and strength of multitude, let us turn back to this quiet nook beside the wild Yorkshire road, and consider a little whether the truer grandeur

is in those lifted aisles or in this fragment of grey wall, overwaved by its few ears of corn, and ringing to the low voice of its lonely brooklet. The picture is not a first-rate one—it is not even a very special example of the advancing school; but the mind of the painter has been in happy tone when he chose his subject, and if you examine it, kneeling (there is no other way), as perhaps you would those flowers and grass by the roadside itself, I think you will have pleasure in watching the delicate tracery of the bush leaves, and the stoop of the poppy over the wall, and the soft moss and grass in its crannies, and the clear water, just making the road a little browner where it spreads over it. I cannot answer for the feelings of others, but I think there is more benediction to be had here than out of the magnificence of St. Peter's.

17. "LOVE'S LABOUR LOST." (*F. R. Pickersgill, A.*[1])

This picture presents the same elements of advance in a yet more curious and striking way. Mr. Pickersgill is already a Pre-Raphaelite in purpose, and only fails—as when artists first begin to work thoroughly from Nature they always fail—by painting the easiest things too definitely better than the rest. I do not mean that they ought to paint the easy things worse, but only that a discordance is always felt in this stage of their study between the good accessory parts and failing principal ones. It is to be mended by conquering the difficult, not by surrendering the easy. If we examine the jewellery of the lady dressed in blue, in the centre, or the golden brocade of the one on the left, we shall find them very nearly right; the grass is also coming fast right; but Mr. Pickersgill cannot yet paint a face. A little more hard work, taking his models just as they come, without any fear or flattery, and he will win his spurs.

35. HOME. (*J. N. Paton.*[2])

A most pathetic and precious picture, easily understood, and entirely right as far as feeling is concerned. Mr.

[1] [Frederick Richard Pickersgill (1820–1890) began to exhibit at the Academy in 1839. In 1847 he was elected A.R.A., and in 1857 R.A. He was Keeper from 1873 to 1887.]

[2] [Sir Joseph Noel Paton (1821–1902), appointed painter to Queen Victoria for Scotland in 1866. The pictures by which he first made his mark were

Paton must have had more pleasure in painting this picture than in those fairy assemblies of his; and though the cottage details here are not so attractive as those nightshade and woodbine convolutions of leaf scenery, they are in reality better painted, and serve to better use. Mr. Paton has, however, a good deal yet to learn in colour. He should for this spring paint nothing but opening flowers, and, in the autumn, nothing but apricots and peaches.[1]

39. THE STREAM FROM LLYN IDWAL, CARNARVONSHIRE. (*A. W. Hunt.*[2])

The best landscape I have seen in the exhibition for many a day—uniting most subtle finish and watchfulness of Nature, with real and rare power of composition. The mass of mountain in the centre is grandly arranged, so as best to set off the action of its contour, and contrasted with the diagonal cleavages of rock on the left: note how they run from the foreground up to the crest of the hill. The *rents* of cloud, and fading or forming of the hill shadows through them, are magnificently expressed. It only wants a little more subtlety in the finish of the gradations: portions of those clouds ought to be stippled so delicately that the eye could not trace the outmost touches —this would also give them more depth and unity. Seen a little way off, the work is spotty, at present, and wants bringing together; the worst part being the dappled blue sky on the left, in which the blue is not pure, nor the clouds soft, nor well set. The sheep in the foreground

of fairyland—such as "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," and "The Fairy Queen." He had made the acquaintance of Millais as a student at the Academy in 1843; and afterwards he was in sympathy with the Pre-Raphaelite group. The picture noticed above represented a soldier, mortally wounded, who has just reached home, and sinks down on a chair, tended by his mother and sweetheart. To Paton's "fairy assemblies" Mr. Ruskin again referred in "The Art of England," ch. iv.]

[1] [*Cf.* p. 134, below.]

[2] [Alfred William Hunt (1830–1896) was at this time twenty-six years of age, and was still hesitating between a scholastic and an artistic career. It is said that the hanging of this picture on the line at the Academy and Ruskin's favourable notice of it turned the scale. He and Ruskin became friends (see p. 253). Hunt continued from time to time to paint in oils, but water-colour was his favourite medium. He was elected an associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1862, and a full member in 1864. There is a fine water-colour by him in the Tate Gallery (No. 1703).]

look too small—not but that real sheep in a Welsh foreground often do; but it is the painter's business to avoid this, and make everything look of its real size.

58. CINDERELLA, AFTER HER SISTERS HAVE LEFT FOR THE BALL. (*Miss E. Turck.*)

Very pretty, and well studied; but Cinderella does not look like the lady of a fairy tale. I am rather puzzled myself to know how her relationship to her remarkable godmother could best be indicated, so as to leave her still a quite *real* little lady in a real kitchen. But I am glad to see this sternly realistic treatment, at all events.

59. THE WHITE OWL. (*W. J. Webbe.*)

A careful study—the brown wing excellent. The softness of an owl's feathers is perhaps inimitable; but I think the breast might have come nearer the mark.

68. LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD. (*R. Redgrave, R.A.*)

Mr. Redgrave has, as far as I know, never painted so good a landscape. The ferns in the centre are beautiful; and there is evidence of painstaking and of good feeling everywhere.

75. THE LAST PARTING OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER SON. (*E. M. Ward, R.A.*[1])

I fear this picture must be excepted from the progressive list, and marked as one of the representations of the old school; but it is not a bad one.

94. THE ABANDONED. (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*)

Perhaps this also is rather a fortunate example of the artist's work than a new phase of it. But I never saw a Stanfield I liked so well: the sea is superb—quite Turnerian in the mystery of the farther waves—and the sentiment of the picture very grand; and that not by means of twilight, or sunset, or moonlight, or any strangeness of arrangement or elaboration of idea, but by simple fact of deserted ship and desert sea.

[1] [Edward Matthew Ward (1816–1879) was elected R.A. in the preceding year. Several of his historical pictures are in the Tate Gallery.]

101. THE GREETINGS IN THE DESERT, EGYPT—"SELAMAT" TEIYIBEEN. (*J. F. Lewis.*)

The superposition of this picture to "West Australian"[1] is the first glaring piece of bad hanging I note in the Academy this year. Mr. Cooper's picture, whatever its merits may be, is executed so as to have been seen quite as well in the upper place; while Mr. Lewis's cannot be seen in the least but on the line. It would take no trouble, any afternoon when the Academy closes, to change the places; and I am sure that Mr. Cooper would, in enforcing such an arrangement, be felt to have paid a just tribute to the talents of a great brother-artist, and to have done himself little injury and much honour.

Of the style of Mr. Lewis's picture I need only say that it is like that of his work in general, and refer the reader to the note on the example of it in the rooms of the Water-Colour Society (p. 63). There is, however, a very curious and skilful circumstance in the composition here: the neck of the camel was too serpentine, and stopped too abruptly after suggesting this undulation of line. The white cloud beyond at once varies, and continues, this serpentine tendency, leading it away towards the upper edge of the picture, while the straight flakes of cloud, descending obliquely to the right, oppose the two upright peaks of the saddle.

I may as well refer at once to Mr. Lewis's other work, 336[2] (the Academy is rich in possessing two). How two such pictures have been executed, together with the drawing for the Water-Colour Society, all within the year, is to me wholly inconceivable; there seems a year's work in 336 alone. Yet it is not a favourable example of the master—the toil being too palpable and equal on the stones in the reflected light; where also there is neither colour nor form of interest enough to justify it. The draperies and trellis-work are faultlessly marvellous.

131. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY." (*W. P. Frith, R.A.*)

A taking picture, much, it seems to me, above Mr. Frith's

[1] [A picture of a horse so named, No. 100, by A. Cooper, R.A., for whom see p. 184.]

[2] ["Street Scene in Cairo, near the Babel Luk."]

former standard. Note the advancing Pre-Raphaelitism in the wreath of leaves round the child's head.[1] One is only sorry to see any fair little child having too many and too kind friends, and in so great danger of being toasted, toyed, and wreathed into selfishness and misery.

138. MR. DAVID COX. (*Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A.*[2])

A very noble portrait, and, in the unassuming but powerful features, thoroughly characteristic. I am heartily glad to see this work of honour to a good painter so well accomplished.

145. GERANIUMS. (*Miss Mutrie.*[3])

146. ROSES. (*Miss A. F. Mutrie.*)

I cannot say more of the work of the two Misses Mutrie than I have said already. It is nearly as good as simple flower-painting can be; the only bettering it is capable of would be by more able composition, or by the selection, for its subject, of flowers growing naturally. Why not a roadside bank of violets? 335 and 342 are the best examples, by these artists, in this exhibition.[4]

147. SAVED! (*Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*[5])

I wish this picture had not been put so high, for the

[1] [Mr. Frith does not seem to have been duly grateful for Mr. Ruskin's qualified praise. "Ruskin's works," he writes, "bristle with errors; one of his notable ones was his saying, on the discovery of a bit of what he took for Pre-Raphaelite work in one of the worst pictures I ever painted, that I was 'at last in the right way,' or words to that effect."—*My Autobiography*, vol. iii. p. 5.]

[2] [Sir John Watson Gordon (1790–1864) became the chief portrait-painter in Scotland on the death of Raeburn in 1823. He was knighted in 1850, on becoming President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and in the same year he was elected R.A. His portrait of David Cox is now in the Birmingham and Midland Institute.]

[3] [Miss Martha Darley Mutrie (1824–1885) studied at the Manchester School of Design, then under George Wallis, and first exhibited at the Academy in 1853. She was elder sister of Miss A. F. Mutrie. (See above, p. 5.) There are examples of the work of both sisters in the South Kensington Museum.]

[4] [335. "Orchids," by Miss A. F. Mutrie. 342. "Primulas," by Miss Mutrie.]

[5] [Mr. Ruskin's first notice of Landseer appeared at the beginning of the first volume of "Modern Painters" (ch. ii. § 4), where he describes

bolder Landseer is in handling, the more interesting his work becomes, under close observance: nor does his peculiar system of clay-colouring gain at all in effect by distance. I never saw a child fall into water, nor a dog bring one out; but under such circumstances are not its clothes usually wet? and do not wet clothes cling to the limbs?

155. HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.[1] (*E. Boutibonne.*)

This would have been a really admirable portrait but for its foggy and slovenly distance. Complete that, and the work would look almost like life.

160. THE LETTER. (*E. Delfosse.*)

A fair example of a peculiar, and very clever, though perhaps I should hardly call it meritorious, style, lately much adopted by French artists. It is a mannerism of softness, and subduing of all very bright colours—more or less successful in result, of course, according to the painter's general powers; but yet seeming to be taught in schools of art so extensive and so popular as to assimilate a large number of painters not only in style, but in aim, and prevent their emerging from a charmed circle of subjects—consisting usually of pretty women, sprightly in expression, but rather blunt in chiselling of features, wearing prettily

the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner" (now in the South Kensington Museum) as "one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen." In the second volume Landseer's treatment of animals is compared with Veronese's, and pronounced to be "unimaginative" (pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 11). In a note (in the ed. of 1846) Mr. Ruskin did "not mean to withdraw the praise I have given, and shall always be willing to give, to pictures such as the 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' and to all in which the character and inner life of the animals are developed. But all lovers of art must regret to find Mr. Landseer wasting his energies on such inanities as 'Shoeing' [now No. 606 in the National Gallery], and sacrificing colour, expression, and action to an imitation of a glossy hide." The technical weakness of Landseer—especially his defective colour—are noted in the same place; *cf.* also the "Addenda" of 1848 to vol. ii. In "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), Mr. Ruskin claimed Landseer as a Pre-Raphaelite in virtue of his "labour and watchfulness of nature" ("On the Old Road," i. § 194). In the fifth volume of "Modern Painters" Mr. Ruskin again compares Landseer's treatment of animals with that in the work of the Venetians and Velazquez, and criticises the trivial sentiment of the English painter (vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 20).]

[1] [This picture was the property of Queen Victoria.]

brocaded dresses, and doing nothing, prettily. These works seem to be gradually constituting a species of manufacture, which supplies the French drawing-rooms with pictures, as Sèvres does with china. Nevertheless, one very original painter belongs to this school, of whom more presently.[1]

162. THE GRACES. (*W. E. Frost, A.*[2])

I believe Mr. Frost might be a painter if he chose; but he will not become one by multiplying studies of this kind, looking like Etty's with all the colour scraped off. Everybody knows well enough, by this time, that Graces always stand on one leg, and bend the other, and never have anything to fasten their dresses with at the waists. Cannot Mr. Frost tell us something new?

175. THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. AT YUSTE. (*A. Elmore, A.*[3])

One of the works still belonging wholly to the old school. There is a good deal of fair painting in it, but an extraordinary missing of the main mark throughout. See the second paragraph of the long quotation in the catalogue:—

"Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut-tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more." [From Stirling Maxwell's *Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*]

Naturally we expect the painter to take some pains (as he has given this quotation) in the expression of verdure, fragrance, and sunshine. But the walnut-tree is grey, not green; the air, judging by the look of it, cannot be perfumed by anything but paint; and there is no sunshine anywhere, while the whitish light, which is given for it, shines not over the tree into the gallery, but from the back of the spectator.

[1] See Notes on French Exhibition at the close of the pamphlet, p. 72.

[2] [William Edward Frost (1810–1877) had been introduced to Etty at an early age, and followed that master's style. He was elected A.R.A. in 1846, and R.A. in 1871. His principal works were all of mythological subjects.]

[3] [Alfred Elmore (1815–1881) was elected R.A. in the year following this exhibition. He continued to paint historical pictures.]

The exhibited pictures, by Titian (!), are greyer than all the rest. Charles must have bought them from an exceedingly dishonest dealer.

200. PEACE CONCLUDED, 1856.[1] (*J. E. Millais, A.*)

I thought, some time ago, that this painter was likely to be headed by others of the school; but Titian himself could hardly head him now. This picture is as brilliant in invention as consummate in executive power; both this and "Autumn Leaves," 448, will rank in future among the world's best masterpieces; and I see no limit to what the painter may hope in future to achieve. I am not sure whether he may not be destined to surpass all that has yet been done in figure-painting, as Turner did all past landscape.[2]

221. THE BREAKWATER AT PLYMOUTH. (*F. R. Lee, R.A.*[3])

It is long since Mr. Lee painted such a picture as this; nor, as far as I recollect, has any one else yet so faithfully rendered the sweep of large waves over level wall. The sense of space is very great throughout, and there is really fine feeling and treatment in the dying away of the successive spray-clouds at the end of the long path of stone. There are several studies of sea by Mr. Lee this year which seem to me to mark quite a new energy in his mind: all of them are earnest, and entirely separated from the usual types of conventional gale and wave. This is the best, but 318 ["Breaking up a Wreck"] is another good example. Its rock foreground is evidently painted from Nature, and is very fine in form; though there are awkward flaws here

[1] [For this picture (popularly known as "The Return from the Crimea") Colonel Malcolm sat for the wounded officer, and Lady Millais for his wife. It is now in the possession of Mr. T. H. Miller.]

[2] Note the hint for bringing more of Nature into our common work, in the admirable modelling of the polar bear and lion, though merely children's toys.

[3] [Frederick Richard Lee (1799–1879) is characterized at some length by Mr. Ruskin in the preface to the second edition of vol. i. of "Modern Painters." A writer in *Blackwood*, whose critical capacity was challenged by Ruskin, had written of Lee that he "often reminds us of Gainsborough's best manner; but he is superior to him always in subject, composition, and variety." Ruskin demolishes this comparison, but speaks of Lee's works as "well-intentioned, simple, free from affectation or imitation, and evidently painted with constant reference to Nature."]

and there, the consequence seemingly of prolonged habits, hardly broken off, of working without reference to fact. For instance, in the calm pool of water on the left, the stones on the left side have reflections, but those on the right side none.

230. MASTER ISAAC NEWTON IN HIS GARDEN AT WOOLSTHORPE IN THE AUTUMN OF 1665. (*R. Hannah.*)

One of the somewhat incipient pictures of the rising school, but of considerable merit. The Nemesis of Pre-Raphaelitism is its way of fixing on precisely the ugliest things it can find to paint. I don't believe there is such another uninteresting tree-trunk within a circle of ten miles round London, as the one in the centre of this, Sir Isaac's garden. The execution is also hard, though careful: one of the most successful bits is the head of Diamond; not content with "amusing himself with a book," but having also half a mind to the apple, and proposing speedily to interfere with, if not prevent altogether, the discovery of the solar system.

262. THE VILLAGE POSTMAN. (*J. M. Carrick.*[1])

If the reader glances along the various pictures hung near the floor, in any of the rooms, he will find that nearly every other one consists of an attentive study; there is, indeed, so much care taken with so many minor works that it becomes impossible to distinguish all as they deserve, and I may, perhaps, have missed some that contain more than study—real achievement. But I can only name this one, as a leading specimen, out of a large number not by any means perfect, but presenting many interesting natural scenes and thoughts, and highly conscientious in execution. There has been immense labour in this picture, and it is very genuine throughout: the old stone-slated roof and ivy are first-rate, and the figures of the child and its grandfather coming out slowly to see if there is indeed a letter, wrought with more than usual fidelity to rustic character.

[1] [J. M. Carrick was one of the members of the Hogarth Club (1859), to which Mr. Ruskin, D. G. Rossetti, and most of the men in sympathy with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, belonged.]

295. "And the Prayer of Faith shall Save the Sick." (*J. Phillip.*)

I never yet saw so much progress made by any painter in one year as Mr. Phillip has made, from his stiff black and red figures and fans of last year, to this very sweet picture: the principal head, with its opalescent earring, is quite beautiful. There are several other works of great character and power by this painter.[1]

300. An Interior. (*F. D. Hardy.*)

An exquisite little piece of interior painting, hurt only by some conventionality in finishing. For instance, how is it possible that, the sunbeams entering only by that one small window, the principal figures should be in full light, or the shadow fall at a steep angle from the knife-handle over the block in the left-hand corner? But, with his powers of execution, a little more faithfulness will make Mr. Hardy a perfect painter in this kind.

311. The Novice. (*J. C. Horsley, A.*[2])

There is always a sweet feeling in Mr. Horsley's pictures. This is an old story, but prettily told—the elder nuns watching anxiously and pitifully, and the dove seeking rest in the bosom.

312. Mid-Spring. (*J. W. Inchbold.*)

Though not a satisfactory picture, this is one of the most curious efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites this year. The place chosen has been a lovely spot, and the execution of the hyacinths and grass is as close and wonderful a piece of work as there is on the room walls. Take a magnifying glass and look at the squirrel and bird on the tree high up on the left, and the two other birds flying in the wood beyond, and give time to the whole, and it will please you. But Mr. Inchbold must choose subjects with more mass

[1] [248. "Agua Fresca: on one of the bridle-roads in Spain." 329. "Dona Pepita." 535. "A Gipsy Water-Carrier of Seville."]

[2] [John Callcott Horsley (b. 1817) was elected A.R.A. in 1855, and R.A. in 1864. His first picture at the Academy (1839) is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 446). He was for many years Treasurer of the Academy, and took an active part in promoting the annual exhibitions of "Old Masters."]

of shade in them; this was, in its essential nature, impracticable, the light being all too high for imitation. Hence the apparent hardness of result.

It is quite worth while, some day, to bring a small opera glass with you into the architectural room, to examine the exquisite painting of withered heather, and rock, in Mr. Inchbold's other picture, 1187 ["The Burn, November: the Cucullen Hills"].

320. THE GLEN, CHUDLEIGH, DEVON. (*W. F. Withington, R.A.*)

Here is another great advance on the picture of last year: hurt a good deal by want of shadow-tone on the figures, and perhaps also by too great richness of subject. This excess of quantity is a grievous temptation to all artists: many of Turner's largest works were destroyed by it.[1] Everything that is beyond the spectator's power of easy attention, and is yet not so perfectly painted as to call for his fully *excited* attention, hurts a picture instead of helping it.

352. CHATTERTON.[2] (*H. Wallis.*)

Faultless and wonderful: a most noble example of the great school. Examine it well inch by inch: it is one of the pictures which intend, and accomplish, the entire placing before your eyes of an actual fact—and that a solemn one. Give it much time. Mr. Wallis has another very wonderful effort, 516,[3] but it is harder and less successful. I suppose the face of Marvell is a portrait, but he does not look to me like a person who would return a bribe.

398. THE SCAPEGOAT (Lev. xvi.). (*W. H. Hunt.*[4])

This singular picture, though in many respects faultful, and in some wholly a failure, is yet the one of all in the

[1] [*Cf.* "Notes on the Turner Gallery," p. 32 of vol. i. of this book.]

[2] [This picture is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1685). Mr. Ruskin was equally enthusiastic about the painter's Academy pictures in the following years (see pp. 95, 144).]

[3] ["Andrew Marvell returning the Bribe" (see Coleridge's "Northern Worthies").]

[4] [Mr. Ruskin's references to Mr. Holman Hunt's work are very numerous. Mr. Hunt was one of the original Pre-Raphaelites, and Mr. Ruskin's famous

gallery which should furnish us with most food for thought. First, consider it simply as an indication of the temper and aim of the rising artists of England. Until of late years, young painters have been mostly divided into two groups:

letters to the *Times* (May 13 and 30, 1851) were in defence of him as well as of Millais. Mr. Hunt (b. 1827) afterwards became a valued friend of Mr. Ruskin, but at the time of this defence the critic and the painter were not known to one another. Mr. Hunt was, however, already a disciple of Ruskin. A fellow-student had lent him the first two volumes of "Modern Painters." "Of all readers," says Mr. Hunt, "none so strongly as myself could have felt that it was written expressly for him. When it had gone, the echo of its words stayed with me, and pealed a further meaning and value in their inspiration whenever my more solemn feelings were touched in any way" (*Contemporary Review*, April 1886). Into the fifth edition of vol. i. of "Modern Painters" (1851) Mr. Ruskin introduced a note calling attention to Millais and Hunt (pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. iii. § 16 *n.*). In his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" (§§ 136, 138) Mr. Ruskin again called attention to Mr. Hunt's work. To the Academy of 1854 the painter sent "The Light of the World" (now in Keble College, Oxford) and "The Awakening Conscience." Mr. Ruskin wrote letters to the *Times* (May 5, 25) in description and praise of the pictures. In the third volume of "Modern Painters" (1856) Mr. Ruskin referred to Mr. Hunt's choice of noble subject; and to his "Light of the World" as "the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced." He also defended that picture from the charge of plagiarism (pt. iv. ch. iii. §§ 5, 9, and App. iii.; see also pt. iv. ch. iii. § 23, ch. iv. § 20, ch. v. § 8, ch. vii. § 18). In vol. iv. (1856) Mr. Ruskin again referred to Mr. Hunt's careful truth to Nature (pt. v. ch. iv. § 8). Ruskin's praise did not avail, however, to find Mr. Hunt ready purchasers (see *Contemporary Review*, June 1886); and in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters" (1860) Mr. Ruskin refers to him as "fighting his way through all neglect and obloquy to the painting of 'Christ in the Temple'" (pt. ix. ch. xii. § 9). In his later writings Mr. Ruskin also occasionally referred to Mr. Hunt. In the "Eagle's Nest" (1872), the "Light of the World" is referred to "as the most true and useful piece of religious vision which realistic art has yet embodied" (§ 115); see also "Catalogue of the Educational Series," No. 2. In his lectures on "The Art of England" (1884), D. G. Rossetti and Holman Hunt were taken by Mr. Ruskin as masters of "Realistic Schools of Painting." In that lecture a further reference will be found to "The Scapegoat." With the analysis of Mr. Hunt's work there given (with special reference to "The Triumph of the Innocents") should be compared a passage in "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" (in "On the Old Road," i. § 247). Mr. Holman Hunt's account of the circumstances in which he painted the picture is given in the *Contemporary Review*, 1886, pp. 829, 830. See also Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the Holman Hunt Exhibition held at the Fine Art Society, 1886, p. 9. Rossetti wrote of Mr. Hunt's pictures in this year's Academy: "Hunt sends only 'Scapegoat'—a grand thing, but not for the public—and a few lovely landscape drawings." Madox Brown wrote in his diary: "Hunt's 'Scapegoat' requires to be seen to be believed in. Only then can it be understood how, by the might of genius, out of an old goat, and some saline incrustations, can be made one of the most tragic and impressive works in the annals of art." Gambart, the picture-dealer, was less enthusiastic. "I wanted," he said, "a nice religious picture, and he painted me a great goat."]

one poor, hard-working, and suffering, compelled more or less, for immediate bread, to obey whatever call might be made upon them by patron or publisher; the other, of perhaps more manifest cleverness or power, able in some degree to command the market, and apt to make the pursuit of art somewhat complementary to that of pleasure, so that a successful artist's studio has not been in general a place where idle and gay people would have found themselves ill at ease, or at a loss for amusement. But here is a young painter, the slave neither of poverty nor pleasure,—emancipated from the garret, despising the green room, and selecting for his studio a place where he is liable certainly to no agreeable forms of interruption. He travels, not merely to fill his portfolio with pretty sketches, but in as determined a temper as ever mediæval pilgrim, to do a certain work in the Holy Land. Arrived there, with the cloud of Eastern War gathered to the north of him, and involving, for most men, according to their adventurous or timid temper, either an interest which would at once have attracted them to its immediate field, or a terror which would have driven them from work in its threatening neighbourhood, he pursues calmly his original purpose; and while the hills of the Crimea were white with tents of war, and the fiercest passions of the nations of Europe burned in high funeral flames over their innumerable dead, one peaceful English tent was pitched beside a shipless sea, and the whole strength of an English heart spent in painting a weary goat, dying upon its salt sand.

And utmost strength of heart it needed. Though the tradition that a bird cannot fly over this sea is an exaggeration, the air in its neighbourhood is stagnant and pestiferous, polluted by the decaying vegetation brought down by the Jordan in its floods; the bones of the beasts of burden that have died by the "way of the sea," lie like wrecks upon its edge, bared by the vultures and bleached by the salt ooze, which, though tideless, rises and falls irregularly, swollen or wasted. Swarms of flies, fed on the carcases, darken an atmosphere heavy at once with the poison of the marsh and the fever of the desert; and the Arabs themselves will not encamp for a night amidst the exhalations of the volcanic chasm.

This place of study the young English painter chooses.

He encamps a little way above it; sets his easel upon its actual shore; pursues his work with patience through months of solitude; and paints, crag by crag, the purple mountains of Moab, and, grain by grain, the pale ashes of Gomorrah.

And I think his object was one worthy of such an effort. Of all the scenes in the Holy Land, there are none whose present aspect tends so distinctly to confirm the statements of Scripture as this condemned shore. It is therefore exactly the scene of which it might seem most desirable to give a perfect idea to those who cannot see it for themselves; it is that also which fewest travellers are able to see; and which, I suppose, no one but Mr. Hunt himself would ever have dreamed of making the subject of a close pictorial study. The work was therefore worth his effort; and he has connected it in a simple, but most touching way, with other subjects of reflection, by the figure of the animal upon its shore. This is, indeed, one of the instances in which the subject of a picture is wholly incapable of explaining itself; but, as we are too apt—somewhat too hastily—to accept at once a subject as intelligible and rightly painted, if we happen to know enough of the story to interest us in it, so we are apt, somewhat unkindly, to refuse a painter the little patience of inquiry or remembrance, which, once granted, would enable him to interest us all the more deeply, because the thoughts suggested were not entirely familiar. It is necessary, in this present instance, only to remember that the view taken by the Jews of the appointed sending forth of the scapegoat into the Wilderness was that it represented the carrying away of their sin into a place uninhabited and forgotten; and that the animal on whose head the sin was laid became accursed, so that, "though not commanded by the law, they used to maltreat the goat Azazel;—to spit upon him, and to pluck off his hair."[1] The goat, thus tormented, and with a scarlet fillet bound about its brow, was driven by the multitude wildly out of the camp, and pursued into the Wilderness. The painter supposes it to have fled towards the Dead Sea, and to be just about to fall exhausted at sunset—its hoofs entangled in the crust of salt upon the shore. The opposite

[1] Sermon preached at Lothbury, by the Rev. H. Melvill. (*Pulpit*, Thursday March 27, 1856.) [For Melvill, see "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. viii.]

mountains, seen in the fading light, are that chain of Abarim on which Moses died.

Now, we cannot, I think, esteem too highly, or receive too gratefully, the temper and the toil which have produced this picture for us. Consider for a little while the feelings involved in its conception, and the self-denial and resolve needed for its execution; and compare them with the modes of thought in which our former painters used to furnish us annually with their "Cattle pieces" or "Lake scenes," and I think we shall see cause to hold this picture as one more truly honourable to us, and more deep and sure in its promise of future greatness in our schools of painting, than all the works of "high art" that since the foundation of the Academy have ever taxed the wonder, or weariness, of the English public. But, at the same time, this picture indicates a danger to our students of a kind hitherto unknown in any school—the danger of a too great intensity of feeling, making them forget the requirements of painting as an *art*. This picture regarded merely as a landscape, or as a composition, is a total failure. The mind of the painter has been so excited by the circumstances of the scene, that, like a youth expressing his earnest feeling by feeble verse (which seems to him good, because he *means* so much by it), Mr. Hunt has been blinded by his intense sentiment to the real weakness of the pictorial expression; and in his earnest desire to paint the Scapegoat, has forgotten to ask himself first, whether he could paint a goat at all.

I am not surprised that he should fail in painting the distant mountains; for the forms of large distant landscape are a quite new study to the Pre-Raphaelites, and they cannot be expected to conquer them at first: but it is a great disappointment to me to observe, even in the painting of the goat itself, and of the fillet on its brow, a nearly total want of all that effective manipulation which Mr. Hunt displayed in his earlier pictures. I do not say that there is absolute want of skill—there may be difficulties encountered which I do not perceive—but the difficulties, whatever they may have been, are not conquered: this may be very faithful and very wonderful painting—but it is not *good* painting; and much as I esteem feeling and thought in all works of art, still I repeat, again and again, a painter's business is

first to *paint*. No one could sympathize more than I with the general feeling displayed in the "Light of the World;" but unless it had been accompanied with perfectly good nettle painting, and ivy painting, and jewel painting, I should never have praised it; and though I acknowledge the good purpose of this picture, yet, inasmuch as there is no good hair painting, nor hoof painting in it,[1] I hold it to be good only as an omen, not as an achievement; and I have hardly ever seen a composition, left apparently almost to chance, come so unluckily: the insertion of the animal in the exact centre of the canvas making it look as if it were painted for a sign. I can only, therefore, in thanking Mr. Hunt heartily for his work, pray him, for practice' sake, now to paint a few pictures with less feeling in them, and more handling.

413. Subject and painter not yet named in the Catalogue.[2]

[1] I believe, however, the painter was under worse difficulty in painting this goat than even with his sheep picture, it being, of course, impossible to get the animal to stand still for a moment in an attitude indicating utter weariness. Observe also, that though heavily painted, yet being done every whit from nature, the picture lights the room, far away, just as Turner's used to do (and compare the notes on Nos. 873 and 1002). Only Turner never makes a reflection in water brighter than the sky above it, which, unless the crystals of salt whiten the surface even of this glowing water, seems to be the case here. I suppose the water was painted at one season of the year and the sky at another—both from nature, but, in result, discordant, and afterwards unalterable, as the complex hues of those far-followed reflections do not admit of "toning down," but by separately repainting every one. Observe, finally, the picture should, if possible, be seen on a dark day, or in twilight, when its fullest effect is developed.

[2] [They were supplied in later editions as "A Wounded Cavalier," by W. S. Burton. The picture had been overlooked by the Hanging Committee. At the last moment, C. W. Cope, R.A., came upon it in a room by itself with its face to the wall, and withdrew a picture of his own to make room for it. The "Wounded Cavalier" was hung on the line next to Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat." The artist's letter giving the title, &c., was found in time for the second edition of the catalogue. These particulars have been given by Mr. W. S. Burton, who adds a curious story of a conspiracy against him by blackmailing underlings whom he had refused to "tip" (see *The Bazaar*, June 28, 1897). Mr. Burton, who had gained the gold medal at the Academy for historical painting, had his next year's picture—"A London Magdalen"—rejected, and was not more fortunate in later years. An interesting account of this artist, who in recent years resumed the practice of painting, will be found in P. H. Bate's "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," p. 81, where also a reproduction of this picture is given. The subject is a Cavalier whose despatches have been stolen from him as he journeyed through a wood, while he, sorely wounded, has been left to die, until later a Puritan and his lady pass by. She stops to tend the wounded man, while the Puritan looks sourly on.]

The former, not very intelligible; the latter is reported to be a younger member of the new school—Mr. Burton. His work is masterly, at all events, and he seems capable of the greatest things.

448. AUTUMN LEAVES.[1] (*J. E. Millais, A.*)

By much the most poetical work the painter has yet conceived; and also, as far as I know, the first instance existing of a perfectly painted twilight. It is as easy, as it is common, to give obscurity to twilight, but to give the glow within its darkness is another matter; and though Giorgione might have come near the glow, he never gave the valley mist. Note also the subtle difference between the purple of the long nearer range of hills, and the blue of the distant peak emerging beyond.

515. VIEW ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES AT MAIDENHEAD. (*J. D. Harding.*[2])

A very beautiful and well composed Harding: but *not* a view on the Thames at Maidenhead. The hills in this picture vary from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height. The clouds are admirably arranged: it is the best composed sky, after Lewis's, that I see in the rooms. But, considering Mr. Harding's well-known skill in trees, I am vexed, partly with myself and partly with him, because, after long consideration, I am totally unable to form a guess as to the species of tree meant in the group to the left.

[1] [This picture, now in the Corporation Gallery at Manchester, shows four girls piling on leaves for autumn burning. The landscape was painted at Annat Lodge, Perthshire, an old house with a cedared garden near Bowerswell, which Millais took after his marriage. The two taller girls were Millais's little sisters-in-law, afterwards Mrs. Stibbard and Mrs. Caird; the others were the gardener's children. The picture, it has been said, was the fount of inspiration of Mason and Fred Walker (Spielmann's "Millais and his Works," p. 92).]

[2] [James Duffield Harding (1798–1863), a landscape painter in oil and water-colours, was for many years in great request as a drawing-master. Mr. Ruskin had lessons from him in 1841 ("Præterita," vol. ii. ch. iv.), and in 1845 joined him in his autumn sketching tour (epilogue to "Modern Painters," vol. ii. and "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. vii.). Mr. Ruskin was much in sympathy with Harding, and learned much from him; the references to Harding in Ruskin's works are too numerous to be detailed here (see especially index to "Modern Painters").]

532. The Prosperous Days of Job. (*W. T. C. Dobson.*)

One of the earnest readings of Scripture which are the truest pride of modern art. How often has Job been painted with the look of a haggard, aged, and despairing mendicant—how seldom, in this first era of his life, the refined Oriental lord; leading a life of mercy, and judgment, and truth. The despair indicated in the writhe of the lips and pressure of the knit hands on the head, in the fallen figure, is thoroughly grand; and the watching female figure above is very tender and lovely. All Mr. Dobson's works are good (though this is the best), as far as feeling is concerned; but their colour, or rather want of colour, is deeply to be regretted. Does Mr. Dobson really see Nature as always white and buff—or does he think Buff a specially sacred colour? In *my* mind, it is associated chiefly with troopers' jerkins.

542. Market-Day. (*G. B. O'Neill.*)

Of the old school, but very delicately painted. There is far too much in it to be natural. It is a map of a market-day, instead of a picture of one.

578. April Love. (*A. Hughes.*[1])

Exquisite in every way: lovely in colour, most subtle in the quivering expression of the lips, and sweetness of the tender face, shaken, like a leaf by winds upon its dew, and hesitating back into peace.

A second very disgraceful piece of bad placing—the thrusting this picture thus aside!

[1] [Mr. Arthur Hughes (b. 1830), though not an enrolled member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was closely identified with them, and always worked in sympathy with their aims. He combined with Millais and Rossetti to illustrate William Allingham's "Day and Night Songs," and he was one of the group by whom the frescoes in the Oxford Union were executed. "April Love" was bought from the painter by William Morris. It is now in the possession of Mr. H. Boddington. A reproduction of it, with an appreciation of the painter, may be found in P. H. Bate's "English Pre-Raphaelite Painters."]

583. Chioggian Fishing Vessels, &c., Running into the Lagune of Venice, on the Approach of a Borasco or Violent Squall, on the Adriatic. (*E. W. Cooke, A.*[1])

Another instance of the extraordinary good fortune which characterizes the exhibition of this year, in possessing the happiest efforts of almost every master. Do any of us recollect so impressive a study of shipping as this by Mr. Cooke, much as he has hunted such quarries across the foam? It is admirably true to the Venetian boat—and the Venetian boat and all the ways of it are beautiful.

592. Highland Mary. (*T. Faed.*)

Mr. Faed's best work this year; very lovely in its kind; and the distance, though conventional, well composed. Mr. Faed's time for repentance does not seem yet to have come—he will paint grandly, I think, when it does. His other picture[2] is a mere echo of the popular one of last year.

615. Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre. (*H. Le Jeune.*[3])

Another earnest and most touching reading of Scripture. I never saw that gaze of Mary into the sepulchre—just before she "turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing"—given so faithfully. Much fault might be found with the mere painting; but I will find none! for the main and moving facts are there. Give the picture time, and it will bring tears.

1190. The Eve of St. Agnes. (*A. Hughes.*)

A noble picture, apparently too hastily finished, and very wrongly put into this room. It looks too blue; but remember it is entirely a night piece, admitting moonlight into the

[1] [Edward William Cooke (1811–1880) was promoted to the rank of R.A. in 1864. He "hunted quarries across the foam" in many directions—in Normandy, on the Mediterranean coasts, at Venice, in Spain, and Scandinavia, and Egypt. Several pictures by him are in the Tate Gallery, and pictures and drawings at South Kensington.]

[2] [No. 273, "Home and the Homeless."]

[3] [Henry Le Jeune (b. 1819) gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy in 1844, and was afterwards elected an Associate.]

chambers; and if a piece of real moonlight were seen, instead of the picture, through the walls of the room, it would look just as strangely blue: the fault which the eye catches is chiefly that the blue glass casts a white light, and the colours in the left hand subject are confused in relation. The ivy on the tree trunk has clearly been done without a natural model, and is not creditable to the painter of the ivy in No. 578. The half entranced, half startled, face of the awaking Madeline is exquisite; but the lover's in both the centre and right-hand subjects very far from satisfactory. If, however, the reader knows the poem, he will be grateful for the picture; and there is promise in it of high excellence.[1]

873, 885, 1002 are three intensely faithful studies in the East, by Holman Hunt.[2] The gleam of the Dead Sea in the distance of 873 is quite marvellous, and the drawing of the Sphinx is an invaluable record. Probably the reader who has never studied natural facts will think the colouring extraordinary, as Turner's used to be thought. It is, nevertheless, precisely true—touch for touch. I have given the reasons of its apparent want of truth in "Modern Painters" vol. iv. ch. iii. § 8 *et seq.*

I must here close my "Notes" on the present exhibition, though I know that I have missed count of many good pictures; but I am somewhat tired with previous work, and cannot meet the large range of excellence in the Academy this year with correlative exertion. One or two works, also, I have to note in other exhibitions.

[1] [A reproduction of this picture will be found at p. 182 of "Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham." "Hughes' 'Eve of St. Agnes,'" wrote Rossetti, "will make his fortune, I feel sure."]

[2] [873. "View from the Mount of Offence, looking toward the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab: Morning." 885. "Jerusalem by Moonlight: looking over the site of the Temple to the Mount of Olives." 1002. "The Sphinx, Gizeh, looking towards the pyramids of Sakhara."]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS[1]

THE pictures in this pleasant room are so easily distinguishable and accessible, that I think it will be better to refer to them in the order of their importance (or that which seems to me such), than in the regular succession of the catalogue.

1. No. 134.

[A Frank encampment in the desert of Mount Sinai, 1842—the convent of St. Catherine in the distance. The picture comprises portraits of an English nobleman and his suite; Mahmoud, the Dragoman, &c.; Hussein, Scheikh of Gebel Tor, &c.—*J. F. Lewis.*]

If this picture is painted in firm colours, and will stand against time; and if it gets into good hands, and is safely kept, it will one day be among things which men will come to England from far away to see, and will go back to their homes saying, "I have seen it," as people come back

[1] [The Society of Painters in Water-Colours, often referred to as the "Old" Water-Colour Society, was founded in 1805; its first exhibitions were held at No. 20 Lower Brook Street. After various moves, it settled in 1809 at Spring Gardens. In 1813 it was reconstituted as "The Oil and Water-Colour Society." In 1821 the Water-Colour Society was restored, and it established itself in Pall Mall, East. In the "Notes on Prout and Hunt," Mr. Ruskin gives a pleasant description of the exhibitions held there in his earlier days (p. 287 of this volume, and *cf.* "The Art of England," § 159). Mr. Ruskin was elected an honorary member in 1873, and "was very proud of the honour. He said at the time to a visitor—'Nothing ever pleased me more. I have always been abusing the artists, and now they have complimented me. It's very nice to think they give me credit for knowing something about art'" (W. G. Collingwood's Prefatory Notes to the Ruskin Exhibition held at the Society's Gallery in 1901, p. ix.). Mr. Ruskin occasionally contributed drawings to the Society's exhibitions. In 1881 the Society was permitted to make use of the name and style of "The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours." The gallery was extended and rebuilt in 1875.]

now from Venice, saying they have seen Titian's "Peter Martyr;"[1] or from Milan, saying they have seen the "Sposalizio." I have no hesitation in ranking it among the most *wonderful* pictures in the world; nor do I believe that, since the death of Paul Veronese, anything has been painted comparable to it in its own way.

I rank it with Veronese's work, because it is painted on the same principles of colour and design; and shows just as much ease of hand, though the execution is modified by the smallness of scale, and by the resolution to obtain certain effects of light which the Venetian would not have cared for: but if this picture were magnified so as to show the figures the size of life, it would be felt at once that no work but Veronese's could stand against it for a moment; and I only regret that its admirableness of detail should be concentrated so as to become, to most people, all but invisible. If the reader will take a magnifying glass to it, and examine it touch by touch, he will find that, literally, any four square inches of it contain as much as an ordinary water-colour drawing; nay, he will, perhaps, become aware of refinements in its handling which escape the naked eye altogether. Let him examine, for instance, with a good lens, the eyes of the camels, and he will find there is as much painting beneath their drooping fringes as would, with most painters, be thought enough for the whole head; or let him look at the cane-work of the back of the chair on the right, and he will find as many touches in one of its meshes as, according to the notion of water-colour painting ordinarily, would suffice for the tracery of a Gothic window.

Yet, marvellous as this quantity of detail is, the quantity is not the chief wonder, but the *breadth*. It is amazing that there should be so much, but far more amazing that this Much should all be Right. Labour and delicacy we may find, unwearied and unsurpassable, in missal painting, and in old Flemish work of the Van Eyck school. But labour thus concentrated in large purpose—detail thus united into effective mass—has not been seen until now. All minute work has been, more or less, broken work; and the most precious pictures were divisible by segments. But here, gradations which are wrought out through a thousand

[1] [This picture perished by fire in the sacristy of SS. Giovanni e Paolo in 1866. Raphael's "Sposalizio" is in the Brera.]

threads or meshes, are as broad and calm in unity as if struck with a single sweep of the hand. Look at the way the pale circle of the tent is gradated, through its woven pattern, with the effect of transparent light beneath. I have never seen anything quite comparable to it reached by art.[1]

Let us, however, recovering as best we may from our amazement at this toil, and this success, look for a little while at the meaning of the picture—meaning which we find indicated by the painter in the most subtle way. The hand of the principal figure droops negligently at its side, yet so as to point to an unfolded map. The letters on this map are of course reversed, as it lies open rightly for its owner, therefore upside down to the spectator; but the title of it is carefully made legible—

"MAP OF"

"SYRIA,"

"ANCIENT AND MODERN."

and the picture itself is a map of antiquity and modernism in the East—the Englishman encamped under Mount Sinai.

The reader must pardon me a momentary allusion to work of my own; for it has not been without some toil that I, also, have been lately endeavouring to trace the kind of contrast which exists between the ancient and modern temper of the human race. Mr. Lewis was wholly ignorant of my work, and I of his. In closing an inquiry into the modern feeling respecting scenery consecrated by solemn associations, I said,—

"I do not know if there be game on Sinai, but I am always expecting to hear of some one shooting over it."[2]

Some of those semi-serious people who never know earnest from jest, accused me of levity in saying this. I said it not in levity, but in stern soberness; yet certainly it was with strange surprise that I saw that this great painter had

[1] Merely as a piece of technical composition, note the way in which this canopy is repeated and balanced by the matting below; hide the matting with the hand, and see how top-heavy the canopy becomes. The dead fawn, in like manner, repeats and relieves the colour-mass of the principal standing camel.

[2] [The reference is to "Modern Painters," vol. iii. (1856) pt. iv. ch. xvi. ("Of Modern Landscape") § 11.]

given his year's labour to develop a similar thought, and that, four months only after the sentence was written, the most notable picture on the exhibition walls of London was an accurate fulfilment of its words:—Mount Sinai, with a foreground of dead game.

Special examination of the points of various interest in this picture is, of course, impossible—it would need a separate essay. I shall only note one or two things which, under any circumstances, the reader should not miss.

Note first the labour in the sky. The whole field of it is wrought gradually out with touches no larger than the filaments of a feather. It is, in fact, an embroidered sky—Penelope's web was slight work compared to it;—such a thing, as far as I know, never painter endured to do before. The purpose of this is to get the peculiar look of heat haze, and depth of colour, with light, which there is in all skies of warm climates. It cannot be got otherwise: but, inasmuch as whatever work may be given to it, it cannot, in some respects, be got at all, the *light* of it being unapproachable, it almost grieves me to see the labour spent to obtain only an approximate result. Still in this one picture, I feel that it ought to have been done, in order that all might be as well as it could be.

Secondly, examine the rock drawing of the Sinai, exquisite alike in hue and form, and conquering, stone by stone, the difficulty which, to all landscape painters but Turner, has been hitherto unconquerable, of expressing fallen masses of débris in their endless complexity.

If I venture to speak of a fault in this part of the work, it is only as acknowledging that human strength must always fail somewhere: Veronese is sometimes too flat—Tintoret sometimes too dark—Leonardo sometimes too hard—Turner sometimes too mysterious—Lewis sometimes too definite. Throughout this picture we may trace, here and there, a slightly *linear* violence; as, for instance, in the black outline round the lower part of the dead fawn in the foreground, which is not entirely true, and gives the work, here and there, a slight aspect of meagreness. The lines of fissure and shadow on the rocks, and round the stones of the distant Sinai, are thus a little too sharp and thin; indicating some remains of the painter's old manner of using the pencil point, as in his sketches in Spain.

The faces, however, as well as the draperies, are entirely free from this fault, and the intensity of character reached in them surpasses, I think, all the painter's former efforts. Even the more distant figures are full of portrait character of the most perfect finish. It may be useful to any reader who is himself fond of drawing, to note the subtlety of *truth* on which all depends. Take, for instance, the head of the Arab between the Sheikh and the camel, and note the dim sparkle of light in one eye, missed in the other. A common painter would have put it into both; but he would have spoiled the head, for it could not have been in both. The point of light in the right one is the reflection, on the under part of the ball, of the light from the nose, which could, of course, be seen on the sunlighted side only. The Arab, whose face is half seen behind the tassel of the housings of one of the camels, which takes the place of his beard, is another thoroughly grand piece of character. There seems much difference of opinion as to the type of head adopted for the figure of the Englishman. I think it very right;—quiet, delicate, firm, and Cœur-de-Lion-like. The two dogs, like all Lewis's animals, are inimitable.

I have nearly exhausted terms of praise, and have none left, now, strong enough for the complexity and skill of the *composition*. The deliciousness of some of the bits of grey and pale flickering colour, and the way the innumerable lines and hues flow together, without flaw or a fallacy anywhere, complete the strange merits and marvels of this work. I trust, whatever its destination, that measures may be taken to preserve it from excess of light and from damp. Body-colour preserved (as in manuscripts) in shade, and kept dry, has stood unchanged for six hundred years; but the slightest adverse influences are to be dreaded for a work of this delicacy, when so much depends upon so little, and when every gleam of colour is precious.[1]

It will be observed that on each side of this brilliant and delicate picture is hung a drawing of excessive darkness and boldness, by David Cox.[2] This was thoroughly well

[1] [Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin refers to this drawing (with Turner's of "Hornby Castle," in the South Kensington Museum) as "unsurpassable standards of water-colour painting" ("Arrows of the Chace," i. 171).]

[2] [See below, p. 163 *n*.]

judged—there is no rivalship—but a kindly and effective contrast. The two drawings of English moors (128, 140) gain in gloom and power by the opposition to the Arabian sunlight; and Lewis's finish is well set off by the impatient breadth of Cox. No. 140 is a very interesting example of this master; so also the smaller ones, 234, 240.[1]

83. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE WOUNDED COLDSTREAM GUARDS IN THE HALL OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (*John Gilbert.*[2])

A very interesting and successful drawing, apparently full of good portraiture, and certainly of right expression. It is notable for its frank and firm execution; in general, artists are appalled by the presence of Majesty, and in their earnest desire to do well, are apt to lose their power, and make their work too soft or too polished; but Mr. Gilbert has retained his presence of mind, and has given an effective rendering of a touching and memorable scene.

23. HUNTSMAN'S BOY AND BLOODHOUNDS. (*F. Tayler.*[3])

This is the best drawing Mr. Tayler has produced for some time, but best only inasmuch as it deals with a subject familiar both to him and to us, on a somewhat larger scale than usual. Indeed, as long as Mr. Tayler persists in his faith that natural form and colour are only to be represented by an ingenious imposition of slops or blots, it is quite useless to criticise his work. Beyond a certain point he cannot, by any physical possibility,

[1] [128. "Driving the Flock." 140. "Peat Gatherers, North Wales." 234. "Twilight." 240. "Wind and Rain."]

[2] [Sir John Gilbert (1817–1897) began exhibiting in the London galleries in 1836; largely occupied in black-and-white work for book illustration and illustrated journalism; elected a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, 1854, of which he became President in 1871; knighted, 1872; A.R.A., 1872; R.A., 1876; in 1893 presented a number of his pictures to the municipal galleries of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester.]

[3] [For a note on this painter, see below, p. 164. Mr. Ruskin was an early admirer of Tayler. In the "Poetry of Architecture" (1837) he had written: "Observe the direction of public taste at any of our exhibitions. We see visitors at that of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours passing Tayler with anathemas, and Lewis with indifference, to remain in reverence and admiration before certain amiable white lambs and water-lilies, whose artists shall be nameless" (§ 5).]

advance: that point he had reached fifteen years ago, and it is not a high one.

256, 271. "AN ITINERANT." "DEVOTION."[1]

Two superb drawings by Mr. Hunt—fortunate in the features and expression of the models chosen, and, like all the master's work, consummate in execution. As a piece of artistical handling and dexterity, the woolly hair of the negro is a lesson which cannot be too long studied.

The other drawings by this master, in the room, are, of course, all good; but, perhaps, less *delightful* than usual. I miss his hawthorn blossom, mossy banks, and birds: there are two or three pounds of grapes—those in 285 ["Fruit"] particularly good; but, when not on the vine, grapes are precisely the dullest fruit that can be painted; and I can only advise, or beg, any reader who is inclined to attend to me, never in future to buy any of Hunt's grapes. He wastes an inconceivable quantity of time on them, and this is the fault of the public, for the grapes always sell.

1, 4. STUDIES OF LAKE SCENERY.[2] (*Mr. William Turner.*[3])

The works of this painter are always tender in feeling, but the larger of these is a strained and mistaken effort; the second is very true and right.

22, 167. TWO VERY INTERESTING STUDIES OF SEA.[4] (*Mr. S. P. Jackson.*[5])

The breaking of the low waves in 167 is as true as can

[1] [No. 166 in the Prout and Hunt Exhibition, see p. 337 of this vol.]

[2] [1. "Loch Garry, Inverness-shire: Autumn." 4. "Loch Torridon, Ross-shire: Before Morning."]

[3] [William Turner, generally called "of Oxford," to distinguish him from the great Turner, was a drawing-master in that city, and an exhibitor of water-colours during a long artistic career (b. 1789; d. 1862). There are two drawings by him in the South Kensington Museum.]

[4] [22. "The Breakwater and Chapel Rock at Bude, North Cornwall." 167. "The Sands at Bude."]

[5] [Samuel Phillips Jackson (b. 1830), who began to exhibit in 1853, made a speciality of coast scenery, intermixed in later years with inland scenes from Wales and on the Thames.]

be; and both pictures are delicate and earnest in perception of phenomena of sea and sky. The *land* is bad, in both.

20. Another study of the same class[1] (*Mr. Naftel*[2]); not so good in execution, but well meant. It looks as if painted on the spot, and the cirri in the sky are very true; there is a pleasant sense of the evening wind whistling among the stones as the sun touches their edges with its last gleam. The handling is, however, flat and coarse: each of these stones ought to have had nearly as much work on it as there is in the whole picture. 52 is also an earnest effort, though very faulty in the work on the water. Mr. Naftel will find, on testing his work accurately, that he has cast the shadows inconsistently on the castle, and they destroy the effect of its light.

68. A quiet and unaffected study[3] (*Mr. E. Duncan*[4]), remarkable for the absence of all meretricious character. I love colour as well as most people, but confess that a little less cobalt and vermilion would better most of the pictures on the walls of this room.

90. VIEW IN GLENCOE. (*Mr. Rosenberg.*[5])

This is one of the truest pieces of mountain study in the room—evidently wholly from Nature, and though feeble in execution, satisfactory in general effect. But Mr. Rosenberg may depend upon it, mountains are quite as delicate as fruit, and he must take not less pains with them.

[1] [20. "Collecting Vraic, on one of the natural breakwaters thrown up by the heavy seas from the Atlantic: Guernsey." 52. "The Evening Gun at Castle Cornet, Guernsey."]

[2] [Paul Jacob Naftel (d. 1891), a native of the Channel Islands, became an associate of the Water-Colour Society in 1850, and full member in 1859. He was for many years a drawing-master in Guernsey.]

[3] [68. "Spithead, with part of the Baltic fleet, from Ryde sands."]

[4] [Edward Duncan (1803–1882) was a constant exhibitor from 1830 onwards. Some of his marine views have been published.]

[5] [William F. Rosenberg (d. 1869) began to exhibit in 1848. "His name curiously foreshadowed a change that subsequently took place in his line of art. Beginning with flowers (and fruit), he ended with mountains." The drawing noticed above was his first mountain study ("History of the Old Water-Colour Society," ii. 301).]

112, 165. STUDIES FROM NATURE.[1] (*Mr. G. Fripp*, and *Mr. A. Glennie.*)

Very good in their way; yet rather things to be kept in the artists' folios, for their own use, than to be exhibited.

168. SUNRISE ON THE JUNGFRAU, FROM THE WENGERN ALP. (*Mr. W. Collingwood.*[2])

Striking in effect, and an attractive picture, but sadly wanting in accuracy of detail. If the artist would draw the mountain carefully, and then work out this same effect, with rock substance beneath it, he might produce a valuable drawing. And the effect itself, simple as it is, would have been twice as good if the artist had not indulged himself with a bright yellow light on his cow, and spots of pure white and yellow about the roots of his pines, while the first rays of dawn are still a mile or two above them, and cannot get down to them for an hour and a half yet, at the very least.

The picture, as it is, cannot be considered a study from Nature; and it forms a connecting link between the works above noticed, in which the artist's *intention*, at least, is to be true, and those forming the larger portion of the exhibition, in which the intention is to be pretty, or clever. These, though there is much dexterity in some of them, need not separately be noticed, as they involve little of interest, except variations in touch, or expedients for getting opposition in blue and orange, yellow and purple, according to the formulæ of colour-science. On the whole, the exhibition is greatly above the average; and the public seem to have discerned this, for the little bits of blue which the artists like to see completing their harmonies of colour, are now wanting to very few of the pictures. I am heartily glad to see this; for of all modes of spending money in self indulgence, none are perhaps so collaterally kind as the encouragement of an art so healthy and pleasurable as Water-colour Painting.

I have no space left for detailed notice of the other

[1] [112. "Part of the Ruins of Corfe Castle: the Artisans' Tower." 165. "View in the Forum of Rome from the School of Xanthus;" done on the spot.]

[2] [Father of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, the author of the "Life of Ruskin" (Methuen, 1893 and 1900).]

exhibitions, but cannot pass unnamed the very remarkable picture in the rooms of the Society of British Artists, No. 110, "Eavesdroppers," by J. Campbell, one of the most earnest pieces of domestic homely truth I have ever seen: nor, in the French Exhibition in Pall Mall, the series of cottage studies, by Edouard Frère,[1] 150 to 155, quite unequalled, it seems to me, in sincerity and truth of conception, though somewhat dimly painted. (Compare note on pictures in Academy, No. 160, p. 48.) I ought, perhaps, to have said, truth of *sight*, rather than truth of conception; for I have been informed that this artist, rambling from cottage to cottage, and telling the peasantry "never to mind him," watches and seizes some real moment of action in the undisturbed family; recording, also, with historical fidelity, the position of every article of domestic furniture, and with such scrupulousness, that being on one occasion requested to enrich a somewhat blank piece of background by the addition of some piece of delf or pewter which had caught the purchaser's eye in another study—"No," he replied, "I cannot do that: it was in another cottage."

I consider these pictures, therefore, as examples of true Historical Painting, and of very high value. It is quite impossible to say what importance may, in some future day, attach to such records of the French peasant life of the 19th century.[2]

[1] [Pierre Edouard Frère (1819–1886), French painter. In subsequent "Notes" Mr. Ruskin praises this painter in similar manner (see pp. 120, 148, 211). In the "Cestus of Aglaia" (1865) he classes the domestic painting of Frère with Richter's in Germany and Hook's in England ("On the Old Road," vol. i. § 317). A description of one of Frère's "exquisite little painted poems" is given in "Aratra Pentelici" (§§ 111, 113); and in "The Art of England," his pictures of children are referred to as "of quite immortal beauty" (ch. iv.).]

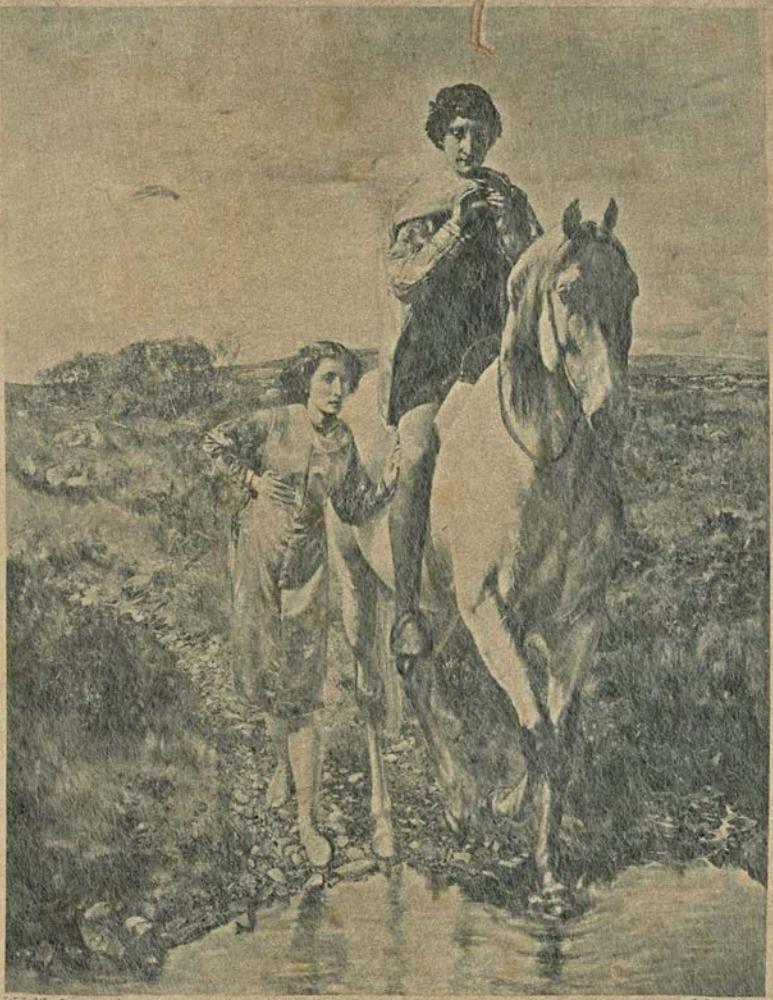
[2] [Here eds. 1 and 2 ended. The following "Postscript" appeared in eds. 3, 4, 5, and 6.]

POSTSCRIPT

GENERALLY speaking, the arrangement of the pictures in the Academy this year is better than usual; but the errors which are usually notable in various parts of the rooms seem to have been all concentrated in the one crying error of putting No. *122* nearly out of sight. I have a special dislike to pictures of a slate-grey colour, as well as of girls in dresses of pages; for which cause, in glancing round the room, I passed this "Burd Helen" by,[1] as one of the quaint efforts of some younger member of the rising school, neither deserving praise nor warranting discouragement. Further

[1] [For a further reference by Mr. Ruskin to this picture, see "Arrows of the Chace," i. 112–114. It was, he said, one of the great Pre-Raphaelite pictures which "will hold their own with the most noble pictures of all time." The subject of this picture was taken from the Scottish Border ballad (another version of "Childe Waters") of the girl who ran by the side of her faithless lover while he rode, and who swam the Clyde, rather than that he should escape. (For a note on the ballad and its literary sources, see "Arrows of the Chace," i. 113.) The painter was William Lindsay Windus, formerly a Liverpool artist, and a member of the Academy of that city. D. G. Rossetti was immensely struck by the picture. "The finest thing of all" in the Academy, he wrote. He "forced Ruskin to go with him to see it *instanter*, because he had not noticed it in his pamphlet, and extorted the promise of a postscript on its behalf" ("Letters to William Allingham," pp. 187, 188). "I assure you," wrote Mr. Windus to Rossetti, "that you and Mr. Ruskin were the two persons in the world whose approbation I most ardently wished and scarcely dared to hope for, and that I felt the most inexpressible delight when the extract from your letter was read to me, being at the time in a wretched state of despondency" ("Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism," p. 138). Mr. Windus contributed to the Pre-Raphaelite exhibition in 1857; his picture, "Too Late," is noticed in the "Notes" of 1359 (p. 196). "Suddenly, owing, it is said, to a great sorrow, he left off painting, and nothing was seen of his work till, in 1896, the New English Art Club startled the picture-loving public, who had thought Windus dead, by showing three unfinished works of his on their walls" (P. H. Bate, *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*, p. 82). See also *Magazine of Art* for December 1899, where an account of the painter's life and work is given. For a note on the fortunes of "Burd Helen" in the auction room, see Harry Quilter's "Preferences in Art," p. 72.]

examination of it leads me to class it as the second picture of the year; its aim being higher, and its reserved strength greater, than those of any other work except the "Autumn Leaves." Its whiteness of colour results from the endeavour to give the cold grey of the northern fall of day, when the wind is bleak, and the clouds gathering for storm, their distant cumuli, heavy with rain, hanging on the rises of the moorland. I cannot see, at the distance of the picture from the eye, how far the painting of the pebbles and heath has been carried; but I see just enough of the figures to make me sure that the work is thoughtful and intense in the highest degree. The pressure of the girl's hand on her side; her wild, firm, desolate look at the stream—she not raising her eyes as she makes her appeal, for fear of the greater mercilessness in the human look than in the glaze of the gliding water—the just choice of the type of the rider's cruel face, and of the scene itself—so terrible in haggardness of rattling stones and ragged heath,—are all marks of the action of the very grandest imaginative power, shortened only of hold upon our feelings because dealing with a subject too fearful to be for a moment believed true. There are one or two minor faults in it: a horse nearly always stoops its head as it approaches the edge of a ford, and the erectness of its bearing in the picture takes away the look of truth in the entire incident, more than one could have supposed possible. I have some doubt also, whether, unless the spectator were himself supposed to be wading the ford, so as to bring the eye almost on a level with the water surface, the reflection of the sky could so entirely prevent the appearance of the pebbles through the water. They are rightly shown through the dark reflection at the horse's foot, and rightly effaced, in a great degree, by that of the sky; but I think they should not have been entirely so. These are, however, quite minor defects, and I merely name them lest they should be brought forward by adverse critics as if they were serious ones.



W. L. Windus

John Allen

Burd Helen.

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III

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

AND THE

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

ETC.

1857

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY[1]

As year by year, in the Royal Academy, the principles established by the Pre-Raphaelites are more frankly accepted, and more patiently put in practice, I observe that, notwithstanding all the substantial advantage derived from them, two results must necessarily follow, involving some disappointment to the public and great mortification to the artist. I see that we shall have more wayside nooks, corners of green fields, pools of watercress streams, and the like, than can, in the aggregate, contribute much to the amusement of the restless and over-excited crowd of London spectators; and I see also that there will be so high an average of perseverance and care brought to bear on every subject, that both will pass unnoticed unless recommended by more brilliant qualities; and painters who flattered themselves that the devotion of a year's honest labour could not but make their pictures conspicuous, and their names illustrious, will find, with bitter disappointment, that patience and sincerity are no longer distinctive, and that industry will soon be less notable than sloth.

Respecting the approach of these inevitable calamities, it is only to be answered, to the complaint of the public, that we ought no more to weary of green lanes in Trafalgar Square[2] than we do in Devonshire or Kent; and, to the disappointment of the artist, that although distinction cannot be, and should not be, conferred by the practice of any particular style, honesty of aim will always make his labour

[1] [Of the 1857 "Notes" there were two editions. There was no change in the text.]

[2] [The reader will remember that the Royal Academy of Arts was at this time housed in a portion of the present National Gallery. Its exhibitions were transferred to Burlington House in 1869.]

useful and his life happy. Distinction, if it is justly won, can of course be won only by superior intellect; a change in the methods or objects of a school does not raise the capacities of the scholars to one level, nor render it more possible than it has been hitherto to be illustrious in large companies. But it ought to be a sufficient reward for much painstaking, if the art we practise guides us into continually greater sense of natural beauty, though that beauty may be manifested to others as well as to us; and enables us to gain an honourable livelihood, though one wholly independent of laurel crowns.

The steady advance of just principles of painting is, however, strangely complicated in the present Exhibition with examples of error or of backsliding. The Pre-Raphaelite cause has been doubly betrayed by the mistimed deliberation of one of its leaders and the inefficient haste of another; and we have to regret at once that the pictures of Holman Hunt were too late for the Exhibition, and that those of Everett Millais were in time for it.

We will, as before, glance round the rooms in the order of the catalogue, sometimes breaking the line to go in quest of such pictures as it may be desirable to compare at once with that under consideration.

8. Au Sixieme. (*J. C. Horsley, A.*)

A sweet sketch; we can hardly, in the present stage of general completion, call it more; and I regret this, for the subject is one which would have borne exquisite finish. The *innocent* life of the French grisette, if we may suppose the "Rigolette" of Eugène Sue to be a type of a large class, is one of the pleasantest to contemplate among all the conditions of labour which are dependent on modern European luxury. Surely, by the way, there should have been flowers at her window, as well as that piece of extravagance, on the table, into which she has been beguiled at the Marché aux Fleurs. The outlook of the window also, being "au sixième," might have been made very interesting; views over Parisian roofs are nearly always so.

14. Narcissus. (*W. E. Frost, A.*)

The young Dryad on the right gives us an interesting example of ideal grace of action in "finding" a daffodil.

The bough which she raises with her pretty arm has evidently been so extremely in her way, that the only wonder is how, under the oppressive circumstances, she ever found the daffodil at all. Dryads and Naiads are, I suppose, susceptible of shadows only from themselves; as I see the trees cast none upon them. Mr. Frost knows best; but if it be so, Dryads and Naiads are bad models, and mortal ladies, liable to chiaroscuro, would make better pictures.

28. A CRAB AND LOBSTER SHORE. (*E. W. Cooke, A.*)

This very careful study just misses being quite right and quite beautiful for want of a very slight degree of greater watchfulness—*not* greater labour. Merely by way of an instance of the kind of completion wanted, note the shadow of the man most to the right, leaning on the boat. It is a dark-brown shadow on a violet boat; in the probability of which, at that distance, I do not believe, but let that pass. This dark-brown shadow falls not only on the violet-coloured wood, but on a stripe of red paint and on some seams of paler colour. But it crosses all of them, remaining equally dark-brown. Now, a shadow which was rich brown on violet, would be orange-scarlet on crimson, and deep golden-grey on white; and all these changes ought to have been shown in that shadow by separate touches of pure colour. It is an infinitely more important matter that these transitions of hue should be given, than that mere force of chiaroscuro should be reached. A similar though less demonstrable monotony in hue causes all the careful work on the shore to look coarse. Each pebble is painted with two or three touches of some unvaried colour—usually about two for its bright and one for its dark side; whereas each side would, in Nature, have been infinitely varied with hues either broken into texture or melting into gradation. No touch of colour is or ever can be right, however small, if it be monotonous; and almost the first point of art with a great workman is getting the colour to palpitate within the touches, mingling it with endless cunning, and never leaving one spot bare, or one hue definable.

39. A SYRIAN SHEIKH, EGYPT. (*J. F. Lewis.*)

When Mr. Lewis sends a picture to the Academy, it

ought not to be one which even his truest admirers might easily pass without noticing. I have seen many of his sketches, executed in about three or four hours, which were more interesting than this highly-wrought painting, and I am quite sure that he could paint a noble picture, rich in composition, and powerful in rendering of human character, in a couple of months, if he did not wilfully set himself subjects involving minuteness as a chief part of their expression. He has much of the power of Veronese and Tintoret; and yet he takes Van Eyck for his model. Why not, if only by way of practice, paint two bold pictures in the beginning of the year, one for the Water-Colour Society and one for the Academy, and then devote the long days to whatever finishing procedure he chose on his pet pictures?—these last coming forth, in due or undue time, as it might be; but two vigorous works being, without fail, produced annually. Many reasons occur to me which might be urged in further recommendation of such a plan; one or two I will state presently, with reference to Mr. Lewis's drawing in the Water-Colour Exhibition.

41. INTERIOR OF DUOMO, MILAN. (*D. Roberts, R.A.*)

It must be, I think, nearly ten years, if not more, since Mr. Roberts painted so careful a picture. It is entirely true to the scene, and unusually forcible and solemn in the effect of the painted window. But why does Mr. Roberts *always* draw painted windows lighter at the top than the bottom? I have often seen them lighter at the bottom than the top; certainly I never saw them, as in No. 418,[1] darker at the bottom than the stone of their jambs; the whole breadth of casement telling as a gloom instead of a light. The tapestry about the pillars in this Milan is thoroughly painted, and the whole picture very enjoyable, as an expression of cathedral splendour, though not of cathedral solemnity.

50. NEWS FROM HOME.[2] (*J. E. Millais, A.*)

We will pass this for the present; merely asking, as we

[1] ["Interior of the Church of St. Gommaire, at Lierre, in Brabant."]

[2] [This picture, of a Highlander sitting in a trench during the Crimean War, reading a letter, is now in America.]

pass, whether Mr. Millais supposes this to be the generally bright aspect of a Highlander on a campaign? or whether he imagines that Highlanders at the Crimea had dress portmanteaus as well as knapsacks, and always put on new uniforms to read letters from home in?

78. PETER THE GREAT.[1] (*D. Maclise, R.A.*)

This is a less exaggerated and more conscientious work than Mr. Maclise has yet produced. But I hope his conscience will become keener yet; for it is difficult to understand how a painter who goes through so much hard work can persist in the idea that there is no indistinctness in Nature, or that there ought to be none. I have heard it said that Mr. Maclise is singularly far-sighted, and draws more decisively than other painters, in the belief that he sees more clearly. But though his sight had the range of the eagle's and clearness of the lynx's; though it were as manifold as a dragon-fly's and as manageable as a chamæleon's, there is a limit to his sight, as to all our sights. He may perhaps be able to see that in Mr. Inchbold's "Jungfrau" (at the top of the room, No. 360) the foreground is covered with gentians and Alpine roses; but he cannot count the leaves of the roses, nor the filaments of the moss which embroiders the ground with gold between the gentians' blue. And, as far as in his pictures I am able to compare his power of sight with that of other people, he appears to see, not more, but a great deal less, than the world in general. When we commonplace people look from Deptford to the other side of the Thames, we do not see houses like these behind Peter the Great, with blank square patches of grey for their doors and windows. That appearance is precisely the one presented to us by the models of houses which children buy to give their dolls dinner in. But when we look at real houses across the Thames, we see panes in the windows (or rags in them, as the case may be); bricks in the walls (or holes in them); planks in the doors; tiles on the roofs; incidents of all kinds, in form and colour, infinitely rich and abundant: more or less confused,

[1] ["Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, working as a shipwright, with his 'rough retinue,' in the dockyard at Deptford, during the winter of 1697–98, is visited by William the Third."]

indeed; but this confusion is not with us, the unfortunate plurality, peculiar to distant objects. All natural objects are confused to us, however near, however distant, because all are infinite. Nay, I cannot but think that if even Mr. Maclise looks at a fly upon a wall ten yards from him, he may see clearly that it is a fly, but he will not be able to count the meshes in its wings; and if he looks fairly, and without any previous prejudice, at a girl's hair, however close to him, and however carefully curled, he will find that it verily does not look like a piece of wood carved into scrolls, and French-polished afterwards, as the curls of these observant young English ladies do. The stars, I think, are adverse at present to the painting of hair, and all the immortality that our pretty ladies can hope for in that respect must be Berenice's or Belinda's; for if Mr. Maclise thinks that hair is made of brown wood, the Pre-Raphaelites are all under the strongest conviction that it is made of red sand, and pass great part of their time in endeavours to enter Michael Scott's service, and make, if not ropes, at least locks, out of sea sand.[1] It is not often that I plead for any imitation of the work of bygone days; but, very seriously, I think no pupil should be allowed to pass the examination ordeal of our schools of painting until he had copied, in a satisfactory manner, a lock of hair by Correggio. Once let him do that with any tolerable success, and he would know to the end of his life both what the word "painting" meant, and with what flowing light and golden honour the Maker of the human form has crowned its power and veiled its tenderness.

103. Sacred Song. (*S. A. Hart, R.A.*[2])

This is a good study—better in many respects than Mr. Hart's larger pictures; but these sacred singers are not Dryads, are they? or has Mr. Hart a special theory

[1] [Among the exploits attributed to Michael Scott, the wizard, was "taming an indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea sand."—Sir Walter Scott's Notes to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."]

[2] [Solomon Alexander Hart (1806–1881) was elected A.R.A. in 1836, R.A. in 1840. He was Professor of Painting at the Academy 1854–63, and afterwards Librarian. One of his earlier pictures is in the Tate Gallery (No. 424).]

concerning shadows,—to wit, that fingers may cast them on paper, but leaves cannot cast them on foreheads?

107. TITIAN PREPARING FOR HIS FIRST ESSAY IN COLOURING. (*W. Dyce, R.A.*)

Well done! Mr. Dyce, and many times well done! though it is of little use for any of us to say so to you; for when a man has gone through such a piece of work as this, he knows he is right, and knows it so calmly that it does not matter much to him whether people see it or not. This is a notable picture in several ways, being, in the first place, the only one quite up to the high-water mark of Pre-Raphaelitism in the exhibition this year: for, although Mr. Carrick's (No. 135) is in several respects better painted, there are no difficulties of form and distance presented by his subject; while Mr. Dyce has encountered all discoverable difficulties at once, and chosen a subject involving an amount of toil only endurable by the boundless love and patience which are the first among the pre-Raphaelite characteristics.

In the second place, this is the first picture yet produced by the school in which the work has been at all affected by a sculpturesque sense of grace in form. Hitherto, every master who has ranked himself on this side, has been a colourist, and his subject has been chosen and treated with chief reference to colour, not intentionally, but because a colourist can do no otherwise; seeing, in all that he has to show, effects of light and hue first, and form secondarily. I cannot tell how far Mr. Dyce is capable of becoming a colourist, but he is not one yet; and although this deficiency is grievously hurtful to his work in many respects, in one it has advantaged it: he has rendered more of the finished grace and lovely composition of line in that oak foliage than has yet been seen in oak. If he could have coloured it better, he would have softened its edges, and carried the eye more to gleams of green and shades of purple, slightly losing the lines of leaf and branch; for art always loses something, or else we should not know it from reality, and it is interesting to see, for the first time, in the annals of the rising school, this inevitable loss taking place in colour instead of form,

and the landscape painted with a sculptor's precision and a sculptor's love of grace.

Though, however, we may contentedly part with a little green and purple in oak leaves for the sake of exquisiteness in delineation, we cannot part so lightly with the blood of Titian: no boy could ever have coloured a Madonna's face who had so little colour in his own. And there was not the least need for this failure; because, though I do not think Mr. Dyce will ever himself colour like a Venetian, I see, by the way he has painted the flowers and the boy's dress, that he has quite as much eye for colour as ever Leonardo had; and he may paint flesh quite as well as Leonardo, if he likes.

Only one cavil more. Whatever Ridolfi may say[1] (I have not had time to look), Titian's actual first attempts must have been of a very different kind, and in another order of landscape. It was not in the green, delicate-leaved twilight of a lowland garden, nor among its sweet measurements of level grass, that the boy received his first impressions of colour, but among the strong trunks and rugged ground of the forests of Cadore, and in the dawns beyond its desolate mountains, when the massy clouds stood quiet between the burning and the blue. Nor would it have been a statue such as this which first made him dream of the Madonna; but rather some fresco of a wayside chapel, where she stood with her hands folded, and the moon under her feet, and the companies of heaven around her, crown above crown, circlet beyond circlet—gleaming golden in the arched shade.

Conceding, however, Mr. Dyce's theory of the place, and accepting, with perhaps a little further demur, the graceful and undisturbed dress of the boy for such as the young Titian was likely to have worn to work in (particularly if the work began with flower-hunting), we may proceed to enjoy the picture heartily in all other respects—the expression of the boy being excellent, and the flowers, grass, leafage, and dress, down to the minutest fold of the purple lining of the cap, painted so that no one need ever hope to do much better.

It will take about an hour to see this picture properly.

[1] ["Ridolfi states that Titian, when a little boy, gave the earliest indication of his future eminence as a colourist by drawing a Madonna, which he coloured with the juice of flowers."—*Academy Catalogue.*]

135. THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE. (*R. Carrick.*)

Quite faultless, as far as I can see; and one of the best, if not absolutely the best, examples of *balanced* completion which the school has produced. It is intensely difficult to put such finish into the stripes of pillow and pattern of counterpane, and yet not to let one thread become falsely conspicuous.

It is not, of course, a work involving high powers of invention, and therefore it does not yet place its painter in the highest rank of artists; but as far as it reaches it is right: and I say little of it, only because the subject is simple and the success absolute. It is a picture of which explanation is needless, and criticism impossible.

136. THE MOUNTAIN PATH. (*J. T. Linnell.*[1])

Singularly luminous and full of air. Mr. Linnell seems to be making the most rapid advances, and has good cause to be happy in the general appreciation of his work; for I notice that almost every person who looks at this picture enjoys or praises it.

138. THE YOUNG BROTHER. (*W. Mulready, R.A.*[2])

Without exception, the least interesting piece of good painting I have ever seen in my life. I call it a "piece of painting," not a "picture," because the artist's mind has been evidently fixed throughout on his modes of work, not on his subject—if subject it can be called. Is it not sorrowful to see all this labour and artistical knowledge

[1] [Son of J. Linnell.]

[2] [Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin refers to Mulready (1786–1863) as an artist who throws away "a consummate method of execution" on "subjects either altogether uninteresting, or above his powers, or unfit for pictorial representation" ("Pre-Raphaelitism," 1851, in "On the Old Road," vol. i. § 193). In the first words of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849) Mr. Ruskin referred to Mulready as "an artist whose works, perhaps, alone, in the present day, unite perfection of drawing with resplendence of colour." In his Notes on the Academy of 1848, Mr. Ruskin had also spoken with enthusiasm of the artist (Addenda to "Modern Painters," vol. ii.), an enthusiasm which in later years was not maintained (see Notes added to the separate edition of that vol. issued in 1883). In the "Eagle's Nest," Mr. Ruskin condemns Mulready's life-studies as vulgar (§ 166). The artist was on friendly terms with the elder Ruskin ("Epilogue to M. P.," vol. ii. § 14). The picture noticed above was painted for the gallery of pictures presented to the nation by Mr. Vernon, in pursuance of his will. It has now been removed from the National Gallery to Dublin.]

appointed, by a command issued from the grave, to paint—and employed for a couple of years in painting—for the perpetual possession and contemplation of the English people, the ill-laced bodice of an untidy girl? Yet the picture will be a valuable one; perhaps the most forcible illustration ever given of the frivolous application of great powers. For this is not, observe, the commonplace littleness of an inferior mind, nor commonplace wantonness of a great one. We have had examples enough of mean subjects chosen by the trifling, and slight subjects chosen by the feeble: nor is it a new thing to see great intellects overthrown by impetuosity, or wasted in indolence; stumbling and lost among the dark mountains, or lying helpless by the wayside, listless or desolate. All this we have seen often; but never, I think, till now, patience disappointed of her hope, and conscientiousness mistaken in her aim; labour beguiled of her reward, and discretion warped in her choice. We have not known until now that the greatest gifts might be wasted by prudence, and the greatest errors committed by precision.

For it is quite curious how, throughout this composition, the artist seems to have aimed at showing the uselessness of all kinds of good. There is an exquisite richness of decoration in the pattern of the yellow dress, yet the picture is none the richer for it; an exquisite play of colour in the flesh, yet the girl is none the fairer for it: her dress is loose, without grace; and her beauty hidden, without decency. The colour of the whole is pure, but it does not refresh; its arrangement subtle, but it does not entertain: the child laughs without gaiety; and the youth reclines without repose.

We may be sure, however—which is some comfort—that failure of this total kind *cannot* take place unless there is somewhere a wilful departure from truth; for truth, however ill-chosen, is never *wholly* uninteresting. For instance, here, the sense of country life is destroyed by the false forms of the trees, which are only green horizontal flakes of colour, not foliage; and the dead blue dress of the youth, though it seems at first well painted, is shaded either with pure dark blue, dirty green, or violet, wholly at random, and of course, therefore, with destruction of brilliancy as well as of relief; while the folds of the girl's gown, though they at first look well drawn, are mere angular masses, without either flow or fall.

160. A SIGNAL ON THE HORIZON. (*J. C. Hook, A.*)

It seems to me that this is the sweetest and most pathetic picture of an English boy that has been painted in modern times; and as for the thought, and choice of scene, and rendering of expression throughout the picture, they are all so true, so touching, and so lovely, that I do not choose to speak many words about them, lest I should do the reader harm instead of good by some discordant expression: it would need a little finished idyl of Tennyson to express them lightly. But when you have made out all this design at your leisure, go at once to the "Ship Boy's Letter" (545); for the whole heart of rural England is in that, as of sailor England in the other. Take care to read the direction of the envelope on the ground with the Dover postmark—

"William Dibble . . . Ongar Hatch, Surrey;"

and what is legible of the beginning of the letter—

"Off Cape town.
"My dear Father and Mother . . . thank God. . . dear sister."

188. AT BERNCASTEL, ON THE MOSELLE. (*G. C. Stanfield.*[1])

There are more signs of present progress and future power in this painting than in any I have yet seen by the younger Stanfield; it looks like an attentively rendered portrait of the place. The hilly ground in the distance is peculiarly well drawn (and was peculiarly difficult to draw); and the shadow of the cross on the ground is followed with care among the stones, instead of being laid in with random dashes to show cleverness of touch. The place was worth drawing too. That must be an interesting example of cross, with the sculptured Madonna at the foot of it. But Mr. Stanfield must either draw his figures better or worse; he must either make them agreeable, or leave them slight. The oxen and their driver on the left, and the figure with the basket, sitting at the foot of the cross, are precisely types of the worst kind of figure which it is possible to introduce in landscape—definitely ill-drawn, and pertinaciously repulsive.

[1] [George Clarkson Stanfield, son of William Clarkson Stanfield, was born in 1828, and died in 1878.]

201. A Swiss Meadow in June. (*H. Moore.*[1])

I cannot judge of this study, it gives me too much pleasure; but it seems to me *very* perfect in general harmony of light, and in the sweet motion of the clouds along the horizon. People are beginning, I see, to feel Switzerland truly at last; and how more may sometimes be done by a single blue mound of pines, like that on the right of this field, than by piled pyramids of rock and snow.

204. Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway, Co. Antrim. (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*)

I am very glad to see Mr. Stanfield's work in this exhibition on a little smaller scale than of late years, and proportionally more careful. This is a most interesting picture, and quite notable for its new conditions of cloud. Usually Mr. Stanfield gives us only solid rolling clouds behind his hills; I do not recollect his ever before painting their floating films in front of the crags, whose geology, by the way, seems rendered with the greatest care: and beautifully picturesque geology it is; the horizontal beds of the red and black lavas opposing the pillared precipice at the summit. Two points only seem to me to be regretted; the first, that the turf, half-way up the hill-side, looks like a bank close to the spectator, the overhanging edges having the aspect of one thickness of turf only, though the little yellow and black figures below show us that these turf edges are at least from twelve to twenty feet high. The second, that the ship does not look as if she struck with any force or weight. I cannot get rid of the idea that she is a small model, and, moreover, a small model drawn with no great truth of perspective. I am certain the curves of her stern, where it rises from the deck, are false: if she is strained there, the strain should have been distinctly shown; and if not, the error in the lines of the starboard side would be demonstrable in a moment, if it were worth while to give a diagram for the purpose.

I like the black box particularly, though it does not look

[1] [Henry Moore (1831–1895) did not exhibit any important seascape till the following year. His recognition by the Academy was long delayed: it was not till 1885 that he was elected A.R.A; R.A. in 1893. Moore, like Brett, before taking to marine subjects, painted landscapes in the Pre-Raphaelite spirit.]

like one that would float. How well Mr. Stanfield could colour, if he liked, and took as much pains always as he has with this one dark square! What a gain, too, would it not be to us all, if he did take this trouble! The calm in the "Gulf of Salerno," for instance (371), would be quite a delightful picture, if only the sails had a little sun upon them. Even without sun, I wholly disbelieve in clay colour, either in sails or seamen, or in anything whatever but clay.

213. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN CHURCH. (*C. R. Leslie, R.A.*)

Not attractive or interesting at first sight, it will repay an attentive study with continual increase of charm, and of wonderment. It is, of course, not well coloured; but though meagre and cold, it is not coarse; nor, in its own pale key, inharmonious; while the subtleties of expression are endlessly delightful in their delicate mystery. This light touch of Leslie's seems to me to show an immense advance in power since he gave us the somewhat laborious humour of Sancho and the Duchess.[1]

Do not miss the little girl holding up her hands in awe, and delight, at the entire impropriety of behaviour on the part of the swallow, neither by servant nor knight to be touched on his wings, or impressed in his mind.

219. AUTUMN MORNING. (*T. Creswick, R.A.*)

Well worked, but too complex: the fallen trunk with its bare branches on the right, though its lines, in mere composition, are useful in repeating those of the opposite bank, breaks up the picture by their number; we did not need so many straggling arms there. Mr. Creswick is also always a little too heavily green in foliage: when trees are green at all, they are green to brighter and better purpose.

283. A DREAM OF THE PAST.[2] (*J. E. Millais, A.*)

The high praise which I felt it my duty to give to this painter's work last year was warranted by my observing in

[1] [A favourite subject with Leslie. The picture in the Tate Gallery (No. 402), exhibited in 1844, is a replica of one exhibited in 1824.]

[2] [Better known by the title in the catalogue, "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." An interesting account of the painting of this picture, and of its hostile

it, for the first time, the entirely inventive arrangement of colour and masses, which can be achieved only by the highest intellect. I must repeat briefly here what I have had occasion hundreds of times to explain elsewhere, but never yet often enough to get it generally understood——that painters are broadly divisible into three classes: first, the large class who are more or less affected or false in all their work, and whose productions, however dexterous, are of no value whatever; secondly, the literally true painters, who copy with various feeling, but unanimously honest purpose, the actualities of Nature, but can only paint them as they see them, without selection or arrangement; whose works are therefore of a moderate but sterling value, varying according to the interest of the subject; lastly, the inventive painters, who are not only true in all they do, but compose and relieve the truths they paint, so as to give to each the utmost possible value; which last class is in all ages a very small one; and it is a matter to congratulate a nation upon, when an artist rises in the midst of it who gives any promise of belonging to this great Imaginative group of Masters.

And this promise was very visible in the works of Millais last year; a new power of conception being proved in them—to instance two things among many—by the arrangement of the myrtle branches in the "Peace," and the play of the colours in the heap of "Autumn Leaves." There was a slovenliness and imperfection in many portions, however, which I did not speak of, because I thought them accidental—consequent, probably, on too exulting a trial of his new powers, and likely to disappear as he became accustomed to them. But, as it is possible to stoop to victory, it is also possible to climb to defeat; and I see with

reception by the critics, is given in "The Life and Letters of Millais," vol. i. pp. 306-323, where also a reproduction of the clever skit by Fred. Sandys is given. Millais, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt are represented crossing the ford on a braying ass, which is labelled "J. R., Oxon." Millais both resented the criticism and took it to heart. "Ruskin said it was not a failure but a fiasco," said Millais once; "so I kicked it over in a passion. The hole is there now" ("Millais and his Works," by M. H. Spielmann, p. 96). He proceeded, however, when the picture was returned unsold from the Academy, to repaint the horse entirely. The picture was bought in the following year by the painter's friend, Charles Reade. It next belonged to Mr. John Graham, and on his death Mr. R. H. Benson bought it. In 1892, at Mr. Benson's suggestion, Millais again repainted some portions of the horse, and added the trappings.]

consternation that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner, from the years of "Ophelia" and "Mariana" to 1857, is not merely Fall—it is Catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle: his excellence has been effaced, "as a man wipeth a dish—wiping it, and turning it upside down."[1] There may still be in him power of repentance, but I cannot tell: for those who have never known the right way, its narrow wicket-gate stands always on the latch; but for him who, having known it, has wandered thus insolently, the by-ways to the prison-house are short, and the voices of recall are few.

I have not patience much to examine into the meaning of the picture under consideration. If it has one, it should not have been disguised by the legend associated with it, which, by the way, does not exist in the Romance from which it professes to be quoted, and is now pretty generally understood to be only a clever mystification by one of the artist's friends, written chiefly with the view of guarding the awkward horse against criticism. I am not sure whether the bitterest enemies of Pre-Raphaelitism have yet accused it of expecting to cover its errors by describing them in bad English.[2]

Putting the legend, however, out of question, the fancy of the picture is pretty, and might have been sublime, but that it is too ill painted to be dwelt upon. The primal error in pictorial grammar, of painting figures in twilight as bright as yellow and vermilion can make them, while the towers and hills, far above and far more exposed to light, are yet dark and blue, could hardly have been redeemed

[1] [2 Kings xxi. 13.]

[2] [The lines written for the picture by Tom Taylor began thus:—

"The goode hors that the knyghte bestrode,
I trow his backe it was full brode,
And wighte and warie still he rode,
Noght reckinge of rivere;
He was so mickle and so stronge,
And thereto so wonderlich longe,
In lande was none his peer.
N'as hors but by him seemed smalle.
The knyghte him ycleped Launcival,
But lords at borde and grooms in stalle
Ycleped him Graund Destrere."

They were described as being "from the Metrical Romance of Sir Ysumbras."]

by any subsequent harmonies of tone, much less by random brilliancy; and the mistake of painting the water brighter than the sky which it reflects, though constant among inferior painters in subordinate parts of their work, is a singularly disgraceful one for a painter of standing.

These, and the other errors or shortcomings in the work, too visible to need proving, and too many to bear numbering, are all the less excusable because the thought of the picture was a noble one, and might seem both justly to claim, and tenderly to encourage, the utmost skill and patience in its rendering. It does not matter whether we take it as a fact or as a type: whether we look verily upon an old knight riding home in the summer twilight, with the dust of his weary day's journey on his golden armour, taking the woodman's children across the river with him, holding the girl so tenderly that she does not so much as feel the grasp of the gauntlets, but holds the horse's mane as well, lest she should fall; or whether we receive it as a type of noble human life, tried in all war, and aged in all counsel and wisdom, finding its crowning work at last to be bearing the children of poverty in its arms, and that the best use of its panoply of battle is to be clasped by the feeble fingers, wearied with gathering the sheddings of the autumnal woods. It might bear a deeper meaning even than this: it might be an image less of life than of the great Christian Angel of Death, who gives the eternal nobleness to small and great, and clasps the mean and the mighty with his golden armour—Death, bearing the two children with him across the calm river, whither they know not; one questioning the strange blue eyes which she sees fixed on heaven, the other only resting from his labour, and feeling no more his burden. All this, and much more than this—for the picture might be otherwise suggestive to us in a thousand ways — it would have brought home at once to the heart of every spectator, had the idea but been realized with any steadiness of purpose or veracity of detail. As it stands, it can only be considered as a rough sketch of a great subject, injudiciously exposed to general criticism, and needing both modification in its arrangement and devoted labour in its future realization.

I am sorrowfully doubtful, however, how far Mr. Millais may yet be capable of such labour. There are two signs

Sir J.E. Millais R.A

Allen & Co. Sc.

Sir Isumbras at the Ford

From the picture in the possession of R.H. Benson, Esq.

conspicuous in his this year's work, of augury strangely sinister: the first, an irregularity in the conception of facts, quite unprecedented in any work that I know in the Realistic schools of any age; the second, a warped feeling in the selection of facts, peculiar, as far as I know, to Millais from his earliest youth.

I say, first, an irregularity of conception. Thus, it seems only to have struck the painter suddenly, as he was finishing the knight's armour, that it ought to be more or less reflective; and he gives only one reflection in it—of the crimson cloth of the saddle, that one reflection being violently exaggerated: for though, from a golden surface, it would have been, as he has rendered it, warmer than the crimson, no reflection is ever *brighter* than the thing reflected. But all the rest of the armour is wholly untouched by the colour of the children's dresses, or of their glowing faces, or of the river or sky. And if Mr. Millais meant it to be old armour, rough with wear, it ought to have been deadened and darkened in colour, hacked with edges of weapons, stained with stains of death; if he meant it merely to be dusty, the dust should have lain white on some of the ridges, been clearly absent from others, and should have been dark where it was wet by the splashing of the horse. The ripple of the water against the horse itself, however, being unnoticed, it is little wonder if the dash of the chance spray is missed. A more manifest sign still of this irregular appliance of mind is in the fact that the peacock's plume, the bundle of wood, and the stripes of the saddle-cloth are painted with care; while the children's faces, though right in expression, are rudely sketched, with unrounded edges, half in rose colour and half in dirty brown. Vestiges of his old power of colouring, still unattainable by any other man, exist, however, in that saddle-cloth and in the peacock's feather. But the second sign, the warping of feeling, is a still more threatening one.

The conception of his second picture (408)[1] is an

[1] ["The Escape of a Heretic, 1559." A scene, as described in an illustrative note in the catalogue, from the Spanish Inquisition. A Spanish lover, disguised as a monk, rescuing his mistress, who has already been robed in her fiery gaberdine for the *auto-da-fé;* in the background a monk, bound and gagged. The subject was suggested to Millais by some engravings and documents shown to him by Stirling-Maxwell (see "Life and Letters of Millais," i. 319). The picture is now in the possession of Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P.]

example of the darkest error in judgment—the fatalest failure in the instinct of the painter's mind. At once coarse and ghastly in fancy, exaggerated and obscure in action, the work seems to have been wrought with the resolute purpose of confirming all that the bitterest adversaries of the school have delighted to allege against it; and whatever friendship has murmured, or enmity proclaimed, of its wilful preference of ugliness to beauty, is now sealed into everlasting acceptance. It is not merely in manifest things, like the selection of such a model as this for the type of the foot of a Spanish lady, or the monstrous protrusion of the lover's lip in his intense appeal for silence; but the dwelling perpetually upon the harshest lines of form, and most painful conditions of expression, both in human feature and in natural objects, which long ago, when they appeared in Millais's picture of the "Carpenter's Shop," restrained the advance of Pre-Raphaelitism; and would arrest its advance now, unless there were other painters to support its cause, who will disengage it from unnaturalness of error, and vindicate it from confusion of contempt.

For Mr. Millais there is no hope but in a return to quiet perfectness of work. I cannot bring myself to believe that powers were given to him only to be wasted, which are so great, even in their aberration, that no pictures in the Academy are so interesting as these, or can be for a moment compared with them for occasional excellence and marvellousness of execution. Yet it seems to be within the purpose of Providence sometimes to bestow great powers only that we may be humiliated by their failure, or appalled by their annihilation; and sometimes to strengthen the hills with iron, only that they may attract the thunderbolt. A time is probably fixed in every man's career, when his own choice determines the relation of his endowments with his destiny; and the time has come when this painter must choose, and choose finally, whether the eminence he cannot abdicate is to make him conspicuous in honour, or in ruin.

355. Bon Jour, Messieurs. (*F. Stone, A.*[1])

Thank you, Frank; very heartily thank you. There has

[1] [Frank Stone (b. 1800), father of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., was elected A.R.A. in 1851. He died suddenly from heart disease two years after this picture was exhibited.]

not been a greater benefit, in way of pictures, bestowed on us this year. It is good for us, after walking, as walk we must so often, up and down the grey streets of London, watching the gay carriages with the sorrowful faces in them, and the fading beauties, and wasting pleasures, and yet more wasting toils, to remember that within a bird's flight of us, along the top of Calais cliffs, the fisher's cart-horse trots to market through the morning air; that the idle fisher-boy tosses his limbs behind for gladness; and that fisher-girls are laughing, with a bird's song in every laugh; —crowned with sacredness of happy life, and strength of careless peace, and helpful innocence.

442. MORNING AFTER A HEAVY GALE. (*E. W. Cooke, A.*)

Very awful, after we have looked at it a little while; at least that bronze vessel is so to me—a ship that is not, and yet is—the true spectre ship, whose sight is destruction; nor less so the skeleton of the boat with the wild waves sifting through the bones of her, and the single figure waiting on the desolate ship's deck, and saved by its faithfulness. Was Mr. Cooke indeed a little inspired by Turner's great "Shipwreck,"[1] or is the partial resemblance of arrangement, in the position of the larger boat and wreck, accidental? I wish he would try to beat Turner in one thing, in which not only Turner, but all marine painters whatever, to this day, are conquerable enough by a little pains—sea *foam;*[2] namely, When shall we have foam as well as waves? It *can* be drawn, not quite rightly, but far better than ever hitherto; and the first painter who succeeds with it, provided he is at all a good artist in other respects, and has not merely found out a trick of foam, will make all bygone sea pieces look like the worn-out canvas waves of a theatre.

501. MONTAIGNE.[3] (*H. Wallis.*)

Not, I think, quite so successful as the "Chatterton" of last year; but it contends with greater difficulties, and is

[1] [No. 476 in the National Gallery.]
[2] [*Cf.* p. 16 in vol. i. of this book.]
[3] ["Montaigne: the library, from studies made at Montaigne's château in Gascony."]

full of marvellous painting. It is terribly hurt by its frame, and by the surrounding colours and lights; seen through the hand, the effect is almost like reality. That is a beautifully characteristic fragment of homely French architecture seen through the window.

I should think this picture required long looking at, and that it is seen to greater disadvantage by careless passers-by than almost any of its neighbours.

542. RYDAL. (*J. M. Carrick.*)

This is the most important of the various studies from Nature, all more or less successful, which surround us in the Academy this year. I am heartily sorry to pass them by, *en masse*, especially as most of them, such as 214, 215, 268, 1136,[1] and others, are incomparably more elaborate and valuable than anything of the kind I have to notice in the water-colour exhibitions; only the water-colour draughtsmen have more power in educating public taste, partly from reputation and partly from the pleasantness of water-colour as a decoration of rooms; so that I can give no more time to these oil studies, various and beautiful as they are. This large one is most reverent in its fidelity to the reflections of the quiet lake, most skilful in its rendering of the dim light on the distant hills. I never have seen retiring distance, in light of this kind, so well rendered. The stream has been studied with equal care; but it is impossible to paint clear running water ripple by ripple: some conventionality of freedom must be allowed always.

556. THE GOING DOWN TO NAZARETH. (*W. C. T. Dobson.*)

Very tender in expression, but commonplace; and in general idea more or less false or improbable. Mr. Dobson must see to it, or he will be cast away on the rock of Purism; he is already, both in this picture and the "Reading the Psalms" (No. 63), more infected than he was last year by the great Purist theory of the sanctity of clay colour. Now it is precisely clay and its colour

[1] [214. "A Quiet Nook" (A. J. Stark). 215. "Craig-dulyn, Carnarvonshire" (J. W. Oakes; see p. 143 *n.*). 268. "A Stream from the Hills" (B. Leader, now R.A.). 1136. "Russ, in the Dargle, co. Wicklow" (T. F. Collier).]

which are the least sacred things in the world: because all heavenly effort or action whatever is a conquest of the clay—from the first conquest of it by the breath of life to the last conquest of it by the baptism with fire; and in the least things, as in the greatest, it is fire and its colour which are sacred—not dust. These imperfect religious painters, headed and misguided by Ary Scheffer, are all just like Naaman: they think they cannot worship rightly unless there "be given unto thy servant two mules' burden of earth."[1]

562. WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. (*A. Solomon.*)

Very full of power; but rather a subject for engraving than painting. It is too painful to be invested with the charm of colour.[2]

597. PLOUGHING AT SEVILLE, 1857. (*R. Ansdell.*[3])

More interesting than cattle pieces are generally; but without special merit of any kind, and quite out of its proper place. Why should work like this be on the line?—unless the pictures are treated as furniture only, and the black masses in this case set off the room: I believe there is an arbitrary rule about the size of animals, which allows those drawn to a diminished scale to be on the line, but mercilessly raises those which, like Landseer's (77),[4] are of life size; I believe all such rules to be very harmful. Good work should be put near us, whatever its scale; and we ought to be able at our ease to study the wonderful execution of the fur in Landseer's large grey mountain hare, and to see, without a telescope, that there *is* a hare in Mr. Oakes's exquisite Welsh foreground (596).[5] How

[1] [2 Kings v. 17. For another reference to Ary Scheffer and the "clay" school, see p. 153. Compare also, for a summary of Ruskin's views on the sanctity of colour, "Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi.]

[2] [This picture was exhibited in the following year at Liverpool, and popular feeling favoured it for the prize of the Liverpool Academy, which, however, was awarded to Millais's "Blind Girl." A letter from Mr. Ruskin on the subject is given in "Arrows of the Chace," i. 108.]

[3] [Richard Ansdell (1815–1885), animal painter, first exhibited 1840. He collaborated at various times with Creswick, J. Phillip, and W. P. Frith. Elected A.R.A. 1861, R.A. 1870.]

[4] ["Scene in Braemar – Highland Deer, &c."]

[5] ["Caernarvonshire Hills, from Anglesea."]

foolish we shall think ourselves, when once we get rooms where we can put our year's pictures every one in a good place, for ever having done painters all this injustice, and brought upon ourselves all this discomfort, merely for want of a furlong or two more of wall, and waste ground!

602. AUTUMN FLOWERS. (*Miss A. F. Mutrie.*)

This lady's work is always beautiful; but there is some incongruity between the luxuriant evidence of education in the group of central flowers and the roughness of the ferny bank they rest upon. All true lovers of art, or of flowers, would rejoice in seeing a bank of blossoms fairly painted; but it must be a bank with its *own* blossoms, not an unexpected picnic of polite flowers in the country. Neither need the sky be subdued in colour. I believe the most beautiful position in which flowers can possibly be seen is precisely their most natural one—low flowers relieved by grass or moss, and tree blossoms relieved against the sky. How it happens that no flower-painter has yet been moved to draw a cluster of boughs of peach blossom, or cherry blossom, or apple blossom just as they grow, with the deep blue sky between every bud and petal, is more than I can understand; except that I know, in art, the likeliest and properest thing for everybody to do is almost always the last that will be done.

614. ADOPTING A CHILD. (*F. B. Barwell.*)

A well-considered and expressive picture; somewhat hurt by the unmanageable phenomena of modern life, in dress and book-cases; which are the more to be regretted, because the arrangement of purple and green in the mother's shawl shows that Mr. Barwell could produce majestic pieces of colour with other materials. It tells its story plainly enough; but if the spectator passes hastily, he might, nevertheless, miss the indication of the reason for the adoption, in the portrait of their own lost child, which hangs behind the parents; and to which the girl, shrinking from them to her mother's side, evidently bears a close resemblance.

994. "WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO TURN." (*A. W. Hunt.*)

Consummate in easy execution and blended colour; there is nothing else like it this year. The subject is ill chosen, being confused in mass and incapable of effective treatment; but, taken merely as a study, birch foliage and mossy stones *cannot* be done better. I do not know what kind of feelings the inferior painters of such subjects have whose works, by chance or right, are on the line this year in the principal rooms; but I think that if I had painted some of those well-shown foregrounds, I would rather have dashed my hand through my picture at once, than have left it in a good place while such a work as this was on the ground. No. 761,[1] by the same hand, is a very remarkable drawing, and the best study of sky that I can find this year; notable especially for its expression of the *consumption* of the clouds—not their driving away, but melting away in the warmer air. A third work, 566, apparently the most important of the three, is hung out of sight.

The writer of the judicious and interesting criticism which has this year given so beneficial a direction to the authority of the *Times*, in matters of art, has anticipated nearly all I had to say on the subject of Portraiture,[2] except

[1] [761. "Snowdon after an April Hailstorm." 566. "Time and Tide."]

[2] My notes on the pictures of Millais might also have been shortened if I could have anticipated the careful analysis given in the *Times;* but as they were in corrected type before the appearance of the Wednesday's paper, I left them as they were written, the coincidence in the points chosen for animadversion being confirmatory of the justice of the independent criticisms.

[The *Times* of May 13, 1857, contained a Third Notice of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. A considerable portion of this was devoted to a criticism of "Sir Ysumbras at the Ford" and the "Escape of a Heretic." On the subject of portraiture, the writer praised a portrait by Sir J. W. Gordon for its absence of "the stereotyped superfluities of background – no red curtain, no column, no inkstand, no dashing landscape. How those accepted portrait backgrounds pall upon one! How many a tolerably painted head becomes intolerable by their intrusion." The following letter from Millais to his wife refers to the criticisms in question: "Doubtless you have seen the *Times* and its criticism. When I heard it was written in the same spirit as usual I did not read it. I therefore only know of its import through my friends. The general feeling is that it is not of the slightest importance. Criticism has been so tampered with that what is said carries little or no weight. Ruskin, I hear, has a pamphlet in the press which takes a *pitying* tone at my failure. The wickedness and envy at the bottom of all this are so apparent to me that I disregard all the reviews (I have not read *one*); but I shall certainly

in one particular. Some expressions in the paper of Wednesday last, respecting the tiresomeness of *conventional* backgrounds, might be construed by a hasty reader into general blame of *distinctness* or completion in backgrounds; and this was not, I believe, what the writer meant—certainly not what he ought to have meant. The accessories of a portrait should be completely painted, both for the sake of their artistical use and explanatory power. Distinctness and force of collateral masses are of the greatest use in relieving the more delicate gradations of colour in a well-painted face; and the greatest portrait-painters, Titian, Veronese, Velasquez, and Raphael, introduce the most trenchant, clear, and complete backgrounds. Indeed, the first three so rejoiced in quantity of accessories that, when engaged on important portraits, they would paint large historical pictures merely by way of illustration or introduction. The priceless Veronese, which I rejoice to hear has been just secured for the nation, the "Triumph of Alexander," was painted only to introduce portraits of the Pisani,[1] and chiefly to set off to the best advantage the face of one fair girl. Generally speaking, if a painter is great, he will find his background serviceable in proportion to its space; and although, in modern portraiture, splendour of background is rarely possible or suitable, its *definiteness* should always be insisted upon; not only because it tends to make the manner of the work better throughout, but because accessories, rightly designed, are explanatory of character; and we like, or ought to like, better to see a man in whom we are interested sitting in his favourite room and accustomed chair than isolated among the sullen fogs or idle fancies of idealism.

I cannot speak of Architecture, as it would need the dwelling at length on almost inexplicable details; but I take leave to wish the good people of Halifax joy of their Town-hall (1073), that is to be, I hope, pleading only with Mr. Scott[2] for a little interference of some sort with the

have this kind of treatment all my life. The public crowd round my pictures more than ever, and this, I think, must be the main cause of animosity. . . . I should tell you that although my friend Tom Taylor is said to have written the first two reviews in the *Times*, this last is not attributed to him."—*Life and Letters of Millais*, i. 323.]

[1] [No. 294 in the National Gallery.]

[2] [Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A. (1811-1878), the eminent architect.]

lines of quatrefoils in its roof (1067); and I ought not to speak of Sculpture, because I have little pleasure in it when unconnected with architecture: so that I only go into the sculpture-room to look at my friends' works—such as Mr. A. Munro's[1] bust of Dr. Acland (1280), which I hope I am not wrong in thinking beautiful; or Mr. Woolner's[2] medallion of Carlyle (1368), which I know I am not wrong in thinking like. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Woolner's highly-wrought bust of Tennyson was not sent here instead of to Manchester, as we might then have compared in it, and in Mr. W. Brodie's (1354), two conceptions of the noble head, each containing elements which are wanting in the other.

But what a dark sign it is of the state of our architectural schools that there should never be seen in this room one example of sculpture applicable to external decoration, or subordinated to an architectural use![3]

[1] [Alexander Munro (1825–1871), the son of a stone-mason, came to London in 1848, and was employed for some time on the stone carving for the new Houses of Parliament. He was intimate with Rossetti, and references to him are frequent in the memoirs of the Pre-Raphaelite circle. He did some carvings for the Oxford Museum, and made a medallion of Woodward, the architect (Acland's "Oxford Museum," pp. 77, 112, ed. 1893, and "Arrows of the Chace," i. 203). Rossetti introduced Munro to Ruskin, who became a friend, and was godfather to one of his sons. Munro took a modelling class at the Working Men's College. On March 19, 1858, Madox Brown, in recording a lecture by Ruskin at the Working Men's College, says: "Ruskin as eloquent as ever, and as widely popular with the men. He flattered Rossetti hugely, and spoke of Munro, in conjunction with Baron Marochetti, as the two noble sculptors of England whom all the aristocracy patronized."—Rossetti's *Letters to William Allingham*, p. 90. For another reference to Munro, see "Two Paths," § 103 *n.*]

[2] [Thomas Woolner (1825–1892), sculptor and poet, was one of the original Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, to whose journal, the *Germ*, he contributed two cantos of the poem "My Beautiful Lady." Discouraged by the ill-success of his idealistic sculpture, Woolner sailed for Melbourne in 1852 to try his fortunes in the goldfields; his departure inspired Madox Brown's picture "The Last of England." He returned in 1854; and the works referred to above were the turning-point in his career. He was elected A.R.A. in 1871, R.A. in 1874. Woolner's bust of Tennyson is now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. In Hallam, Lord Tennyson's memoir, there is the following note from the poet's diary, November 1858: "I have just seen Ruskin. He says that the signor's (G. F. Watts') portrait of me is the grandest thing he has seen in that line; but so he said of Woolner's bust."]

[3] [The importance of associating architecture and sculpture, now better recognized in this country, was a favourite theme with Mr. Ruskin. See, *e.g.*, "Seven Lamps," ch. iv.; "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," § 61; and "Two Paths," lecture iv.]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THERE is a general character manifested in the pretty and richly-decorated room of this Society, which appears to me deserving of some serious consideration before we take note of any of the drawings separately.

Here are three hundred and four drawings by forty-seven[1] painters, many of them elaborately finished, all showing that the artists have given their complete energy to them; and among the three hundred and four there is not *one* which expresses, or summons, a serious thought. There are, indeed, a few love passages; but they reach no further than an anxious look, or a joyful hesitation. There are the children in the wood, shown by gaslight in the middle of moonlight; and there is a tearful pilgrim, with a superb scallop, and a staff which it is to be hoped, as he is an old man, that during most of his pilgrimage somebody else has carried for him. There is an angel under great difficulties in appearing to the shepherds, in consequence of their unanimously refusing to look at him; and there are two pretty fancies, of a peasant's return, in summer night, to his cottage among the deep corn, and a fisherman's, in stormy summer dawn, to his cottage on the shore. I think these are all that are so much as intended to be pathetic or suggestive.

Now there must be, of course, a certain proper and healthy demand in London, every spring, for pictures which mean nothing, just as there is for strawberries and asparagus. We do not want to be always philosophical, and

[1] Why I say three hundred and four instead of three hundred and seventeen will appear presently.

may wisely ask for and enjoy a certain average number of paintings of roses and quinces, of showers and sunbeams, of beaches where we bathe, and glens where we shoot or clamber. All this is perfectly right and refreshing; nevertheless, a Society which takes upon itself, as its sole function, the supply of these mild demands of the British public, must be prepared ultimately to occupy a position much more corresponding to that of the firm of Fortnum and Mason, than to any hitherto held by a body of artists; and to find their art becoming essentially a kind of Potted Art, of an agreeable flavour, suppliable and taxable as a patented commodity, but in no wise to be thought of or criticised as *Living* Art. For living art, or art at all, properly so called, never has been, nor can be, developed in answer to a demand of this inferior kind; nor is it possible even for a simple landscape-painter to treat any of his simplest subjects worthily, unless, as he passes through the world, other things strike his eyes and fancy than the mere pleasantnesses of its outward aspect. Every form and colour bears new meaning to us as soon as we begin to understand the greater purposes of life, and to feel the interest of its events. We may stand aside from both, set no hand to any but our own quiet work, pass our days in happy ramble or rest, sketch-book in hand, among the innocent glens and by the silent shores; but if, meantime, we are incapable of such reflection as shall make us know, in the depth of those glens, and in the cry of the herd of waves about the beach, their true connection with the thoughts, and joys, and sorrows of men, we never shall paint one leaf nor foam-wreath rightly.

I said just now that the drawings in the room were three hundred and four only, because I wished to make separate reference to those of Mr. David Cox. I believe the health of this artist does not admit of his now devoting much labour to his pictures; and therefore that we ought not to class them among the other works as representative of *effort*, but rather as expressions of the feeling of a painter's mind at rest.[1] Be this as it may, they form a

[1] [This criticism must have pleased the painter. "It strikes me," he wrote to his son in 1856, "that the committee think my drawings too rough. They forget that they are *the work of the mind*, which I consider very far before portraits of places." For references to Ruskin's notices of Cox, see below, p. 163 *n.*]

complete exception to the general law of failure in sentiment, of which I have been speaking. They are deeply pathetic, and, as far as they reach, exquisitely harmonious in tone: the Caernarvon [No. 117], in its warm grey walls and dark sea, and the Bolton Abbey,[1] in its melancholy glow of twilight, are strangely true and deeply felt. But there is not any other landscape which comes near these works of David Cox in simplicity or seriousness.

Perhaps the Highland scene,[2] No. 11, by Richardson,[3] may be taken as giving the clearest example of this fault in the work of a very clever artist. Mr. Richardson is gradually gaining in manual power, and opposes cobalt and burnt sienna very pleasantly. But he seems always to conceive a Highland landscape only as a rich medley of the same materials—a rocky bank, blue at one place and brown at another; some contorted Scotch firs, some fern, some dogs, and some sportsmen: the whole contemplated under the cheering influence of champagne, and considered every way delightful. The Highlands *are* delightful, but, for the most part, in another way than this. I do not regret that Mr. Richardson has given this one reading of them, the reading that pleasantly occurs to an active youth in his long vacation; but there ought to be, on the walls, the other readings, too, of those desolate glens, with the dark-brown torrents surging monotonously among their lower rocks, cutting them into the cup-like pools where the deep stream eddies like black oil, and the moth, fallen weary out of the wind on its surface, circles round and round, struggling vainly; of the little spaces under the fern where the glen widens, and the sward is smooth as if for knights' lists, and sweet as if for dancing of fairies' feet, and lonely as if it grew over an enchanted grave; of those low alder thickets, set in soft shade where the stream is broad by the stepping-stones—the drowned lamb lying on the bank, under their stooping leaves, since the last flood; of those sweet winding paths through the oat-fields, and under the ash-trees, where

[1] No. 299. The degree of light and warmth obtained on the ruins by the use of subdued colour is by much the most instructive thing, to me, in the exhibition.

[2] ["Scene in Glen Nevis."]

[3] [Thomas Miles Richardson (1813–1890), of Newcastle, was elected a member of the Society in 1851. He was a prolific exhibitor, a large proportion of his drawings being of Scottish subjects. The South Kensington Museum has several examples.]

the air breathes so softly when the berries are blush-scarlet in the setting sun, and more softly still when the cold, clear, northern light dies over the purple ranges jagged and wild. Are not these seen everywhere? and seen day by day, and yet never thought upon; felt, I believe, more at his heart by the half-starved shepherd boy than by the skilfullest of our painters. And I am the more sorry that Mr. Richardson does not yet feel the expression in Highland scenery, because I think there may be traced considerable power of composition in the passages of these distant hills; and the large piece of rock on the left is very nearly well drawn: in fact, the old established system of taking out triangles of light and laying on sharp edges of darkness has been nearly perfected by Mr. Richardson, and does so much more in his hands than most other people's, that if he ever determines to draw in a pure and right way, I should think he would reach far. He seems to have a good eye for colour—there is a very pretty piece of speckled grey in the square rock on the right at the bottom—but he is not at the slightest trouble to fit the colours of shadows to the lights, or of dark sides to light sides; and his ungrammatical brilliancy will therefore always look only like what it is—very pretty warm colour, but never like sunshine. It is worth while to stand midway between the screens on this side of the room, and look alternately from this drawing to Mr. Fripp's (37), which is very true in relations of sun and shadow colour. Mr. Richardson's will perhaps, even after many glances, be thought the prettier drawing; but only in Mr. Fripp's will be seen the Highland sun and air.

And Mr. Richardson is the less to be excused for not entering completely into Highland character, because he can enter into no other. He has fallen so passively into the habit of drawing rocks in sharp angles, and a wild litter of fern and grass among them, that he can compose a landscape of no other materials; and we find "Catanzaro, the capital of Calabria" (94), looking like a number of models of Italian buildings, erected by some imaginative Highland proprietor in Ross-shire.

18. CORNFIELD, NEAR HASTINGS. (*C. Davidson.*)

Very true and modest; as are all Mr. Davidson's works.

His companion picture (39, "Haymaking, Lewes") gives me a great desire to go haymaking in Sussex this summer. What a lovely field that must be!

37. SCENE AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE. (*G. Fripp.*[1])

This drawing has just missed being an exceedingly fine one: the glow of red light on the hills on the right is perfectly imagined; the slightest more gradation in it, and a purer touch or two at the brightest part, would have brought it into great beauty. The cows are individually stiff, but excellently put in place. The whole is full of genuine work, and real look of Highlands.

126. "On the Derwent (near the entrance to Borrowdale: evening)" is also very warm with sweet sunshine; but Mr. Fripp lets his colours get awkwardly entangled at the edges among his distant hills. He ought to use them much more neatly, and keep them purer, and draw more carefully. His *aim* in drawing is very right indeed; the rock structure in those Glencoe masses being quite true, only messed a little in the working.

45. VAL ST. NICOLAS. (*J. D. Harding.*)

I am glad to see the works of this master again in this room; but they do not look quite so distinct from the rest as they used to be: they are, if I mistake not, looser and flatter in touch than in old times. This is a clever drawing; but Mr. Harding need not hope to draw Switzerland on these cheap terms. The flanks of the Alps are by no means films of blue colour, but very substantial and sturdy masses of chestnuts and walnuts, of cornfields and vineyards, of black pines and green meadows; all positively declaring themselves for pines, walnuts, corn, and grass, and requiring as such to be drawn; on peril, otherwise, of instant loss both of character in the nearer scene, and of

[1] ["Scene at the Head of Glencoe, taken from the road before descending the Pass." George Arthur Fripp (b. 1813), of Bristol, was an exhibitor from 1841. An oil picture by him of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur (in the Liverpool Gallery) is said to have elicited a tribute of praise from Turner. He afterwards devoted himself only to water-colours. Scotland was one of his favourite sketching-grounds, and he visited Balmoral by command to make drawings for Queen Victoria. Examples of his work may be seen at South Kensington.]

height in the peaks beyond. If you hide the upper range of mountains in this drawing with your hand, you will find the lower one forms a very satisfactory distance: as such, the superimposed hills merely dwarf and encumber *it;* while, had it been drawn with its true detail, it would, on the contrary, have exalted *them.*

57. GLENARM, COUNTY ANTRIM. (*H. Gastineau.*[1])

There is a great deal of daylight and air in this picture; and Mr. Gastineau's work is taking at present rather a peculiar position on the walls, as almost alone representative of the old pure water-colour painting, executed without much subsequent sponging for texture, or body-colour washes and dashes. This drawing, as well as the more vigorous "St. Maurice" [No. 106], is very pure in execution, and has in consequence a pleasant unaffected character not otherwise attainable.

61. SUNSET. · WINTER: A BLACK FROST. (*C. Branwhite.*[2])

This painter has, for some time back, shown considerable ability; but he must not hope to reach any sterling qualities without much closer study of nature. It is really high time, considering how many treatises are written on perspective and optics, that our painters should understand, once for all, the difference between shadows and reflections; and that as some five or six hundred pictures of pretension are painted annually with reflection of sun or moon in water, it should be generally understood that the reflection of the sun does not radiate, any more than that of a white ball or a white wafer radiates; but that it is either a circle (in *absolutely* calm water), an oval, more or less elongated (in partly disturbed water), or, under certain circumstances, especially when the sun is low, a vertical pillar, more or less broken; each of these images

[1] [Henry Gastineau (1790–1876) lived to be the oldest member of the Society, to which he was admitted as an Associate in 1821. He worked much for the engravers, and was also for many years engaged in teaching. The South Kensington Museum has some of his drawings.]

[2] [Charles Branwhite (1817–1880) was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1849. For some account of him, see the "History" of that Society, vol. ii. p. 336. He was a pupil of W. J. Müller.]

spreading in flakes to right and left when there is much agitation in the water, but always rather narrowing than widening to the spectator's feet.

64. One of Nature's Ferneries, Guernsey. (*P. J. Naftel.*)

It looks like a true portrait of a beautiful spot, almost tropical or antediluvian in its ferny richness; and both this and Mr. Naftel's other drawings seem wrought with a real love of Nature, and a pleasant sense of daylight colour, without any affectation or desire to attract attention by trickeries. But I think Mr. Naftel has yet to do some massy and stern work in light and shade, and to discipline himself in point-drawing, before he will be able to express himself as he would like to do, and may do.

The two subjects, 64 and 96 ["The Brook in Spring, Guernsey"], are exquisitely pretty; but I believe it will be generally found that no *merely* pretty place is fit for pictorial treatment. Into all good subjects for painters' work, either human feeling must enter by some evidence of cultivation, or presence of dwelling-place, or of ruin; or else there must be some sublime features indicative of the distress as well as the beauty of Nature. I think this law admits of no exception, but I have not space here to explain or apply it.

130. Faust's First Sight of Margaret. (*F. W. Burton.*[1])

I am at a loss to know why this picture is in a central position; it possesses no special merit of any kind. The face of Margaret is pretty, but wholly untouched by the feeling which prompts her first sharp answer: "I am neither a lady, nor pretty, and can go home by myself." For the rest, it is simply a stage dress and a stage stride;

[1] [Sir Frederic William Burton (1816–1890), Director of the National Gallery (1874–1894), elected Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy, 1837, enjoyed a large practice in Dublin as a portrait-painter. Member of the Old Water-Colour Society, 1856; his drawings a feature of its exhibitions till 1870. His well-known portrait (in chalk) of George Eliot is in the National Portrait Gallery. One of his subject-drawings is in the Dublin National Gallery. For a reference by Ruskin to Burton's management of the National Gallery, see "The Laws of Fésole," ch. iv. § 16 *n*]

and the colouring is more false and crude than that of almost any picture in the room. The red of the cloak, for instance, is daubed about at random, coming bright in the shadow or dirty in the light, as chance will have it. I entirely dislike Faust, and am sick of illustrations of it; but I wonder whether any painter will ever do it so much justice as to represent Mephistopheles with the face of a man who could either tempt or deceive.

211, 222. WELSH BRIDGE AND TORRENT [VALLEY OF THE LLEDR]. (*G. Dodgson.*[1])

I like Mr. Dodgson's sketches (they hardly claim to be more) better than *any* landscape work here, David Cox's only excepted. There is very great perception of colour in them, and evidently entire fidelity to his subject. The stream in 222 is the only genuine piece of torrent-drawing in the exhibition. All the rest are done by recipe, so much scratch and so much dash; this is a hard and steady try at a real stream in flood. Mr. Dodgson's fern-drawing, too, is much more subtle than any one else's; his ferns are not merely green central rods, with so many green arms on each side, but real, crisped, quaint, varied leaves, with personal character in them. Still his work only reaches a certain length, and he seems quite careless in choice of subject. I hope he will some day choose more scrupulously, and finish more carefully.

217. AT THE FOUNTAIN. 244. VILLAGE MUSICIANS, BRITTANY. (*F. W. Topham.*[2])

The delicate feeling and expression in these two drawings induce me to hope that Mr. Topham may produce works of sterling quality if he continue to aim at points of character. As paintings, both are somewhat thin and incomplete, being too much wrought with broad flat washes;

[1] [George Haydock Dodgson (1811-1880) had been apprenticed to George Stephenson, the railway engineer, but afterwards gave up surveying for water-colour painting. An accident in early life caused his hand to be affected with a nervous tremor—a fact which naturally affected his manipulation ("History of the Old Water-Colour Society," vol. ii. p. 307).]

[2] [Francis William Topham (1808-1877), engraver and water-colour painter, father of F. W. W. Topham. His works consist of figure-subjects obtained in Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, and Italy. Specimens may be seen at South Kensington.]

very good things for grounds, but wholly incapable of producing any right result without severe drawing above them. The girl's head in 217 is, however, very pretty, and satisfactorily finished.

302. HAREEM LIFE, CONSTANTINOPLE. (*J. F. Lewis.*)

Though this drawing represents but a small portion of the year's labour of the master (it being only through untoward chance that it has no companion), it may give rise to some serious question how far the conscientiousness of completion ought to be allowed to extend. I know well that Lewis could not have satisfied himself with less than the exquisite accomplishment of every detail which he has given us here; nay, I know that he is not satisfied even with what he has given, and would forbid me that word "accomplishment," if he saw it being written. But it seems to me questionable how far he ought to consult his own satisfaction; still more questionable whether so much invention, toil, intensity of observation and of mechanical skill, should be trusted to one poor little piece of white linen film, fifteen inches square. If water-colour were infusible enamel, if the ground were a thick plate of beaten gold, if the English public were ready to receive a noble picture as a rich treasure, and take the charge of it as a weighty trust, we might reasonably ask Mr. Lewis to finish his work with his full strength, and make it right, at any cost. But now, when the mildew of winter and sunshine of summer, the city's smoke and country's frost, are alike sure to do fatal work, within a very short series of years, on the plurality of works executed in these delicate materials, and either exposed to the dusty honours of modern exhibitions, or condemned to the humid seclusion of the drawing-room when the family are "out of town," it seems to me mere waste of intellect to bestow so much labour on a single drawing. Surely the chances of safety, such as they are, might be multiplied; and six or seven drawings of less elaborate but equally admirable execution might at once educate the public eye by their diffusion, and fall, perhaps, one or two out of the six, into the possession of persons who would seriously value and safely guard them. No one is less disposed than I to advocate any loose or

sketchy methods of painting; but there is a firm, adequate, and manly execution, such as that adopted by the Venetian painters when they were in a hurry, which, while expressing a perfect conception of the finished object, and reaching as deep and substantial colour as more elaborate work, yet attains its ends at once with a magician's speed and a wise steward's economy. The practice of such modes of expression has great tendency to enlarge the range of thought, and give majesty to its tones: for there is something elevating in the very habit of scorning our own work; and, frequently, grander things were done by Titian or Giorgione when they were filling a spare panel in a corner of a refectory, or colouring, half in play, the bit of plaster left between two ugly window-sills of a friend's house, than when they were bringing all their science and skill to bear on some beloved design in their painting-rooms.

And there is this further advantage about a rough piece of work, that time, or chance injury, cannot so grievously affect it as they can a more delicate one. Nothing is so painful as to see what has once been exquisitely complete, become spotted, or scratched, or faded. But a rough chalk sketch, or a bold and massively cast fresco, will bear many a stain and scar, and fail in many a flake of colour, without materially losing its power over our minds. If the slightest spot or injury touched the trelliswork and drapery in Lewis's pictures, no one would ever be able to look at them again till they had been "restored;" and still less, after such restoration, any one who knew the master's work.

In the case of Lewis there is this further reason for pleading for quicker work, that his invention and power over character are more distinctive even than his subtle execution. Van Eyck realized pure detail quite up to the mark of this picture, and in passages needing air tone, or transparency of darkness, considerably further; but Van Eyck could not arrange masses of drapery as these are arranged, still less could he have given all her tigerish strength and cruel waywardness to the couchant cat, or laid in the same grace of languid opalescence the filaments of the peacock's plume. But all this might have been done, and done quite as greatly, in three days instead of three months; and perhaps a higher kind of excellence

generally reached by the master, if he thought now more of arrangement and character than of absolute finish. He can never, after bringing himself up to this perfectness, paint carelessly or slightly; but there *is* a chance of his losing the great harmonies of his compositions, and even some of his power over the expression of human features, if he spends too much time on golden fringes and wall mosaics.

I believe the face of the principal figure in this picture is unfinished; at all events, I am quite sure the master will see cause for altering it after his eye has been turned for a little while to other subjects. Both the faces are too grey, and this one is somewhat wanting in retiring shadow, and in distinctness of the sides, so that it looks flat. The cat is wholly magnificent in action, but not quite furry or silky enough in her coat. She looks as if she had put pomade on her fur.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS[1]

THERE is more sincerity of aim, now, in this body of artists than in the elder Society; though a sincerity which shows itself chiefly in the way which is least interesting—in mere studies and sketches from Nature, not in landscape design nor in figure pieces, so that it is impossible to take note of all the simple though meritorious drawings which have been produced by them this year without wearying the reader by mere repetitions of quiet praise. I can only allow myself the pleasure of referring to one or two principal or characteristic works. I will not go formally round the room, but name them as I remember them.

152. AT PALLANZA: HAZY MORNING. (*T. L. Rowbotham.*[2])

Without bringing forward this drawing as in any wise an example of great art, it yet possesses one character which distinguishes it, to my mind, very honourably from many by masters of more power or pretension. I think Mr. Rowbotham loves the Lago Maggiore, and was thinking of Lago Maggiore and not of himself all the while he was

[1] [The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours was formed in 1831, and reconstructed in 1834. From 1838 onwards the Society was housed at No. 38 Pall Mall, next door to the British Institution. In 1859 it built itself a new gallery there. The Old Society declined to amalgamate with the New, which latter succeeded, however, in absorbing the "Dudley Gallery." Under the name of the "Institute of Painters in Water-Colours," the "New Society" transferred itself to the new galleries called the Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, and united therein the water-colour exhibitions previously held in the Egyptian Hall (Dudley Gallery) and Pall Mall West respectively. It is now the "Royal Institute."]

[2] [Thomas Leeson Rowbotham (1823–1875) was drawing-master at the Naval School at New Cross. Two of his drawings are in the South Kensington Museum.]

painting. If he makes the blue of the water a little too bright, or the draperies of the houses too gay, it is not so much to make his picture conspicuous, as to reach, if by any means he may, the standard of his own memories of the lovely lake and shining village. And I think this a precious character in work, while it is also a rarer one than we imagine; for it is quite possible to be much more faithful to natural detail than Mr. Rowbotham is, and yet to be faithful only in pride, for the sake of showing how accurate we can be; and then the accuracy, somehow or another, always becomes of no use. It is also quite possible to paint on better principles than Mr. Rowbotham does, and yet to care for nothing but principles all the while; whereas I see plainly that this artist does at heart care chiefly for the misty mountains and the deep lake, and is trying to make us care for them too. Which I think, also, he succeeds in doing very sufficiently. This is very like Pallanza, though it is not everybody who will believe that it is; but Italian lakes are indeed as blue, Italian towers in morning sunshine as white, as these; and when I said just now the blue was too bright, I did not mean it was too pure, but that it was not dark enough. Another time, if Mr. Rowbotham will carry his pier a little deeper down into the water, and show the stones more darkly beneath the increasing blue, he will find the effect is truer; though very good even now. Note the two floating bits of wood at the shallow edge, and the three ranges of the shore-cast weed and shingle—not tide-marks, but evidences that the south-west wind blew warm with rain on the St. Gothard a few days ago, raising the lake's level with soft melting of snow, from which level it has ebbed a little since in these sunny mornings.

Mr. Rowbotham would do well, however, to study the laws of reflection in coloured water more than he has hitherto. They are very curious and subtle; and it is quite absurd not to ascertain them, for he has nothing to do but to dissolve a little Prussian blue in water in a white basin, and set a few rose leaves, and tulip leaves, and sticks floating in it, and he may study every change in hue and fantasy of reflection at his ease; afterwards applying the principles he thus ascertains to his boats, and oars, and awnings.

285. THE KABYLE MOUNTAINS AT SUNSET.[1] (*Charles Vacher.*[2])

The rocks and aloe on the left are very beautifully drawn, the tone of the distant mountains most true, and all the effects more delicately felt than hitherto in this painter's work. He bids fair to occupy a separate field in the painting of evening light (compare Nos. 15, 217,[3] &c.), corresponding closely to that which was once occupied by George Robson. But Mr. Vacher should not draw figures; they will waste his time, and distract his attention from parts of his subjects in which he succeeds better.

134. THE UPPER WYE. (*Thomas Lindsay.*[4])

This I remember, because the piece of river bed is so quaintly chosen—so different from anything which sketchers usually stay at. It would be a most poetical subject if well carried out; but Mr. Lindsay's skill is not quite up to the need.

103. TREBARWITH SANDS. (*S. Cook.*[5])

Mr. Cook has a very fine eye for colour, and great understanding of sea. I like all his drawings exceedingly. This seems on the whole the leading one, the rosy sunlight opposing the strength of the green waves very beautifully.

201. SAN CLEMENTE, VENICE. (*J. H. D'Egville.*)

Not a very good drawing, but it stays in my memory because it *is* like Venice; and any such likeness is the most difficult thing in the world to find, for Venice always unsettles painters' wits: no place was ever so fit to be painted truly, or so fated to be painted falsely.

[1] [From the café above Mustapha, Algiers.]

[2] [Charles Vacher (1818–1883) was in 1846 elected a member of the New Water-Colour Society, to the exhibitions of which he was a regular contributor, his subjects being mostly from Italy, Algeria, and Egypt.]

[3] [15. "The Environs of Mesilah: First Hour of Night." 217. "The Vesper Hour, Italy."]

[4] [Lindsay, member of the "New" Society 1837, made a specialty of Welsh subjects. He died in 1861.]

[5] [Samuel Cook (1806–1859), a regular contributor to the New Water-Colour Society from 1830 to his death. A painter and glazier by trade, he devoted his leisure to sketching. An example of his work is in the South Kensington Museum.]

190. EARLY SPRING. (*Thomas Sutcliffe.*[1])

Compare 197.[2] Both are very earnest studies; but only to be considered as such, and of too difficult subjects to be quite successful in Mr. Sutcliffe's present stage of power. When a young painter first goes to Nature, he is sure to be charmed by her intricacy in far-away places; and he sets himself to paint what he likes best, not what is best for him. The simpler his choice the better—the door of a cottage, or a rose-bush in its garden, rather than the opening of a glen, or the aisle of a forest.

[1] [Thomas Sutcliffe, still-life and landscape painter, first exhibited at the Academy in 1856; afterwards constantly exhibited at the "New" Society. He died in 1871.]

[2] [197 had no title, but these lines from Milton:—

"I'll lead you where you may more near behold
What shallow-searching fame hath left untold,
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon."]

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS[1]

It would of course be useless to enter into separate examination of the works produced by this Society at the time when the interest of the public is concentrated on other exhibitions. I sincerely regret this, for many of the drawings which I have had occasion to notice above are entirely inferior in skill, and works of very slight interest or power, compared to the oil paintings in Suffolk Street. Still I should vainly endeavour now to attract attention to them, and can only therefore allude, gratefully for my own part, to the elaborate studies of clear streams and rocky mountains by Mr. Boddington, Mr. Pettitt, and Mr. West. The Nos. 158, 195, 223, 346, 347, 351, and 561[2] were all full of interest and high in merit; the rock-drawing peculiarly good and careful. I had not time to examine them carefully enough to justify me in assigning precedences; only I may say that I liked the last best, for its quiet colour and beautiful setting of the trees on the distant hill-sides, as well as the delight evidently felt by the painter in the clearness of the water.

153. "Il Ritorno della Contadina" (*E. Eagles*) was most carefully balanced in tone, and successful in its effect of light—and pretty in thought. Two studies by Mr. Smallfield (737, "Little Peggy," and 760, "An Itinerant Shoeblack") showed very great feeling, and, I hope, promise of high power; and "A Bird's Nest," by Mr. W. Ward (76), was by much the most wonderful example of Dutch

[1] [The Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, was founded in 1823. It became "Royal" in 1887.]

[2] [158. "Waterfall, Romsdal, Norway" (W. West). 195. "Bettws-y-Coed" (J. P. Pettitt). 223. "Llyn Givernen" (H. J. Boddington). 346. "Near Annecy" (J. P. Pettitt). 347. "On the Conway" (W. West). 351. "The Close of an Autumnal Evening" (H. J. Boddington). 561. "Tyn-y-Cae" (W. West).]

sharpness and minuteness of execution that I have seen this year; only Mr. Ward must aim more at getting true relations of shade in his large masses: he loses himself in detail.

In the BRITISH INSTITUTION[1] I cannot forget the marvellous effect of light on snow, and the truthful drawing of its wreaths and icicles, in Mr. Wolf's "Covey" (255). The effect, however, was greatly dependent on distance, and could hardly be seen in the narrow room.

[1] [The British Institution for the Promotion of Fine Art was founded in 1805, and from 1806 to 1863 held yearly exhibitions. The galleries were in Pall Mall, on the site since occupied by the Marlborough Club. The Trustees of the Institution now give scholarships for the assistance of promising art students.]

FRENCH EXHIBITION[1]

I DO not like to speak much of the French Exhibition, because there are characters in the work of every nation which need to be long and specially studied before a foreigner can do justice to them; and I have not yet been able to give serious study to the French modern school. Two things, however, must strike every one: the general deadness of colour, associated with softness of outline, which seem to be enforced upon their feeble painters, and delighted in by their stronger ones. I had intended to try to get at the principle of this, to consider what harm or good was in it; but I have been hindered hitherto, and see no hope of my ever getting liberty in that room to think of, or look at, anything but the six pictures of Edouard Frère. There are, I see well enough, one or two consummate pieces by other men: the "Doctor's Visit" (136), for instance, by Emile Plassan,[2] is as perfect and finished as work or thought well can be; and Trayer's "Convalescent" (155), and several other such, show, in various degrees, a peculiar ease in getting at their point, which makes our English efforts, however successful, look clumsy and forced by comparison. But I cannot tell how I am ever to say what I want to say about Frère's pictures; I can find no words tender enough nor reverent enough. They have all beauty, without consciousness; dignity, without pride; lowliness, without sorrow; and religion, without fear. Severe in fidelity, yet, as if by an angel's presence, banishing all evil and pain; perfect in power, yet seeming to reach his

[1] [The "French Exhibition" is an annual exhibition of works of French artists brought together at the French Gallery, 121 Pall Mall. The first exhibition was held in 1854.]

[2] [Antoine Emile Plassan (b. 1817), genre painter, student of Meissonier, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, 1859.]

purpose in a sweet feebleness, his hand failing him for fulness of heart; swift to seize the passing thought of a moment in a child's spirit, as a summer wind catches a dead rose-leaf before it falls, yet breathing around it the everlasting peace of heaven;—he will do more for his country if he can lead her to look where he looks, and to love as he loves, than all the proud painters who ever gave lustre to her state or endurance to her glory. What truer glory has she than in these her village children? I cannot choose among such pictures, nor reason of them, though, perhaps, the reader may be surprised at my caring so much for what seems slight in work and poor in colour. But its very poverty and slightness are, in some sort, a part of its beauty: at least, if this painting be imperfect, I have never seen perfect painting do so much; and I believe that only the man who can conceive these pictures knows how he ought to paint them. The beautiful "Student" (61) is, perhaps, the most finished, just because it is the least pathetic; the three other more important ones, the "Luncheon," the "Sempstress," and the "Prayer," are certainly three of the most touching poems that were ever yet written, and, I believe, by far the most lovely ever yet painted, of lowly life. Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?

The first named of these pictures is the most wonderful: but perhaps the "Prayer" is the one which will be most easily understood, and will best teach the spectator how to enter into the character of the rest. It needs no telling of it; surely it will speak for itself:—the little bare feet kept from the stone-cold by the nightgown which the mother has folded for them, bared of their rough grey stockings, as reverently and as surely in God's presence as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai; the close cap over the sweet, pointed, playful, waving hair, which the field-winds have tossed and troubled as they do the long meadow-grass in May, and yet have not unsmoothed one wave of its silken balm, nor vexed with rude entangling one fair thread of all that her God numbers day by day; the dear, bowed, patient face, and hands folded, and the mother's love that clasps them close in a solemn awe, lest they should part or move before her Father's blessing had been

given in fulness. Return to it, and still return. It should be the last picture you look at in all the year; carrying the memory of it with you far away through the silence of the thatched villages, and the voices of the blossoming fields.

IV

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE OLD AND NEW

SOCIETIES OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

AND THE FRENCH EXHIBITION

1858

PREFACE

IN a temperate and candid critique which appeared last year in the *Economist*,[1] and expressed, as I have since found, the feelings of many readers respecting this publication, complaint was made of its imperfection as a record of the art of the season; and it was truly alleged that many pictures of merit were passed without notice, and many of demerit without blame. But the writer surely could not have considered what would be involved in an endeavour to give a complete account of the Exhibitions of the year. If there is any truly original power in a picture—nay, if it shows even any considerable quantity of good work and effort, it takes me at least half an hour to form judgment of it; and if it is a *great* picture, I want the half-hour twice or three times over on different days: and the time so spent is laboriously spent—in finding out as far as I can, first, what the painter is trying for, then in comparing his way of trying for it with this and the other condition of art already existing, and considering what likelihoods of success or error are involved in his present mode of work; determining not so much what the real facts are about the picture, which I can generally tell pretty soon, as how many of those facts the painter or the public ought to be told. Often a picture of merit is passed without notice, because it has heavy faults which, if I spoke of it at all, it would be

[1] [*Economist*, June 13, 1857. "Mr. Ruskin's 'Notes' have by this time attained a degree of popularity that renders their verdicts of extreme practical importance to all exhibitors. They are in almost as universal use as the catalogues, and to many must serve as sole guide to the excellences of the yearly Exhibitions. Such success entails great responsibility upon their author. An incomplete and careless review of the pictures is as likely to damage individual artists as an unfair one, and a more elaborate and painstaking critique has therefore become a duty, not only for the sake of the public whom it undertakes to instruct, but also for the artists whom it has the power of drawing into notice."]

necessary to point out in a way which might discourage and harm the painter more than the idea that his picture had been overlooked by chance. Often pictures of great demerit are passed silently, because there is no hope for their painters, and the kind of error they have fallen into may be pointed out quite as usefully in other cases, without multiplying offence. Sometimes I pass over names of great reputation, because my estimate of their work is in opposition so direct to the public estimate of it that such influence as I might otherwise possess would only be weakened by expressing it; and sometimes I permit myself silence about personal friends who are doing the public little harm by their pictures, and whose friendship I should be sorry to lose. But the real and chief reason for my not speaking of such and such pictures is my not having had time to look at them. This pamphlet must, if it is to be useful, be printed within seven or eight days after the opening. Two of those days are needed for press correction and binding; five remain—that is to say, three for looking and two for writing.[1] I can neither look nor write for more than eight hours a day; which, allowing an average of a quarter of an hour to each picture, enables me even to *look* at no more than a hundred out of the thousand in the Academy; and the first choice of this hundred, out of which those to be written of must be finally chosen, of course depends, in some degree, on accident: the eye is often caught by something bright or energetic, with semblances of right, and it takes a minute or two to make quite sure there is nothing in it—and many minutes in the aggrégate are thus lost; or a noble and quiet picture may have got entangled in a company so contemptible that one

[1] [In this connection the dates of publication of the successive "Notes" may be given. The Exhibition of the Academy opens on the first Monday in May. No. I. of the "Notes" was issued on June 1, 1855, at 6d. Some of the men at the printers' were kept late on the work. Mr. Ruskin sent them each a present (see a letter to Mr. George Smith, printed in "Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents," 1802, p. 17). From the same letter it appears that the pamphlet (which was issued at 1s.) was to be sold "as near the doors of the Academy as may be." No. II. was published on May 9, 1856, at 6d.; No. III., on May 16, 1857, at 1s.; No. IV., on May 8, 1858, at 1s.; No. V., on May 9, 1359, at 1s. Nos. I.–V. were published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. No. VI. was issued at the end of May, at 1s. It was printed at Aylesbury, and Mr. Ruskin went down there to see it through the press. The publishers were Mr. George Allen and Messrs. Ellis & White. See below, p. 222.]

passes it in a fit of indignation about its neighbours. But all this is unavoidable; nor is it to be regretted. It is precisely this losing sight here and there of a really good picture which permits me to lose sight also of the bad ones, when it is desirable to do so—nobody knowing whether the picture has been disliked or overlooked. Take the pamphlet simply for what I stated it to be in the preface to the first that was issued—a circular letter to my friends about the pictures that most interest me in my first glance at the Exhibition—and it will be found serviceable; view it in any other light, and it will be wholly inefficient. Its value consists only in being trustworthy as far as it reaches; and guiding safely, though not guiding everywhere. I trust that I shall not often overlook any truly great and consummate picture; but it is better to lose sight of ten than to pass false judgment on one; and I strive so to look and so to write, that the repentances which must necessarily follow all hurried work may be of my silence only, not of my words.[1]

[1] [Of the 1858 "Notes" there was only one edition.]

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE Academy walls present us this year with much matter for curious speculation, or rather for careful and earnest forecasting of the probable course of our schools of art in this their transitional stage of effort. Accidentally, there are no leading pictures, and the rooms are filled with more or less successful works by the disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite school, which, as I stated five years ago it would,[1] has entirely prevailed against all opposition; sweeping away in its strong current many of the opposers themselves, whirling them hither and thither, for the moment, in its eddies, without giving them time to strike out; and tearing down in its victory a few useful old landmarks, which we shall have to build up again by-and-by. But the main question forced upon our thoughts this year is the result of the new modes of study on minds of average or inferior power. For what was done in the first instance by men of singular genius, under intense conditions of mental excitement, is now done, partly as a quiet duty, partly in compliance with the prevalent fashion, by men of ordinary powers in ordinary tempers—resulting, of course, not in brilliant, but only in worthy and satisfactory work; respecting which commonplace completeness there are several points of interest for our consideration. For a year or two considerable disappointment may be felt by the disciples of the new school. Conscious in themselves of an entire change in their mode of thought, and a vigorous advance in powers both of sight and execution, they will be necessarily mortified to find that the advance is unrewarded by distinction; that their

[1] Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Paintings*, § 136.

pictures, which before were unnoticed in the midst of others as wrong, are now unnoticed in the midst of others as right; and that they have become no more conspicuous in reformation than they were in heresy. There is, however, this comfort for them (without counting the comfort in the mere consciousness of being right, whether noticed or not), that the kind of painting which they now practise is capable of far more extended appeal to the popular mind. The old art of trick and tradition had no language but for the connoisseur; this natural art speaks to all men: around it daily the circles of sympathy will enlarge; pictures will become gradually as necessary to domestic life as books; they will be largely bought—though little wondered at; the painter will have to content himself with being as undistinguished as an author, and must be satisfied in this unpraised usefulness.

Secondly, the pictures of the rising school will in a few years be much more interesting than they are now. In learning to work carefully from Nature, everybody has been obliged to paint what will stay to be painted; and the best of Nature will not wait. Moreover, a subject which must be returned to every day for a couple of months must necessarily be near the house door; and artists cannot always have their lodgings where they choose: many of them, unable to quit their usual residences, must paint the best thing they can find in their neighbourhood; and this best accessible bit, however good as a study—(anything will do for that)—will usually be uninteresting to the public. The evil is increased by affectations of Wordsworthian simplicity; also by a good deal of genuine simplicity; and of more or less foolish sentiment. Formerly, when people were forced to draw by rule, and were never allowed either to think or feel, we were at least untroubled by foolish thoughts and weak feelings; now, when the rage is for sentiment, and everybody is encouraged to tell us all that is in or near their hearts, we must not be surprised to find that naïveté may sometimes be tiresome as well as formalism, and the exaggeration of sensibility as offensive as the pedantry of science. The compensation is in this case greater than the evil: we are sure that whatever thoughts or passions truly possess the painter, will be truly expressed by him; while in old times they would have been

silenced or constrained. The extent of these two adverse influences, however, is curiously shown in the present Academy. Because it is necessary to paint on successive days from the same object, in order to realize it to perfection, we have hardly a single interesting sky in the whole gallery—Mr. Dillon's sunset on the Nile (273) and Mr. E. W. Cooke's at Venice (557)[1] are almost the only pictures of merit which acknowledge the existence of clouds as a matter of serious interest—and because the humblest subjects are pathetic when Pre-Raphaelitically rendered, the two pieces most representative of the school in the rooms are both of stonebreakers: one (Mr. Brett's) of a boy hard at work on his heap in the morning, and the other (Mr. Wallis's) of an old man dead on his heap at night.[2] Taking which facts in their full significance, it is pleasant to think what this new school of ours will do when it once gets fairly to work on materials worth its while. Here we have literally only experiments and early lessons: trials of strength on fragments of landscape in serene weather; quiet little millstreams and corners of meadows, slopes of sand-hills, farmyard gates, blackberry hedges, and clumps of furze. But what shall we say when the power of painting, which makes even these so interesting, begins to exert itself, with the aid of imagination and memory, on the splendid transience of Nature, and her noblest continuance; when we have the courses of heaven's golden clouds instead of squares of blue through cottage casements; and the fair river mists and mountain shrouds of vapour instead of cottage smoke—pine forests as well as banks of grass, and fallen precipices instead of heaps of flints. All this is yet to come; nay, even the best of the quiet, accessible, simple gifts of Nature are yet to come. How strange that among all this painting of delicate detail there is not a true one of English spring!—that no Pre-Raphaelite has painted a cherry-tree in blossom, dark-white against the twilight of April; nor an almond-tree rosy on the blue sky; nor the flush of the apple-blossom, nor a blackthorn hedge, nor a wild-rose hedge; nor a bank with crown-circlets of the white

[1] [273. "Emigrants on the Nile." 557. "Sunset on the Lagune: San Giorgio in Alga and the Euganean Hills in the distance."]

[2] [1089. "The Stonebreaker." See below, p. 145. 562. "Thou wert our Conscript." See below, p. 144.]

nettle; nor a wood-ground of hyacinths;[1] no, nor even heather, and such things of which we talk continually. Nobody has ever painted heather yet, nor a rock spotted richly with mosses; nor gentians, nor Alpine roses, nor white oxalis in the woods, nor anemone nemorosa, nor even so much as the first springing leaves of any tree in their pale, dispersed, delicate sharpness of shape. Everything has to be done yet; and we must not think quite so much of ourselves till we have done it, even though we have got to be so profoundly moral that we make everybody who looks at our work the wiser for it. We must take care not always to make them sadder also. Indeed, I look with deep respect and delight on the steady purpose of doing good, which has thus in a few years changed the spirit of our pictures, and turned most of them into a sort of sermons;—only let it always be remembered that it is much easier to be didactic than to be lovely, and that it is sometimes desirable to excite the joy of the spectator as well as his indignation.

What, however, I have to say this year of particular pictures will cast itself, to my regret, a little into the form of carping; for now that nearly all are careful and well-intended, there is no possibility of praising the universal care, or describing the universal intention; while, on the other hand, there are no leading pictures of the class that silence fault-finding, but several which just miss of being leading pictures, owing to faults which it therefore becomes a duty to find. I hope it will be understood that in my statement of these blemishes, I do not in general fix upon them because the picture in question has more faults than others, but because its merits make them more to be regretted.

18. Old Holland. (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*)

Certainly there is no cause for regret here; Mr. Stanfield never painted a more delightful picture, or one showing more of his peculiar power. The fish are unusually beautiful both in line and colour.

[1] That is to say, so as to bring out their beauty for a principal subject. Mr. Inchbold painted some wood hyacinths and gentians, but too few, and half hidden in a litter of other flowers. Mr. Oakes painted a beautiful lichened rock, but obscured with furze and rubbish—not brought out in its power. [See above, pp. 81 and 97.]

29. THE BLUIDY TRYSTE.[1] (*J. N. Paton.*)

I regret the prevailing gloom which at present characterizes this artist's work; art may face horror, but should not dwell with it. The greatest painters habitually have chosen cheerful or serene subjects; and if Mr. Paton will paint them more frequently, he would feel the real power of a frightful one more, when there is need for him to paint it. There was, I believe, such need in the case of his other picture, "In Memoriam,"[2] it having been designed at the time of the fit of miserable public weakness which had like to have checked the doing of judgment and justice on the Indian murderers; but there was no need, as far as I can see, or feel, for the defilement of this sweet dell with guilt; at least, unless it had been done more solemnly. The dead body is far too well dressed; no one can be sorry that there is an end of the coxcomb; he might have been far more gallantly dressed for his tryst without being so fine. Then Nature ought to have had more observance of him—the sun ought to have fallen here and there upon his face—yes, and upon his blood; and the hue of the leafage round him should have had, it seems to me, the deep sympathy through all its innocent life which is felt in those words of Keats—

> "Saying, moreover, Isabel, my sweet,
> Red whortleberries droop above my head,
> And a large flint stone weighs upon my feet;

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[1] [The subject was explained in the catalogue by the following passage:—
"Alack, proude Ladie, quoth the Knycht, I spake bot in jeste; and thou hast slone the trewest lover that ever lovit woman; for never—so God me help loved I none other but thee. And so he died. . . . Sche streikit him straught in the rath blumis, ever making him heavy dole; and alaick, quoth sche, living I livit bot for thee, and ded I will for thee die. And so she departed thence; and towards eventyde came to our Ladie's Priory, and there made sche confeesioun, and was straight assoylit, and mekely receivit her Saviour. And, whenas complinis was sung, her heavy hert brast in sondir, so that al weipit to see. . . . And they layed their bodies in one graff."—*The Harte and the Hynde*, boke xii.]

[2] [471. A scene from the Indian Mutiny—the interior of a dungeon, where captive white women and children are confined, expecting the nameless horrors of a cruel death, when they are released by the Highlanders, who burst into their prison. In the picture, as originally exhibited, the place occupied by the Highlanders was filled with Sepoys. For a criticism of this modification, and on Sir Noel Paton's work generally, see pp. 206–212 of "The English School of Painting," by E. Chesneau, whose criticism (says Mr. Ruskin) "my pupils may accept as my own" ("Art of England," Lecture IV.).]

Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheepfold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed."

Many readers thought it a mere piece of flippancy when I said, respecting Mr. Paton's beautiful picture of the "Home," that he ought to paint nothing for some time to come but apricots and peaches [p. 44]. It was, on the contrary, a quiet statement of a true necessity. Mr. Paton will not learn what is wanting to his mode of painting until he practises colour from simple objects, in the realization of which emotion can have no share. This foreground is, of course, painted with intensest care and perfect draughtsmanship; there is more natural history in it than in most others in the rooms; the little pinguicula alpina on the left, the oxalis leaves in the middle, the red ferns, and small red viper on the right, are all exquisitely articulated as far as form goes; but they are painted without enough mystery or change of colour. It will be necessary for this painter to make colour his main object for some months, and to paint the leaves thoroughly well on a large scale before he reduces them to foreground magnitude; but the way he has executed the girdles of the two figures, the piece of bank above the knight's head, and that just under his breast, between it and the bugle, proves him to be capable of all perfection.

59. FAIRY TALES. (*W. C. T. Dobson.*)

It would be difficult to improve the sweet earnestness of the little face, or the conception of the whole attitude. I merely pay tribute of admiration in passing, having had my say about Mr. Dobson's colour before. His larger picture, 446, is very interesting in the new conception of Ishmael—the boy, against whom was to be the hand of all men, kissing his father's hand, and receiving his blessing. What a difference between this and the vile Guercino of Milan, in which Abraham scolds them out of the tent—Hagar crying because she has no chance of another "place."[1]

But Mr. Dobson is, I think, wrong in his idea of Sarah. She may, indeed, for all that is recorded of her, have been a hard and commonplace woman; but there was nothing in her sending away Hagar at this time to prove that she was,

[1] [For a similar description of the Guercino in the Brera, see "Modern Painters," vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xiv. § 30.]

and it would have been nobler to have conceived her as more sorrowful, and hesitating in her cruelty.

79. ATHALIAH'S DISMAY AT THE CORONATION OF JOASH (2 Kings xi.; 2 Chron. xxii., xxiii.). (*S. A. Hart, R.A.*)

I fear I must leave this, and its correspondent picture of the "high art" school, Mr. Poole's Lear (310),[1] to the admiration of the *Athenæum*, which, with great felicity of expression, declares the Lear to be under a "gloating, delicious light," and the Athaliah to be "of the highest order of Jezebel beauty." Jezebel's beauty, however, needed some painting before she tried its effect when her life hung upon it, and I fear that Athaliah's beauty must have stood in need of some such help at this period of her age. Has Mr. Hart actually painted this large picture without inquiring how old the queen or her grandson were? or does he seriously mean the figure of Joash to represent a boy only seven years old, and that of the queen to represent a wicked Eastern woman of seven or eight and forty?—for Athaliah could not be less; her son was three-and-twenty when the arrows of Jehu overtook him by Ibleam, seven years before. But the *Athenæum* is too severe upon Mr. Hart, in its observation that "the dull vacant face of Joab is rather a blot;" for, as Joab at this time had been dead just a hundred and forty-two years, it was likely his face would be vacant.

101. A KIBAB SHOP, SCUTARI. (*J. F. Lewis.*)

My first impression is that this very notable picture shows the labour in it too clearly, but I cannot judge of it in haste. The animal life is nearly perfect; the kid making up its mind to butt the pigeons is especially delightful. 122, however, is a more consummate example of the painter's work; and 245, though at first it looks uninteresting, will be found very wonderful on quiet examination. His gift of grace in arrangement of line is best seen in the fall of the red drapery of No. 51.[2] But I hardly know what is the matter with me this year, for I find Mr. Paton's pictures too

[1] ["The Death of Cordelia: from the last Act of 'King Lear'"—now in the South Kensington Museum. P. F. Poole, b. 1807, R.A. 1860, d. 1879.]

[2] [122. "An Inmate of the Hareem, Cairo." 245. "Interior of a Mosque at Cairo: Afternoon Prayer." 51. "Lilies and Roses, Constantinople."]

dramatic, and Mr. Lewis's not dramatic enough. He has thirty-one figures in all upon the walls, and all the drama to be got out of the whole number is the arrangement of a nosegay and the presentation of a cup of coffee. Perhaps those who delight in the gloomier pictures of the present exhibition may be able to excite themselves into some interest in this last event, by supposing the coffee to be poisoned.

There is, however, one point which ought specially to be noted respecting Lewis's work—it is always and wholly original. When, some time ago, I claimed him as a Pre-Raphaelite, I never meant that he had been influenced in his practice by any of the other members of that school; but that he was associated with it, as ten years ago I showed that Turner was, and as all true painters for ever must be, by the mere fact of their painting truth instead of formalism or idealism; while Lewis is still more closely connected with the present nominal masters of the school by his completeness of finish to the utmost corners of his canvas. But he was not led to this finishing by Hunt or Rossetti. There never, perhaps, in the history of art was work so wholly independent as Lewis's. He worked with the sternest precision twenty years ago, when Pre-Raphaelitism had never been heard of—pursued calmly the same principles, developed by himself, for himself, in the midst of all adverse influences in Rome, and through years of lonely labour in Syria. In all those years of Eastern light, he wrought with Nature only for his master: he cannot have seen so much as one good picture from the time of his leaving Rome until his return to England. And all our discoveries here, and all our talking and quarrelling about them, have been nothing to John Lewis—as they were nothing to Turner. There is not another picture in all this Academy which I believe to have been painted wholly without reference to the Pre-Raphaelite dogmas: they are either directly or distantly imitative; either cautiously recusant or vigorously defiant. But John Lewis paints as he would have painted had no such school, no such dogmas ever existed; and that girl would still have been there, and she would still have had the same exquisite glow in her face, the same delicate light in her eyes, and the same finished tracery of gold on her robe, though Pre-Raphaelitism had been strangled ten years ago in its birth, and all

the painters in Europe had now been daubing like Haydon or Benjamin West.

119. SUNDAY EVENING. (*T. Webster, R.A.*[1])

Mr. Webster is quite delightful both in this picture and 334 ["Grace before Meat"]. I never remember seeing the expression of a child, at once full of affection and mischief, so delicately and perfectly touched as in this little disturber: one sees so well that the house never can be quiet for her, except when she is asleep; and holds no other joy so dear as that disquiet.

200. THE MAID OF DERWENT. (*H. H. Emmerson.*)

A promising average example of the kind of study from Nature which fills the rooms, and of which it is impossible to mark the other instances specially. This is better balanced in effect than most, and looks as if good work would come of it.

204. THE MISSING BOAT: PAS DE CALAIS. (*Frank Stone, A.*)

Very good in much of its expression, and thoroughly careful, but too much elaborated in the studio, and not quite enough on the beach. It is got up too primly, as the principal figure is in her fishwife's dress. Sorrow, and salt water, after six hours' stand on the shingle, don't leave a woman's dress quite so tidy.

218. THE DERBY DAY.[2] (*W. P. Frith, R.A.*)

I am not sure how much power is involved in the production of such a picture as this; great ability there is assuredly—long and careful study—considerable humour—untiring industry,—all of them qualities entitled to high praise, which I doubt not they will receive from the delighted public. It is also quite proper and desirable that this English carnival should be painted; and of the entirely

[1] [Thomas Webster (1800–1886) was constant, during a long artistic career, to the same style of domestic genre. His work is well represented in the Tate Gallery and South Kensington Museum.]

[2] [Now in the Tate Gallery, No. 615. For various particulars about the picture, see "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery" (British School).]

popular manner of painting, which, however, we must remember, is necessarily, because popular, stooping and restricted, I have never seen an abler example. The drawing of the distant figures seems to me especially dexterous and admirable; but it is very difficult to characterize the picture in accurate general terms. It is a kind of cross between John Leech and Wilkie, with a dash of daguerreotype here and there, and some pretty seasoning with Dickens's sentiment.

216. AT A FARMHOUSE IN SURREY. (*G. P. Boyce.*[1])

Full of truth and sweet feeling. How pleasant it is, after looking long at Mr. Frith's picture, to see how happy a little girl may be who hasn't gone to the Derby!

273. EMIGRANTS ON THE NILE. (*F. Dillon.*[2])

Pelicans to wit; and many thanks to Mr. Dillon for giving us some idea of the wonderful aspect of the bird in flight: we must certainly have it carved so in a cusp or gargoyle in the Oxford Museum.[3] The transitions of glowing colour, from the nearer ground to the sunlit horizon, are far finer than anything Mr. Dillon has yet accomplished. The drawing of the palm-trees seems admirable.

284. THE NATIVITY. (*A. Hughes.*)

Quite beautiful in thought, and indicative of greater colourist's power than anything in the rooms; there is no other picture so right in manner of work, the utmost possible value being given to every atom of tint laid on the canvas. I happen to know that it was hastily finished,

[1] [George Price Boyce (1826–1897), best known as a water-colour painter, originally studied architecture, but a meeting with David Cox at Bettws-y-Coed in 1849 determined him to the choice of painting. He was an intimate friend of Rossetti; and though not a member of the P.R.B., the movement had much of his sympathy (see a passing reference to his work in the "Notes on Prout," below, p. 325). He was for many years one of the principal members of the Old Water-Colour Society.]

[2] [Frank Dillon (b. 1823), landscape painter; member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.]

[3] [The Oxford Museum was at this time being built by the architects Woodward and Deane. Mr. Ruskin, who had taken a leading part, with Sir Henry Acland, in advocating the adoption of their Gothic design, was also interesting himself in the carvings and other decoration (see "The Oxford Museum," by Henry W. Acland and John Ruskin; edition of 1893).]

in an afterthought; and I am sorry to see that the painter has been fatigued to the point of not seeing how far he had failed in some parts of his purpose. He had another picture perfectly finished—and, though a little grotesque in fancy, exquisitely beautiful—"The King's Garden": why has he not sent that?[1]

It is quite possible that, in this nativity, thoughtless people may be offended by an angel's being set to hold a stable lantern. Everybody is ready to repeat pretty verses from Spenser about angels who "watch and truly ward,"[2] without ever asking themselves what they look out for, or what they ward off; everybody is also ready to talk about ministering spirits, so long as it is not asked what ministry means. Perhaps they might even reach to a distinct idea of such practical ministries on the part of angels as warding off a bullet from their son in India, or leading him to a spring when he was thirsty. But they cannot conceive that highest of all dignity in the entirely angelic ministration which would simply do rightly whatever needed to be done —great or small—and steady a stable lantern if it swung uneasily, just as willingly as drive back a thundercloud, or helm a ship with a thousand souls in it from a lee shore.

300. WEARY LIFE. (*R. Carrick.*)

A notable picture; very great in many respects, but with grievous faults. The two principal figures are quite right—more especially the child; nothing can be more beautiful than the way it lies, nothing much better than the painting of it; and the thought of the whole singularly pathetic. But that thought is only half developed. I am amazed that a painter of Mr. Carrick's sincerity should allow himself in the conventionalisms of this design. What light is

[1] The absence of the other Pre-Raphaelite leaders from their posts is highly to be reprobated. They have no business to set themselves to work which they can't finish in proper time. Every year, at this season, the moment they have seen the effect of their pictures on the public, every one of them should go into the country, and before the long days are half over each of them should have painted one picture of moderate size for next year: let them lock that up, and resolve not to look at it again till they see it on the Academy walls. Then set themselves to whatever perennial labour they choose to undertake, resting from it always about Easter, so as to be quite fresh to begin their regular Academy work again in May. [Mr. Hughes exhibited "The King's Garden" in 1859. See p. 195.]

[2] ["They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward."—*Faerie Queene*, book ii. canto viii. 2.]

this that is cast on the two sleeping figures—morning?—evening?—noon? All suppositions are alike negatived by those trees in the background, which are in the deepest twilight; the rick under which the figures rest is also in darkness; and thus, for a mere effect of stage illumination on his foreground, the painter has lost all the pathos which there would have been in the calm of long, low sunshine on the solemn fields; or in the dew of the morning upon their peace—after the theatre's fantastic nocturns. The whole value of the background, as a space for informing incident, is also lost. No story is told by the dull trees. I will not take away Mr. Carrick's freedom and pleasure in invention by offering any suggestion as to the incidents that might occupy that background, but assuredly it ought not to be empty. Besides all this, the wonder of the peasant woman is vulgarly told—her gesture at this moment is highly improbable. She could not have approached so near the figures without seeing them before; unless we suppose her to have walked backwards, which indeed she might have done in raking: but the gesture has an unnatural and theatrical look for all that; and her face is utterly without expression. When there are only three figures in a picture, we must not make a nonentity of the nearest.

And lastly, the painting is throughout too hard; the straw especially is far too much defined. Has Mr. Carrick never looked carefully at the straw in the first picture which showed the beauty of it—the "Dove Returning to the Ark"[1] —in which not a single stem was entirely defined, and yet all was real. It needs to be constantly kept in mind by all painters, that good painting must be reserved as well as expressive—it withholds always as much as it reveals. All mystery, or all clearness, is equally wrong, though clearness is the noblest error. Nature is simple, and therefore intelligible; but she is also infinite, and therefore mysterious. Whenever you can make a bit of painting quite out, that bit of it is wrong. There is no exception to this rule.

The picture is, however, so beautiful, in spite of all these defects, that it becomes almost the duty of the painter to perfect it.

[1] [The picture by Millais exhibited in 1851; one of those bequeathed by Mr. Combe to the University Gallery at Oxford. Ruskin noticed the picture in his letters to the *Times* in 1851: see "Arrows of the Chace," vol. i.]

326. A Pastoral.[1] (*J. C. Hook, A.*)

Exquisite in idea, and some qualities of colour, as Mr. Hook's pictures are always; but by no means better than what he did last year, and if not better, then necessarily a little worse. Pause is, I believe, not possible in art. It is a pity thoughts so beautiful should not be entirely realized: this is, at best, but a full and suggestive sketch. It is not the way to paint a dog, nor a woman's arm, nor a sky.

453 ["The Coast Boy gathering Eggs"] is again entirely right and beautiful in conception, but imperfect in touch. There is a peculiar truth in the way he has given the deep tone of the colour of the sea, out of which the surf opens upon the rocks, like a great light, the snowy glare and roar coming at the same instant.

350. Flower Girls—Town and Country. (*J. C. Horsley, A.*)

The boldest effort we have yet seen from Mr. Horsley's hand, and I think a very telling one. It is another example of the moralizing tendency of the art of the day; but if Mr. Horsley makes his ladies going to masquerades look so charming in their gay dresses, I fear they will continue to wear them, in spite of poor flower-girls leaning against the gate-pillars, or innocent examples of life in the country.

372.[2] (*A. L. Egg.*)

As I see that several mistakes have been made in the interpretation of this impressive picture in the public prints, I give the true reading of it, though I should have thought it was clearly enough legible. In the central piece the husband discovers his wife's infidelity: he dies five years afterwards. The two lateral pictures represent the same moment of night a fortnight after his death. The same little cloud is under the moon. The two children see it

[1] [Illustrated in the catalogue by two lines from Spenser:—

"Then blowe your pypes, shepheards, til you be at home;
The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone."]

[2] [The picture was given no title in the catalogue, but the following extract was printed in illustration:—

"August the 4th. Have just heard that B—— has been dead more than a fortnight, so his poor children have now lost both parents. I hear *she* was seen on Friday last near the Strand, evidently without a place to lay her head. What a fall hers has been!"]

from the chamber in which they are praying for their lost mother; and their mother, from behind a boat under a vault on the river-shore. The painting, as such, is not first-rate; but the purpose of the picture is well reached, and the moonlight is true and beautiful.

428. PAST AND PRESENT. (*Miss A. Blunden.*)

There is not a more painstaking nor sincere piece of work than this in the room; though it is clearly the work of a hand which has not yet gained its full strength. The figures are far from satisfactory; but there are pieces of the old manor house and foreground thoroughly felt, and very nearly got right—much righter in general tone of colour than is usual in early work so far carried. The picture is very curious in its quantity of work, and well worth a long stoop to it.

422. THE GAOLER'S DAUGHTER: A SCENE FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. (*P. H. Calderon.*[1])

The figure of the imprisoned priest is perfectly right and beautiful: the girl nearly so, but the child ought to be repainted; it spoils a very touching picture. Mr. Calderon had a promising little interior picture in the British Institution.[2]

485. THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE. (*D. Roberts, R.A.*)

As this seems to be a definite and energetic protest by Mr. Roberts against Turner's idea of Venetian colour, and against all that I have endeavoured to urge or describe in support of that conception, I can only accept it as such, and pass it by; but I may at least say that protests against gondoliers' management of their boats are not likely to be effective. No gondolier can by any possibility get into any one of the positions here supposed, more especially that of the figure on the left. A gondola is rowed from a little elevated deck, with a raised slope for the hindmost foot, close at its stern, not near the felze (canopy), and at his fullest thrust forward the rower's position is well over the boat's side on his left hand; so that if he missed his stroke,

[1] [Philip Hermogenes Calderon (1833–1898) was elected A.R.A. in 1864, R.A. in 1867, and appointed Keeper in 1887. A picture by him, exhibited in 1891, which excited much attention at the time, is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1573, "The Renunciation of St. Elizabeth of Hungary").]

[2] [No. 144. "Far Away."]

he would go head-foremost into the water on that side, without even touching the felze: the certainty of which result renders a tyro's first efforts with the stern oar exceedingly interesting—as well as the no less precise certainty that if he catches a crab (and fish of this species may be easily secured on a windy day), he must go instantly into the water over the stern.

499. REYNARD'S GLOVE. (*Miss A. F. Mutrie.*)

Very pretty, indeed, Miss Mutrie, as usual; but you know those are perfect dwarfs of foxgloves. Bud, bell, and seed, I counted one hundred and forty-eight on one stem last summer (under the last crag of the Ochils that looks to Stirling),[1] and an average foxglove that has at all enjoyed its life will always have seventy or eighty. One energetic fellow I saw near Inverness, who had not indeed enjoyed his life, but had grandly made the best of it; he had been broken down in his youth—his head laid down hill, past all rising again: but he had lost no courage, thrown out three upright shoots from the side of his stem, and become three foxgloves instead of one.

500. DAUGHTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA. (*J. Phillip, A.*)

All Mr. Phillip's work is able, and, to a certain extent, right; but I think he has never again done anything so good as his picture of the church door two years ago.[2] He is losing refinement; while his Spanish ladies—and still more his Spanish lovers—seem to me all somewhat more Phillippian than Castilian. This picture is, however, a good example—rich, and pleasantly composed.

526. THE WARREN. (*J. W. Oakes.*[3])

Exquisitely painted in the flowery centre; but of all foregrounds, one of sand and bent grass least pays labour: and why does Mr. Oakes concentrate his strength on foregrounds

[1] [Mr. Ruskin was in Scotland with his parents, Aug.–Sept. 1857. See "Præterita," iii. ch. i.; "Two Paths," § 1; and "Arrows of the Chace," i. 214.]

[2] [See above, p. 52.]

[3] [John Wright Oakes (1820–1887) was a member of the Liverpool Academy, and his subjects were chiefly found in Wales. There is a small picture by him in the South Kensington Museum. He was elected A.R.A. in 1876.]

only? He had a beautiful barley-field in the British Institution—with butterflies on it, and some nice furze and thistles besides; but a great deal more of them than was wanted; while the distance was wholly crude and unsatisfactory.

528. PEACEFUL DAYS. (*P. R. Morris.*[1])

Very beautiful, and easier in mode of laying colour than most of the work of the year.

557. SUNSET ON THE LAGUNE. (*E. W. Cooke, R.A.*)

I can answer for the truth of this study, representing one of the calm sea-glories of Venice, which painters are too apt to despise, though poets never.[2] Both Shelley and Byron seem to have loved these Euganean Hills and the sunsets behind them more than Venice herself.

562. "THOU WERT OUR CONSCRIPT."[3] (*H. Wallis.*)

On the whole, to my mind, the picture of the year; and

[1] [Philip Richard Morris (1835–1902) is best known to the present generation by his pretty portraits of women and children. At an early period, when he had come under the influence of Mr. Holman Hunt, he was looked upon as one of the most promising of the coming men. He was elected A.R.A. in 1877.]

[2] [The picture was of San Giorgio in Alga with the Euganean Hills in the distance. Plate 15 in "Modern Painters," vol. iii., is from a drawing by Mr. Ruskin of the same scene. Shelley's description of sunset, as seen from this point, is in "Julian and Maddalo":—

> "Half the sky
> Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
> Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
> Down the steep West into a wondrous hue
> Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
> Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
> Among the many folded hills: they were
> Those famous Euganean Hills."

Byron's description is in "Childe Harold," canto iv. Ruskin has some beautiful phrases descriptive of these hills as seen from Venice—*e.g.* "blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west" ("Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix. § 1); and in ch. i. of vol. ii. of "The Stones of Venice," he describes the sunset "behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named 'St. George of the Seaweed.'"]

[3] [The reference is to the chapter on the dignity of labour in "Sartor Resartus" (bk. iii. ch. iv.):—

"Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom."]

but narrowly missing being a first-rate [picture] of any year. It is entirely pathetic and beautiful in purpose and colour; its only fault being a somewhat too heavy laying of the body of paint, more especially in the distant sky, which has no joy nor clearness when it is looked close into, and in the blue of the hills that rise against it, which is also too uniform and dead. All perfect painting is light painting—light at some point of the touch at all events; no half inch of a good picture but tells, when it is looked at, "None but my master could have laid me so."

The ivy, ferns, &c., seem to me somewhat hastily painted; but they are lovely in colour, and may pass blameless, as I think it would have been in false taste to elaborate this subject further. The death quietness given by the action of the startled weasel is very striking.

854. THE RIVALS, FROM CLYNNOG BEACH. (*C. F. Williams.*)

The magnificent sketch by Landseer in this room,[1] showing, as it does, all his wonderful handling on the boldest scale, must withdraw all eyes at first from the lower walls. But when due honour has been done to the deer, this careful and unpretending study deserves a minute's stooping to it, admirable as it is alike in rendering of extent of wet sand, weedy shingle, and breaking wave; and then it would be well to cross to 609,[2] which, though not an altogether successful effort, is a most earnest one to render the mingling of transparency with reflection in pure and perfect sea. Who ever dreamed of painting sea like this till now? and yet that is simply the normal state of sea. What we have been in the habit, taught by the Dutch, of calling sea pieces ought to be called merely mud-bottom pieces.

1089. STONEBREAKER.[3] (*J. Brett.*)

This, after John Lewis's, is simply the most perfect piece of painting with respect to touch in the Academy this year; in some points of precision it goes beyond anything the Pre-Raphaelites have done yet. I know no such thistledown,

[1] [No. 800. "Deerstalking."]

[2] ["Anstey's Cove, South Devon," by H. Anelay.]

[3] [This picture, now in the possession of James Barrow, Esq., is reproduced in Mr. P. H. Bate's "English Pre-Raphaelite Painters."]

no such chalk hills, and elm-trees, no such natural pieces of far-away cloud, in any of their works.

The composition is palpably crude and wrong in many ways, especially in the awkward white cloud at the top; and the tone of the whole a little too much as if some of the chalk of the flints had been mixed with all the colours. For all that, it is a marvellous picture, and may be examined inch by inch with delight; though nearly the last stone I should ever have thought of any one's sitting down to paint would have been a chalk flint. If he can make so much of that, what will Mr. Brett not make of mica slate and gneiss! If he can paint so lovely a distance from the Surrey downs and railway-traversed vales, what would he not make of the chestnut groves of the Val d'Aosta! I heartily wish him good-speed and long exile.[1]

[1] [Mr. Brett went to the Val d'Aosta in the summer of this year (1858). Mr. Ruskin was at Turin at the time, and discussed with the painter the picture he was engaged upon (see below, p. 190). Mr. Ruskin's visit has a memorial in his beautiful description of the Alps from Turin ("Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge," Oct. 1858, reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. ii.). The result of Mr. Brett's visit was exhibited in the next year's Academy.]

FRENCH EXHIBITION

GENERALLY, this Exhibition is full of interest, and instructive to our English painters in the evidence of steady training shown in its work. It is dominant in scenes of domestic life; deficient in landscape.

7. THE PLOUGH. (*Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur.*[1])

This lady gains in power every year, but there is one stern fact concerning art which she will do well to consider, if she means her power to reach full development. No painter of animals ever yet was entirely great who shrank from painting the human face; and Mdlle. Bonheur clearly *does* shrink from it. Of course, a ploughman ploughing westward at evening slouches his hat and stoops his head; but the back of him, in this action, with a foreshortened yoke of oxen, and three of the awkwardest haystacks in France, do not altogether constitute a subject for a picture. In the "Horse Fair" the human faces were nearly all dexterously, but disagreeably, hidden, and the one chiefly shown had not the slightest character. Mdlle. Bonheur may rely upon this, that if she cannot paint a man's face, she can neither paint a horse's, a dog's, nor a bull's. There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul. I assure Mdlle. Bonheur, strange as the words may sound to her,

[1] [Rosa Bonheur (1822–1899). The "Horse Fair" was exhibited at the Salon in 1853, and afterwards in London. A repetition of it is now in the National Gallery (No. 621), the first work by a living foreign artist to be admitted to the gallery. Some conversation between Ruskin and Rosa Bonheur in the year 1856 is recorded in the "Reminiscences of Frederick Goodall," 1902.]

after what she has been told by huntsmen and racers, she has never painted a horse yet. She has only painted trotting bodies of horses.

62. THE GLEANER BOY. (*Edouard Frère.*)

The expressions of admiration for this painter's work which I used last year were thought by many readers to have been written in a fit of momentary and uncalculating enthusiasm. I repeat therefore—after a year's deliberation—with such plain and purposed meaning as I always try to give words which I know will seem questionable, that this painter unites "the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico."

That is to say, first, he approaches the simplest subject with perfect feeling of its great humanity, conscious of all the most solemn pathos which there is in the crowned sorrows of poverty and calm submissions of toil—interpreting to the full, and for the first time in the history of sacred paintings, the great words of the first Beatitude. For the poverty which was honoured by the great painters and thinkers of the middle ages was an ostentatious, almost a presumptuous poverty: if not this, at least it was chosen and accepted—the poverty of men who had given their goods to feed the simpler poor, and who claimed in honour what they had lost in luxury; or, at the best, in claiming nothing for themselves, had still a proud understanding of their own self-denial, and a confident hope of future reward. But it has been reserved for this age to perceive and tell the blessedness of another kind of poverty than this; not voluntary nor proud, but accepted and submissive; not clear-sighted nor triumphant, but subdued and patient: partly patient in tenderness—of God's will; partly patient in blindness—of man's oppression; too laborious to be thoughtful—too innocent to be conscious—too long experienced in sorrow to be hopeful—waiting in its peaceful darkness for the unconceived dawn; yet not without its own sweet, complete, untainted happiness, like intermittent notes of birds before the daybreak, or the first gleams of heaven's amber on the eastern grey. Such poverty as this it has been reserved for this age of ours to honour while it afflicted; it is reserved for the age to come to honour it—and to spare.

I said, secondly, that this painter had "the grace of Reynolds"—that is to say, grace consummate, no painter having ever before approached Reynolds in the rendering of the momentary loveliness and trembling life of childhood, by beauty of play and change in every colour and curve. The great Venetians were too great to do it; their lines were always grave and severe in their grace; and all other men but Reynolds have been too mean to do it, until this one.

And, lastly, I say he has the holiness of Angelico—that is to say, perfect purity from all sensual taint, from all baseness of associated ideas, there never passing over his brow so much as the shadow of an Evil Spirit's wings. This I say of him; and also that the man of whom this may truly be said is, if he uses his power faithfully, simply and briefly one of the chief men of this century. But on his faithfulness to the gift of his deep heart all now rests; and he is at present failing in this faithfulness. I noticed last year[1] that there were certain characters in his painting which, in any other man's work, would have been faults, and which were only to be forgiven in him so far as they were unavoidable in getting his main result. Now this year the main result is not better—is not even quite so good; and the faults are more conspicuous, proving themselves therefore faults positive. The colour even of the faces is less pure; that of the background is becoming dark and heavy; it is difficult to see even as much as the painter intends us to see: we feel as if there were a coating of clay over the work which wants to be washed off. This manner of painting will assuredly gain upon him, unless he sets a standard to himself far beyond it; and I believe he will have to paint some pieces of still life, in which no question of feeling or of harmony of expression will interfere with his efforts, up to the highest point of finish possible to him, for exercise merely: afterwards receding from the precision and brilliancy he does not want when he uses such passages in his pictures. Take, for instance, the piece of near grass in this "Gleaner:" it, of course, in no wise resembles grass; not a leaf of it is true, nor is it lovely; it is merely an indication of the thing meant, in a tone harmonious with the rest of the work Now the painter ought not only to see more in the grass than this, but ought to be able to paint more, without hurting

[1] [See above, p. 120.]

his general effect.[1] So, also, in the corn which the boy carries, there is none of the beauty or complexity of a real cluster of wheat; and if the artist would draw the real sheaf perfectly, he would be able to make the number of touches he has permitted himself here, quite as subordinate, but far more lovely. The sadness of colour which he chooses is indeed a part, and a very important part, of the pathos of his subjects; but he must take care not to allow melancholy to sink into ennui, nor humility to degenerate into dulness.

I take no separate note of the other pictures by him in this room, for I believe the persons who can feel them at all will feel them without being much talked to about them; only it should be observed generally that the greatness of Frère consists in such slight things that it is only by long looking at his work that it can be felt. The difference between him and all other painters of similar subjects is quite infinite; and yet it depends literally on hairbreadths, and less than hairbreadths—on the ineffable subtlety of line which makes gesture or expression precisely *right*. Examine, for instance, the way the child leans on her sister, pushing a little to get at the shells in her lap, in No. 59, and consider how it is that all the child's mind is given in its attitude—all its fitful, troublesome, innocent, inconsequent eagerness, just in the turn of a sleeve!

103. SEA-SHORE AT BLANKENBURG: AFTERNOON. (*Henri Le Hon.*)

Very clever in the balanced depressions of tone which

[1] The reader may perhaps be surprised at my speaking here somewhat in the tone of one of the men of the old "generalization" school—about subduing parts for the effect of the whole. But this is because I do not consider Frère's as finished pictures, but as sketches of expression. In a finished picture all must be finished; and in a sketch all must be sketched, up to an harmonious point—nothing beyond that point. Frère's faces are not finished; he seems to pause just when he has touched the truth of expression, lest he should lose it by doing more. Then, of course, the accessories must not be finished in a higher degree; he must be content with the expression only of those—as with the expression only of the human face. The rule I gave for finished pictures is a perfectly true one—namely, that if you paint faces ill, you must not try to mend them by painting backgrounds worse; but it is also a true rule, that if you sketch a figure *ligh tly*, you must not finish the burden it carries heavily, nor give a completion to the lesser thing which you have refused to the greater. The picture, No. 63, however, very nearly up to his mark of last year. The hair of the child beautifully touched.

bring out the gleams of light on boat and sea, and showing, I think, great feeling and skill in the painter; but this depression of tone is, nevertheless, a standing mistake of the French school. The French painters always chill the colours of Nature as they lower them, by toning everything with grey; and thus not only alter the depth and pitch of the colour, but the colour itself. They do not merely change its key, but debase its nature,—that is to say, if they have trees to lower, they turn what is in reality pale *pure* green into dark *dirty* green, when they ought to change it only into a darker green of the same purity; and if they have pale yellow sand to lower, instead of lowering it to a dark yellow, equally glowing, they lower it to a dark grey, and thus turn sand into slime. It is very curious, that in spite of all the talk about Titian, this simple principle of his colouring has never been understood. When Titian lowers tones, he always lowers them without changing the colours. Pale blue he translates into ultramarine, pale rose-colour into crimson, pale sand-colour into deep brown, and pale green into emerald green; but he never pollutes the blue sky with blackness, nor stains pale roses with clay: whereas, nearly all the French landscapes in this room represent Nature seen through a smoked glass. If the sky had only been half as livid at the last eclipse of the sun as the French landscapists represent it on sunny afternoons, the birds would have gone to roost in a much more satisfactory way than I hear they did.

108. THE STUDY. (*Louis Ernest Meissonier.*[1])

I look upon this work and its companion (109)[2] with exceeding sorrow, for they show great powers wasted in producing results either useless or worse than useless, in so far as they encourage the disposition of the modern patron—so long fatal to the best interests and highest purposes of art—to spend his wealth in petty luxuries of the drawing-room, instead of in the bold and large art which is visible to all men, and helpful to all men. I have never in any wise

[1] [Louis Ernest Meissonier (1815–1891), the most famous "small master" of France. In the Wallace collection there are sixteen examples of his work. One of his Napoleon series ("1814") was at one time in Mr. Ruskin's collection: see pp. 280, 329, 337 in this volume.]

[2] ["The Courtier."]

joined in the vague cry raised usually by ambitious and weak painters, for public encouragement to "high art," or "historical art," as if art might not be both high and historical on a small scale as well as a large one.[1] But, on the other hand, I have always protested, in the strongest way I could, against the miserable degradation of pictures, by the influence of the Dutch schools, into toys for boudoirs, or marvels for cabinets.[2] And here is the old Dutch principle again in all its strength. Narrow, easily imitated, easily appreciated chiaroscuro, let in by a single window, to get dioramic relief—brown shadows—bright touches—dull surfaces—coppery colours;—all Flanders and Holland over again. Quite as good as ever Holland did—nay, it seems to me, in some respects, better; but assuredly quite as wretched, as forgetful of the high purposes of painting, and as traitorous to the royalty of human nature.

130. THE MUSIC LESSON. (*Emile Plassan.*)

Exquisite in touch of pencil, and in appreciation of delicate character, both in features and gesture.

It is lighter and softer in laying of colour than Frère's work, and more refined in colour than Meissonier's; on the whole, it seems to me the best piece of quiet painting in the room. The French painters far surpass us in their understanding of the light expressions and trivial actions of daily life; partly because they aim at them more simply, and are content to be true and polished, while our painters are always striving to be heroic, moral, or amusing; but also, I suppose, from an innate tact and sympathy which we never have possessed—nor can possess.

139. MARGUERITE AT THE FOUNTAIN. (*Ary Scheffer.*[3])

As this picture is designed on the assumption that the universe generally is vulgar, and that the noblest ideal of

[1] [See, *e.g.*, "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. iii. §§ 5, 6, 9.]

[2] [Compare "Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. viii. § 2.]

[3] [Ary Scheffer (1795–1858) was by birth Dutch, by residence and training French. His well-known picture of "St. Augustine and St. Monica" is in the Tate Gallery (No. 1170). In a letter, written about 1860, Mr. Ruskin somewhat mitigates his judgment on Ary Scheffer. "Though one of the heads of the Mud sentiment school, he does *draw* and *feel* very beautifully and deeply" ("Letters on Art and Literature," p. 38).]

colour is to be found in dust, it of course puts itself beyond criticism. But it suggests a curious question. It may be —I believe it is—a just view of the depth and purity of Marguerite's character, which assumes that the first whispers of her companions would not flush her face but turn it pale. But, supposing the painter should ever wish to paint a woman "glowing all over noble shame," how will he reconcile the human crimson with the dusty insensibilities of his background?

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

84. BORROMEAN ISLANDS ON THE LAGO MAGGIORE (?). (*J. B. Pyne.*[1])

I AM sincerely glad to see that Mr. Pyne has succeeded in reaching better qualities of colour than in his earlier pictures. I had feared the range of his work had been limited by natural incapacity for the perception of hue; but he begins to disprove such incapacity, and it seems to me quite at his own choice whether he will now become a real artist, or remain merely a popular draughtsman and supplier of the market with "lake scenery." It is at his own choice, I repeat—but only at his resolute choice; for he has much to surrender of his own, and much to learn from the external world. His own part in the conception of this No. 84, for instance, is somewhat too manifest, and highly curious. The picture appears to represent an inlet of green water among desolate rocks, somewhere near the North Pole; the faint, pure, frosty, Arctic light penetrating into their jagged hollows; a shore of grey slime, washed down from the glaciers, stretches into the shallow water of the inlet, on which tongue of land (at the right hand of the spectator) Mr. Pyne has erected a small model of an Italian campanile and some clay houses. On the slope of the hill above he has carried his bitterness of mockery of any lost

[1] [James Baker Pyne (1800–1870) published in 1853 "The English Lake District," and in 1859 "The Lake Scenery of England." In 1842 he was admitted a member of the Society of British Artists, and for some years he was its Vice-President. The South Kensington Museum has some of his pictures, and the Tate Gallery one (No. 1545). In the first volume of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin had regretted that "this clever artist appears to be losing all sense of colour, and is getting more and more mannered in execution, evidently never studying from Nature except with the previous determination to Pynize everything" (pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. iv. § 10). An interesting appreciation of Pyne is given in W. J. Stillman's "Autobiography of a Journalist," vol. i. ch. vi.]

navigator to the extent of setting up some pillars as they usually stand in the alleys of vineyards, and arranging some copper foliage upon them, having a resemblance to vine leaves, distant indeed, but yet clear enough to be very painful to persons suffering from cold and hunger. It is true there is some Iceland moss in the foreground—(is it not slightly too brown for that lichen?); and his malice towards his fellow-men is tempered by some kindness for animals, since, by raising an island traversed by alternate terraces and slopes, in the middle of the lagoon, he has provided for the exercise and amusement of the white bears, who, it is well known, are fond of sliding down small slopes of this kind on their hind-quarters.

If Mr. Pyne is determined to paint these Arctic desolations, he would find that their real incidents were in the end more interesting, though less startling, than these grotesque introductions of Surrey-garden decoration; but I do not see why he should confine himself to Northern subjects. Among the Italian lakes, to one of which this very Polar scene bears (except in the forms of the mountains) so singular a resemblance as to have caused, I presume, the mistake in the catalogue, he would find materials which, though at first much more difficult to treat, would, in the end, reward his labour with a richer charm: shores dark with ilex and soft with olive are surely pleasanter than slimy shallows; and the Alps of the Simplon, soaring through their twelve thousand feet of air, purple with everlasting pines, are better worth painting than these little crags jutting out of the pools of the glacial sea, and hardly high enough to catch a few of the level rays of the revolving sun upon their lichenless edges.

Seriously and heartily, I am sorry for Mr. Pyne: his work has now become well worth sorrow. I never knew before that he cared for rosy lights and blue shadows, or could feel that there were other forms in the world than those of Mendip limestones. But I see here that he can, and that he is only shutting himself wilfully away from the beauty that he might delight in. All these scenes of fairy-land, which he supposes can only be got by fallacy, exist in truth—exist in tenderness and loveliness, greater than he has any dream of—greater than he could at present conceive possible. But between them and him lies a fiery

trial. His work, clever though it be, is at present wrong to the very core, so fatally has he blinded himself to the great facts of the earth. If he could bear to have this false work and the false principles involved in it fairly burnt away—burnt to their foundations—and, after humiliation in their ashes, will paint steadily for six months from things quiet in colour and commonplace (as he will at first suppose) in form—solemnly resolving to allow himself neither a fallacy nor an avoidable incompletion; and having done this penance, will then seek again some of his favourite scenes, he will find a new world opened to him, from which he will never desire to wander more.

115. MOZART'S LAST CHORUS. [*J. Morgan.*]

Not a good picture; but very touching in its subject,[1] and I think successful—(is it not? for musicians must be judges in this)—in the principal figure.

188. THE WINDINGS OF THE WYE. (*H. J. Boddington.*[2])

I am puzzled by the pictures of this class which the Society produces so abundantly. There are this year about fifty in the room of nearly equal average value; some are a little richer in blue than others—some a little warmer in brown; a few, Mr. Syer's chiefly—(201, for instance[3])—are more dexterous and light in touch than the rest; and one or two, like this 188, more ambitious in size and subject: but they may all be classed together as imperfect studies from pleasant mountain scenery, dependent for effect chiefly on redundance of rock forms and opposition of warm light to purple shade, with occasionally considerable tenderness of atmosphere—well studied reflections in water, and sharply touched sticks and stones in the

[1] [Thus described in the catalogue:—"It was evening. Mozart, ill and fatigued with working at his 'Requiem,' was delighted by a friend who came and told him that one of his operas was being performed at the theatre. His friend returned from time to time to report the progress they made. The composer, following the music in his own mind, at length became so excited, that he begged of each of his friends to take their part; had himself propped up in bed by his wife, Constance Weber, and led off in what proved, but too truly, his last chorus."]

[2] [Henry John Boddington (1811–1865) was one of the sons of Edward Williams, and changed his name because so many of the family were painters.]

[3] ["Mill near Aber, North Wales."]

foreground. Nevertheless, I do not look upon them as done by recipe. There is evidence in all of them that the painters have worked much out of doors, and have faced midges and wet weather many a long day before they could either get into those dexterous habits of rock-drawing, or give definite portraiture of all the rock basins in a torrent bed—as Mr. Pettitt has done in 139.[1] Moreover, I really think they love the hills: those elaborate pieces of mountain flank, touched with amber, look to me as if they were painted quite for love—not to speak of many pretty stones and cottages, and streams with foam on them, and even bubbles—yes, and for the first time, as far as I recollect, bubbles with colour (699).[2] But there is one fatal wrong in all of them, which is simply that nothing is *quite* right. The whole is respectable; but no single stone, no wreath of cloud, no cottage gable, is absolutely, decisively, insuperably good.

They are wrong, also, by having always too much of the same kind of thing: too much bank—all alike; too many rocks—all alike; each piece of the picture undoes another, and nobody ever feels inclined to ask for more.

Then, further, there are no strange things in them. Nature always looks strange when she is truly rendered, and is always doing what none of us expect from her. These painters never seem to get any out-of-the-way glimpses, or to catch one of the humours of the clouds in a wayward day. There was a little green bit of sunshine on the wet grass in the British Institution (234, C. Leslie),[3] which had far more sight in it than any of these large pictures, though sharing with them the last fault I have to name—overloading and too smooth laying of colour. Half as much paint would have produced a result twice as good. Titian would put glow into a whole head with no more paint than goes to one of the touches on these foregrounds.

252. A Fisherman's Daughter of Mola di Gaeta. (*F. Y. Hurlstone.*[4])

Is it too late for Mr. Hurlstone to recover himself? He

[1] ["The Studio, Foss Novyn, on the Conway."]

[2] ["Otter Hunting at Pont-y-Pare, Bettws-y-Coed," by J. P. Pettitt.]

[3] ["A Break in the Clouds after the Storm."]

[4] [Frederick Yeates Hurlstone (1800-1869), was President of the Society of British Artists from 1835 until his death. His pictures were mostly historical in subject.]

might have been a noble painter. Bad and coarse as it is, that bright fish is the best piece of mere painting in all the rooms; and I believe, if Mr. Hurlstone would set himself fairly to take account of his own work, he might yet feel how fast he is sinking. If he would but look some morning for half an hour steadily and closely at that piece of Thames slime, stained with dim gouts and blotches of vermilion, which he has given in the place of a left hand to the fisherman's daughter; and then walk straight into the National Gallery, and look for another half-hour at the drooped left hand of the princess—holding her crown—in Veronese's picture,[1] I do believe he might yet be seized with desire to recover his ground;—and this desire, in him, would be capacity.

454. THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE. (*J. Campbell, jr.*)

By far the best picture in the Suffolk Street rooms this year; full of pathos, and true painting. But I fear Mr. Campbell is unredeemably under the fatal influence which shortens the power of so many of the Pre-Raphaelites—the fate of loving ugly things better than beautiful ones. In his "Visit to the Old Sailor" (800), he has painted the rugged face well, but quite spoiled the child's. He ought to repaint the child's face; the rest of the drawing is worth any pains he could spend on it.

783. ROAST CHESTNUT SELLER. (*F. Smallfield.*)

An interesting and successful study, as are also several other drawings by this artist in this room. But he seems to me to be imitating William Hunt's execution, without thoroughly understanding the motive of it. If he does not see things rough, he should not paint them so: in No. 716 ["The Woodman's Boy"] the blue sleeve looks like worsted work, not like painting. He has, however, two excellent studies in the Royal Academy (33, 877).[2]

[1] ["The Family of Darius," No. 294.]
[2] [33. "The Strange Gentleman." 877. "The May-Gatherer."]

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

18. THE BASS ROCK. (*J. W. Whymper.*)

A MOST interesting subject, truly seen, and well rendered up to a certain point. There is no high power of present execution shown in it; but I think the painter must have great feeling, and perhaps even the rare gift of invention. Those bird-clouds are well wreathed and tossed, so as to show the noble form of the rock. I hope this painter may advance far.

63. BARDJ. AÇOUSS.[1] (*Charles Vacher.*)

There is great beauty of tone in many of Mr. Vacher's drawings, and their impression is often most pleasing; but he should really leave out the figures for some time to come, exercising himself in figure-drawing in the meanwhile; and also he needs to study individual pieces of foreground with more respect for their local colours. He is working too much by recipe, and the nearer stones are here very meagre.

111. THE RISING OF THE GROUND SEA: TREBARWITH, CORNWALL. (*S. Cook.*)

This is a drawing full of merit and feeling for sea; but there are five others by this artist in the room, and in all of them there is a green sea under a slight breeze, breaking on a flat shore. The sea thus represented six times over is indeed very like salt-water, and the waves shake well along

[1] [Part of the Roman Walls, from near the Valée Gate, Constantine, Algeria.]

their edges, giving more suggestion than usual of the tremulousness which so often runs in a kind of electric current along the whole length of a breaker's edge as it rises. But I sincerely hope Mr. Cook will make some effort to break from this slavery to one kind of wave. He might teach himself and us, a serviceable lesson by resolving, on the first morning of summer, when there was a likelihood of unsettled but not stormy weather during the day, to go down to the beach as soon after dawn as possible, and make a rapid sketch of the exact aspect of sea and sky at every two hours, as the day passed on, until sunset; afterwards trying to realize each with complete sincerity, and sending the nine drawings as a series to the next exhibition. He would find they attracted more notice than these repetitions of green breakers. 309[1] is, however, very lovely.

114. THE BAY OF NAPLES. (*T. L. Rowbotham.*)

What I said of Mr. Rowbotham's work last year I must take leave to repeat, for I do believe there is the making of a good landscape painter in him. I think, in spite of all his artificialness, he has enthusiasm—loves what he tries to paint, and works hard; and where there is enthusiasm, and no shirking of labour, there is no saying what a painter may make of himself if once he takes the right turn of the road. Of the merely blottesque workman I have far less hope. He is often more right, as far as he reaches, than the enthusiastic one; but there is no growth in him. Mr. Bennett,[2] for instance, perhaps looks out of his green shades with contempt on Mr. Rowbotham's white and blue, as feeling that he is simpler in heart and truer in purpose. But then he purposes nearly nothing—loving fields and trees only with a serene, vegetative affection; whereas if Mr. Rowbotham but once takes a fancy to finish one of his pretty subjects fairly on the spot—nay, if he but draws so much as the window of an Italian cottage completely—

[1] ["The Serpentine Rocks, Kynance Cove, Cornwall."]

[2] [William Bennett (1811–1871) is believed to have been taught by David Cox. He became a member of the New Water-Colour Society in 1848, and was a constant exhibitor. He was also in request as a teacher. There is a good drawing by him in the Tate Gallery (No. 1722). He was represented in the Exhibition of 1858 by nineteen drawings, mostly of fields and trees.]

his mind will be altered about many matters before the sketch is well dry; and then all his admiration of rocks and lakes may be brought into good service. At present it is sufficiently sad to see him defrauding himself of the very picturesqueness he delights in, by painting out of what he supposes to be his head, but is, in reality, only his habit. He knows well enough, as well as I do, that those trios of similar windows (compare 130)[1] are not particularly interesting; but he does not yet know that they are also impossible, and that there are the most delightful window groups to be had every day, and in every place, merely for the trouble of looking at them and noting them down.

182. SONG OF THE GEORGIAN MAIDEN.[2] (*H. Warren.*[3])

Full of cleverness; but continually false in passages, owing to the violent striving for brilliancy. I do not dwell upon the errors, because so dexterous an artist must surely know them well enough himself, and I suppose, therefore, he means, for the sake of dazzling, to persist in them.

207. IN THE FOREST OF DEAN. (*Edmund G. Warren.*)

A very interesting study. The dark side of the trunk is singularly consistent and right in its gradations; the effect of the whole as true as it is possible for anything to be which is not delicately coloured, but depends for all its results on mere brown, grey, and green, laid in right chiaroscuro.

I fear the success is mechanical; but I wish that the younger Pre-Raphaelite painters, who cannot yet bring their details into true balance of force, would take note how much appearance of truth to Nature has been obtained in this drawing merely by the consistent relations of its shade, and would try to give the same consistency to their own truer hues.

[1] ["Cetara in the Gulf of Salerno," by T. L. Rowbotham.]

[2] [Illustrating Moore's "Light of the Harem."]

[3] [Henry Warren (1794–1879) was President of the New Water-Colour Society from 1839 to 1873. He had originally studied sculpture (in the studio of Nollekens); then took to oil-painting, first exhibiting at the Academy in 1823; and afterwards adopting water-colour, became a member of the Society in 1835.]

218. NOAH—A MIRACLE PLAY.[1] (*Edward H. Corbould.*[2])

An amusing subject, which would, however, have been more intelligible if Mr. Corbould had quoted some of the text of the play. I recollect reading it with great edification one wet day at Chester, some ten years ago; but I remember now only the heroic determination of Noah's wife, and the less heroic resolves of her gossips, expressed as follows: I cannot answer for the spelling:—

Three Gossips.—Here is a pottle full of Malmsey, gode and stronge,
Tho' Noe thynke us never so longe,
Yet we will drink alyke.

Noah's wife.—Yea, Noe, set up your sayle,
And row forth with evylle hayle.
But I love my gossippes, each one.
One foote further will I not gone;
They shall not drown—*by Saint John*,
And I may save their lyffe.
But thou shalt let them into that kist,
Els, row forth, Noe, where thou list,
And gette thee a new wyf.

223. A STUDY IN WINTER, ADEL MOOR. (*T. Sutcliffe.*)

The furze in this drawing is admirable, and the whole thing got straight from Nature; but Mr. Sutcliffe chooses his subjects ill, owing, I believe, to his not working enough in chiaroscuro merely, and allowing himself to be captivated by a single pretty bit, like those golden brambles on the purple rock, without considering whether the forms and arrangement of the whole are available. He should now study for some time with a view to arrangement only.

[1] [Performed in the streets of Hull in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the catalogue were quoted various items from the MS. Book of Expenses of the Play.]

[2] [Edward Henry Corbould (b. 1815), a constant exhibitor at the New Water-Colour Society since 1837; many of his pictures are in the Royal collections. In 1851 he was appointed to instruct the Royal Family in drawing. For another reference to Mr. Corbould, see vol. i. of this book, p. 351 *n.*]

OLD SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

I CONGRATULATE the Society on its great advance this year. I have placed my notes on their drawings last, because it is pleasant to stay latest with old friends.

15. SNOWDON FROM CAPEL CURIG. (*D. Cox.*[1])

Though Mr. Cox's work is every year broader in handling, and therefore further, as mere work, from the completeness I would generally advocate, it becomes always more majestic or more interesting in conception. I have deeper sympathy with some of his this year's drawings than with any I ever yet saw from his hand. This is a rich and beautiful one; but the bits please me most which no one but he would have thought of painting, and which are made pictures of by a little thing in the right place, as 178 ["Going to Market"] is by the black and white dog. The bank above, and distance, are wonderful pieces of grey colour.

[1] [David Cox died in the year following this Exhibition, aged seventy-six. Mr. Ruskin's eulogy of him in the first edition of the first volume of "Modern Painters" was as follows: "David Cox, whose pencil never falls but in dew—simple-minded as a child, gentle, and loving all things that are pure and lowly, content to be quiet among the rustling leaves, and sparkling grass, and purple-cushioned heather, only to watch the soft white clouds melting with their own motion, and the dewy blue dropping through them like rain, so that he may but cast from him as pollution all that is proud, and artificial, and unquiet, and worldly, and possess his soul in humility and peace." Cox's handling became broader in his later period, as mentioned by Mr. Ruskin in these Notes. He defended Cox's "loose and blotted handling" as appropriate to his object ("M. P.," vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 20). For a later and less favourable notice, see "Lectures on Landscape," § 80.]

29. GATES AT THE VILLA SOMMARIVA,[1] LAKE OF COMO. (*W. Evans.*[2])

The drawing cannot be called good; but there is a new idea and vision of Gates in it, and it is therefore very noteworthy. But what does Mr. Evans mean by this coarse way of work, with so much odd good, and so much odd wrong, in it? 57,[3] for instance, has a great deal of good—and the violent wrong of vertical reflections of oblique lines, which spoils all; and 10[4] is very like Vesuvius and the Apennines in winter—a very certain piece of fact—but what very remarkable and objectionable mules!

33. HIGHLAND GILLIE, WITH DOGS AND BLACK GAME.

I suffer intense anxiety to see this remarkable gillie, who never grows old, and who has had for the last ten years of Mr. Tayler's painting him the same little portcullis of carmine on his left cheek, and the same narrow stream of liquorice down his forehead and the right side of his nose.

It is not Presidential work, Mr. Tayler[5]—you know as well as I that it is not right; and you know, better than I, how much you could do with that facile hand of yours if you chose. It seems to me you might paint dogs and ponies as well as Landseer, and Highland gillies, full of life, with real Celtic blood in their cheeks, instead of these little tartan patterns of rouge, if you would only forego for a year or two the pretty praise of the drawing-room—despise for ever the boisterous praise of the stable—and set yourself to paint veritable human nature, instead of

[1] [Now the Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia.]

[2] [William Evans (1809–1858), often called "Evans of Bristol" (where he was born) to distinguish him from another water-colour painter, William Evans "of Eton" (1798–1877). He was elected an Associate of the Society in 1845.]

[3] ["Wastwater Lake, Cumberland."]

[4] ["Near Sorrento: Morning."]

[5] [Frederick Tayler (1802–1889), a water-colour painter of sporting and pastoral subjects, was President of the Old Water-Colour Society from 1858 to 1871. In the first vol. of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin says: "There are few drawings of the present day that involve greater sensations of power than those of Frederick Tayler. Every dash tells, and the quantity of effect obtained is enormous in proportion to the apparent means. But the effect obtained is not complete. Brilliant, beautiful, and right as a sketch, the work is still far from perfection as a drawing" (pt. i. sec. ii. ch. i. § 8; *cf.* pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iv. § 21). See also above, p. 68.]

lay figures in tasselled caps (compare No. 132);[1] and veritable dog form and power, instead of those little yelping (they *do* yelp, certainly!) compounds of bistre-blots and flakes of white, with dots in every eye to make them glitter.

46. A MOUNTAIN TORRENT, LATE IN AUTUMN. (*C. Branwhite.*)

Further carried than the artist's usual work, expressing some sufficient solidity in the rocks, and reaching some grandeur of form in the hills. But whence came the idea of painting autumn in the Highlands without a mountain ash—nay, without one dead leaf or withered fern? I assume that this scene is to be imagined in the Highlands: it very certainly *is* nowhere; but it is more like a Scottish glen than a Welsh one (entirely unlike the Alps); and if Scottish scenery is pre-eminent in anything, it is just in the gold and scarlet of the mountain ashes in early November, and in the way the dark purple rocks get studded with the dead leaves like golden byzants, the wind carrying them in whirls into their crannies, and the moist mists fastening them to the surfaces without washing them down, till every lonely crag looks like one of Veronese's purple robes embossed with gold. How it is possible for a painter to walk once through a Highland glen in autumn and miss this I cannot conceive; nor how Mr. Branwhite, possessing some real power of drawing, can like these various conditions of scratch and dash in brown paint better than curled tops of closing fern, or than the splendid iron-russet sprays of the dead heath-blossoms, soft here and there with faint lilac, where a living bell remains.

However, slight and affected as the work is, it is firmer than last year's; and we must hope better things for the future.

62. A LINGERER. (*W. Turner.*)

Not up to Mr. Turner's usual work, but the only thing I have seen this year at all like heather. 172 is, however, a very impressive and precious drawing;[2] full of truth in

[1] ["Otter Hunting in the Highlands: Crossing a Ferry. From the pack of His Grace the Duke of Atholl."]

[2] ["View from Quiraing, a crater-like hollow in the hill near Steinsholl Bay, Isle of Skye."]

its far-off Highland hills, and glowing sky, and low-floating mists.

72. STY HEAD TARN, CUMBERLAND: EARLY MORNING. (*S. P. Jackson.*)

Very pathetic and true in its waves of mist under sunrise, but too monotonous in colour of clouds. The rock foreground expresses faithfully the fact, too often overlooked, of a great rounded mass of slate splitting and gaping gradually under frost, giving a flat-bottomed block at the top, with a rounded back like a turtle's, and flat tabular masses in succession below, rounded on their outer edges.

112. A WINTER SCENE—CARTING ICE. (*E. Duncan.*)

Carefully studied in some of its aerial effects; but winter mists would be enchanting indeed, if they could turn trees into knots of serpents. It is very strange that Mr. Duncan should work so conscientiously and quietly through the difficult part of his drawing, and yet not take the small pains which would have made the whole satisfactory, by sketching that tree on the left, and the pollard willow on the right, from Nature. Any tree in the world would have done; and when Mr. Duncan does draw a tree from Nature, he will find that a bough half a foot thick at the beginning of it, ramifies into more than two twigs at the end of it.

126. IN THE SABINE HILLS. (*Carl Haag.*[1])

Very beautiful and right—up to the point sought. I have perhaps never before seen a piece of the Italian limestone, scorched dry in the sun, so thoroughly realized, whether in the lie of the oblique beds under the shrine, or in the mass on this side of the path spotted with black lichen. The distant mountain is very soft and lovely in colour, and quite as true as lovely. The reflected light in the roof of the shrine is rightly cast and richly glowing. What can possibly be the matter with this picture—making it not a great one—for a great one assuredly it is not?

[1] [Carl Haag (*b.* 1820)—afterwards well known for his Eastern drawings—a native of Bavaria, settled in England 1847, and became an Associate of the Water-Colour Society in 1850. For an interesting notice of him, see the "History" of that Society, ii. 341-352.]

I believe the same things are the matter with it, only in a far less painful degree, which destroy so much of the value of Carl Haag's figure pieces: namely, a delight in texture rather than in forms or undulations of surface—or (in rougher words) in the skin rather than the make of things; further, a delight in violent contrasts of colour rather than in finely invented harmonies of it (the same thing as the endeavour of a composer to get effect by passages of flute and harp after drum and trumpet, instead of by real invention of successions in chords); and lastly and chiefly, a tendency to stage sentiment rather than life sentiment, making him insist always more on costume than expression—nay, in fact, always see costume first. And, observe, this error is not merely the common one of which the Pre-Raphaelites are so often accused (for the most part falsely), of painting accessories better than principalities, when the principalities are nevertheless seen and tried for. For in Carl Haag's work the principal things are *not* seen. A peasant offers herself to his eyes as a kind of book of patterns: the main phenomena of her are her cap and bodice; he cannot recover from the sensation of astonishment at her dress so as to discern that there is a human being within it. A man is, in his eyes, mainly different from a chamois in wearing leggings: if Cadmus had sown hobnails instead of teeth, one might have expected a crop of such men as these. I verily believe that the best thing the painter could do would be to go to the Tyrol, and himself wear green breeches and a conical hat till he got quite used to them, and perceived that there was really nothing so awful nor wonderful in either, but that he might paint without being overpowered by their presence.

He is, however, doing better every year. This landscape seems to me a great step in advance, and I hope we shall have more of the kind. Carl Haag's forte, as it has been in worsted among men, will evidently be in lichens among rocks; but that is no reason why these respectable and long-lived vegetables should not have their painters. By the way, they and the fungi have all fortune's favour this year; for William Hunt's beautiful little picture (244) is the first, so far as I know, painted entirely in honour of the little ephemeral beauties, as Carl Haag's is the first which has

entirely expressed the character of the black stains of mountain life which hardly change their shapes in a thousand years.

130. LIHOU ISLAND, NEAR GUERNSEY. (*P. J. Naftel.*)

An excellent study of sea-shore. His "Rocquaine Bay," 53, is hung so high that it is likely to escape notice; and this would be a pity, were it but for the beauty of the subject: it is pleasant to know what lovely lanes there are in the Channel Islands, in full green in this present spring time. Rather too green, I think, here on paper. Tree shadows are more violet.

197. DECLINING DAY. VIEW IN ARGYLLSHIRE. (*A. P. Newton.*[1])

It is curious what compensation time and tide bring for every evil. First come railroads, to make us all restless; next come faithful painters, to draw everything so well that we needn't leave home to see it. Let Mr. Newton but draw all the four sides of Ben Nevis as he has done this one, and nobody need ever go to the mountain again for the mere sake of seeing what it is like. I know all about it, nearly, already, though I never have been near it, merely by this one drawing—quite wonderful in its expression of Scottish hill form, and very right and noble in colour. I believe it was hastily finished under heavy disadvantage, owing to an accident which happened to the painter; the foreground is therefore coarse, and I think the lower purples of the mountain may, in another such drawing, be purer and lovelier; but the expression of its shaly sides and knotted crags cannot be much bettered.

In 145 ["Entrance to the Caledonian Canal"] the mountains are also nobly drawn, but the foreground is again incomplete; the houses and other near objects look mean and small.

[1] [Alfred Pizzey Newton (1830–1883) was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in the year of this Exhibition, and a full member in 1879. Newton had previously made some sketches in the Highlands for Queen Victoria; he was also commissioned by her to paint a picture for a wedding gift to the Princess Royal on her marriage.]

285. AN ITALIAN COTTAGE DOOR. (*Alfred Fripp.*[1])

All of this painter's work in the room is of exceeding interest to me, more significative of progress and more full in promise than any other; and that in three ways—in method of work, system of shade, and intention of sentiment.

In method of work it is pure and straightforward, truly *painted*—not sponged or washed; and in places completely finished. I cannot but suppose it is through mere accident and want of time that this principal subject (285) is so unequal in completion; portions of it are quite sketchy and coarse, while other portions of it even give hope that Mr. Fripp may in due time not unworthily fill some of the places which John Lewis has left vacant on the walls. I feared at first, on seeing how the face and dress of the mother were wrought, while the arbour and architecture were neglected, that Mr. Fripp had not disentangled himself from the old fallacy about generalizing subordinate parts; but I see with comfort that some subordinate parts—the cat, winking in the sun, and the pinks, for instance, on the right hand—are carried nearly to faultless completion. On the whole I think that passage nearly the best bit of painting in the room. It has no look of painful elaboration; shows no stipple or mannerism of touch; appears to be done easily as well as completely; and is quite beautiful in the conception of its pale colour in the sun. But much has to be done yet, Mr. Fripp. Our Italian mother is unsatisfactory; it is but smirking, not passionate, maternity; her gown is well drawn, but not her body; our old woman plays her part of monster too monstrously; our vines will never grow any grapes. We must have everything up to the cat's mark next year, please.

Then, in the second place, Mr. Fripp's work is progressive in its system of shade, or rather of light. That Church of St. Olivano[2] (37), which looks so strange in its paleness among all the old-fashioned water-colours about it, has had its colours carefully matched with sunshine. Only it will

[1] [Alfred Downing Fripp (b. 1822) was younger brother of George Fripp (see p. 106 *n.*). He became Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1844, and member in 1846. During the years of Ruskin's "Academy Notes" Fripp lived at Rome, and his drawings were all of Italian subjects.]

[2] [The "Maddolina" and Church of San Rocco, Olivano.]

never do to leave hard edges and thin washes, if we are going to paint in that key. Treble notes must not be sharp and thin; the higher they are the more tender they must be, and in a certain sense the richer: it is the rich trebles that are sweet and precious, not the meagre ones. The paler the tone of a picture the more sweet must be its textures, and the more subtle its gradations; else it will always look like a strange half-finished sketch, not as this picture really is, a most truthful study of sunlight. What people usually suppose to be like sunlight in pictures is only like twilight or lamplight; this goes nearly as far towards Italian noonday as poor paper and colour can reach.

And, in the third but the chief place, all Mr. Fripp's pictures are well designed, their subjects being chosen with great sense of the moral force and meaning of every incident; even the small figures in this are entirely right in conception. But he has not yet enough knowledge of the figure to carry out his purposes; he is, indeed, quite in a transitional state, hesitating between landscape and figures. I think, chiefly in consequence of the way he has put in those monks of St. Olivano, that it will be quite worth his while to make the figures principal. No. 101, also, "Evening on the Abruzzi Mountains," is in idea a most beautiful picture. But of course neither the drawing of boy or dog is as yet possible to the artist; he must choose between retracting his figures into insignificance, and leaving only hills and clouds, or enabling himself, by a good hard year or two's work, to draw the figures rightly. I hope he will choose the steeper path.

244. FUNGI.[1] (*W. Hunt.*)

That we may have the pleasure of parting with words of unqualified praise, we must look last at this exquisite drawing, and therefore must glance, somewhat out of their order, at Mr. S. Palmer's "Going to India," 256, which looks at first cruder and harsher than it is, but gains by a long look, and has deep feeling in it; and so, taking what good there is on the screens as we pass (especially Carl Haag's "Arch at Spalatro," 288, another of the save-trouble drawings which

[1] [See also No. 149 in the "Notes on Prout and Hunt," p. 336 of this volume.]

are as good as seeing the thing itself), to Mr. Hunt's "View from Richmond Hill," 306, very notable for its air, and sunshine, and quaint expression of the contentment of the worthy English middle classes in sitting on benches beside park palings; as well as for its expression of all the ugliest and intensely characteristic qualities of our English elms, and, indeed, of our English trees generally, which always appear to me, as compared with French trees, to grow in paroxysms of *mauvaise honte*, sticking out their elbows everywhere in the wrong places, and stiffening themselves against every breeze that would bend them into grace, till all their leaves stand on end at last in sheer misery and shame at the shapes they have been got into.[1] Then to the "Peach and Grapes," 314, wherein note the wonderful light in dark of the peach's dark side, and the subtle finish of composition by help of the strawberry, whose stalk follows and relieves the curve of the round peach, and with the raised point of its green receptacle (or whatever the botanists call it) expresses its sympathy, as far as a strawberry can, with the descending curve of the bunch of grapes. Then across to 232 ["Fruit"], one of the very noblest fruit pieces which Mr. Hunt ever painted, and look well at the greengages, and the brown spots in the shadow on them. How he gets that stalk, with all its faint colour, to stand out, as it clearly does, an inch from the plums, so that but for the glass it is all but[2] morally certain we might lay hold of it, passes nearly all the mysteries of imitative painting I have seen. And thus, lastly, to these scarlet—no, not scarlet—nor crimson—nor in any wise speakably coloured fungi, for which, with a serious heart, I thank the painter, and with more thanks than I can give for any other picture here, as having best shown us the gracious splendour which there is in the meanest herb of the field.

[1] [For another reference to the gracefulness of French trees, see "Modern Painters," vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 41.]

[2] Not *quite* certain—there is a shade of doubt about its tangibility—just enough to keep it in its rank of noble painting. All entirely deceptive work is bad.

V

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE OLD AND NEW

SOCIETIES OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

AND THE FRENCH EXHIBITION

1859

PREFACE

I HOPE henceforward to do without preface; for the real state of our schools in any given year cannot be described in few words, and after the most earnest analysis of the causes of advance or decline, the real result will always be inexplicable. Great painters will every now and then appear when no one expects them; or perhaps disappear suddenly through trap-doors without any visible reason for their exit; and the critic can only congratulate in simplicity, or lament in amazement. The present Exhibition shows steady advance among the younger students; the more experienced masters, whether Academic or Pre-Raphaelite, are either absent or indolent; but I have never seen the Academy walls show so high an average of good work.[1]

[1] [Of the 1859 "Notes" there was only one edition.]

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

12. REMINISCENCES OF THE BALL. (*G. D. Leslie.*[1])

It must be a great delight to Mr. Leslie to see his son do such good work as this. There is not a prettier little piece of painting on the walls, and very few half so pretty. All the accessories, too, are at once quaint and graceful, showing an enjoyment of elegance in form (even down to the design of the frame of the picture, and the bars of the chair) which is very rare among the young painters of the rising school. This grace of fancy is shown no less in the little Chinese subject by the same artist (351, "Kin-le-Chaon"), which, however, is not quite so thoroughly painted. I shall look anxiously for Mr. Leslie's work next year, for he seems to have truly the power of composition, and that is the gift of gifts if it be rightly used. He colours very well already.

13. A BOY IN FLORENTINE COSTUME. (*Mrs. J. B. Hay.*)

Very masterly and complete in effect, and like the Val d'Arno; so also its companion, No. 173.[2] But the intention of this latter is mistaken. An English boy, however luxuriously bred, has usually twenty times the firmness in his face that an Italian one has. Italian boys are beautiful—full of vitality and roguery; lazy, and, on the whole, well fed, wherever I have seen them. There is more misery of

[1] [Mr. George Dunlop Leslie (b. 1835), youngest son of C. R. Leslie, R.A., was elected A.R.A. in 1868, and R.A. in 1876.]

[2] ["England and Italy. Painted in the Val d'Arno, 1859." In a note in the catalogue the artist explains her intention: "Two boys, one of English type, the other an Italian boy of the people. In one I have endeavoured to express the pure happiness of our children; in the other, the obstination of the oppressed and suffering poor of Italy."]

an outward and physical kind in a couple of London back-streets than in a whole Italian town. Mental degradation, not physical suffering, constitutes the slavery of Italy; both constitute that of England. Italian slavery is infinitely grander than ours. The souls of Italy at least need iron bars to bind them, ours need only the threads of purses.

15. THE VALE OF REST.[1] (*J. E. Millais, A.*)

I have no doubt the beholder is considerably offended at first sight of this picture—justifiably so, considering what might once have been hoped for from its painter; but unjustifiably, if the offence taken prevents his staying by it, for it deserves his study. "We are offended by it." Granted. Perhaps the painter did not mean us to be pleased. It may be that he supposed we should have been offended if we had seen the real nun digging her real grave;[2] that she and it might have appeared to us not altogether pathetic, romantic, or sublime, but only strange or horrible; and that he chooses to fasten this sensation upon us rather than any other.

It is a temper into which many a good painter has fallen before now. You would not find it a pleasant thing to be left at twilight in the church of the Madonna of the Garden at Venice, with the last light falling on the skeletons—half alive, dreamy, stammering skeletons—shaking the dust off their ribs, in Tintoret's "Last Judgment."[3] Perhaps even you might not be at your ease before one or two pale crucifixes which I remember of Giotto's and other not mean men, where the dark red runlets twine and trickle from the feet down to the skull at the root of the cross. Many an ugly spectre and ghastly face has been painted by the gloomier German workmen before now, and been in some sort approved by us; nay, there is more horror by far, of a certain

[1] ["Where the weary find repose" was added in the catalogue as a motto. This picture is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1507). "Staring, coarse, black, and unpleasing," was the description of it in the *Athenæum*. "Year Mr. Millais gave forth those terrible nuns in the graveyard"—thus did *Punch* characterize 1859. In 1862 Millais repainted the head of the seated nun. For various particulars about the picture, see "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery" (British schools).]

[2] I believe, in point of fact, nuns neither dig their own graves nor erect tombstones; but we will take the picture on its own terms.

[3] [This is the picture described in "Modern Painters," vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iii. §§ 23, 24.]

Sir J.E. Millais, R.A. Allen & Co Sc

The Vale of Rest

From the picture in the Tate Gallery

kind, in modern French works—Vernet's Eylau and Plague, and such like—which we do not hear any one declaim against; nay, which seem to meet a large division of public taste—than in this picture which so many people call "frightful."

Why *so* frightful? Is it not because it is so nearly beautiful?—Because the dark green field, and windless trees, and purple sky might be so lovely to persons unconcerned about their graves?

Or is it that the faces are so ugly? You would have liked them better to be fair faces, such as would grace a drawing-room; and the grave to be dug in prettier ground—under a rose-bush or willow, and in turf set with violets—nothing like a bone visible as one threw the mould out. So, it would have been a sweet piece of convent sentiment.

I am afraid that it is a good deal more like real convent sentiment as it is. Death—confessed for king before his time—asserts, so far as I have seen, some authority over such places; either unperceived, and then the worst, in drowsy unquickening of the soul; or felt and terrible, pouring out his white ashes upon the heart—ashes that burn with cold. If you think what the kind of persons who have strength of conviction enough to give up the world might have done for the world had they *not* given it up; and how the King of Terror must rejoice when he wins for himself another soul that might have gone forth to calm the earth, and folds his wide white wings over it for ever (He also gathering his children together); and how those white sarcophagi, towered and belfried, each with his companies of living dead, gleam still so multitudinous among the mountain pyramids of the fairest countries of the earth—places of silence for their sweet voices; places of binding for their faithfullest hands; places of fading for their mightiest intelligences;—you may, perhaps, feel also that so great wrong cannot be lovely in the near aspect of it; and that if this very day, at evening, we were allowed to see what the last clouds of twilight glow upon in some convent garden of the Apennines, we might leave the place with some such horror as this picture will leave upon us; not all of it noble horror, but in some sort repulsive and ignoble.

It is, for these reasons, to me, a great work. Nevertheless,

part of its power is not to the painter's praise. The crude painting is here in a kind of harmony with the expression of discord which was needed. But it is crude—not in momentary compliance with the mood which prompted this wild design, but in apparent consistency of decline from the artist's earlier ways of labour.

Pass to his other picture—the "Spring"[1]—and we find the colour not less abrupt, though more vivid. And when we look at this fierce and rigid orchard—this angry blooming (petals, as it were, of japanned brass); and remember the lovely wild roses and flowers scattered on the stream in the "Ophelia";[2] there is, I regret to say, no ground for any diminution of the doubt which I expressed two years since respecting the future career of a painter who can fall thus strangely beneath himself.

The power has not yet left him. With all its faults, and they are grievous, this is still mighty painting: nothing else is as strong, or approximately as strong, within these walls. But it is a phenomenon, so far as I know, unparalleled hitherto in art history, that any workman capable of so much should rest content with so little. All former art, by men of any intellect, has been wrought, under whatever limitations of time, as well as the painter could do it; evidently with an effort to reach something beyond what was actually done: if a sketch, the sketch showed a straining towards completion; if a picture, it showed a straining to a higher perfection. But here, we have a careless and insolent indication of things that might be; not the splendid promise of a grand impatience, but the scrabbled remnant of a scornfully abandoned aim.

And this wildness of execution is strangely associated with the distortion of feature which more or less has been sought for by this painter from his earliest youth; just as it was by Martin Schongauer and Mantegna. In the first picture (from Keats's "Isabella") which attracted public attention, the figure in the foreground writhed in violence

[1] [No. 298. This picture, better known under the title "Apple Blossoms," is now in the possession of Mr. Clarke. The central figure was painted from Miss Georgiana Moncrieff (afterwards Countess of Dudley). The history of the picture—"the most unfortunate of Millais's pictures," Lady Millais called it—is given in the "Life and Letters," i. 323.]

[2] [Exhibited at the Academy in 1852. For other references to it, see below, pp. 265, 266, 269.]

or constrained rage; in the picture of the "Holy Family at Nazareth" the Virgin's features were contorted in sorrow over a wounded hand; violent ugliness of feature spoiled a beautiful arrangement of colour in the "Return of the Dove," and disturbed a powerful piece of dramatic effect in the "Escape from the Inquisition."[1] And in this present picture, the unsightliness of some of the faces, and the preternatural grimness of others, with the fierce colour and angular masses of the flowers above, force upon me a strange impression, which I cannot shake off—that this is an illustration of the song of some modern Dante, who, at the first entrance of an Inferno for English society, had found, carpeted with ghostly grass, a field of penance for young ladies, where girl-blossoms, who had been vainly gay, or treacherously amiable, were condemned to recline in reprobation under red-hot apple blossom, and sip scalding milk out of a poisoned porringer.

40. THE NIGHT BEFORE NASEBY. (*A. L. Egg, A.*)

An interesting contribution to the store of hints for better understanding of English history which painters and poets are now continually throwing out for us. This scene is, however, hardly strange enough to have the look of reality: it is what we should, or could, all imagine about Cromwell; while most likely, if we had really been able to look into his tent the night before Naseby, the look of him would have been something different from what we should have imagined. A picture which is not at first a little wonderful to us, can hardly at last be true to us.

63. A HUFF (*J. Phillip, A.*)

Full of powerful and dexterous painting; but ungraceful, and slightly vulgar. This last character is given chiefly by the brilliancy of petticoat and chenille, prevailing at once over passions, faces, and landscape. It is, indeed, quite

[1] ["Lorenzo and Isabella" (1848) is now in the Corporation Gallery at Liverpool. "Christ in the House of His Parents" (1849) is in the collection of Mrs. Beer. "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" (1851) is in the University Gallery at Oxford. For "The Escape of a Heretic" (1857), see above, p. 93. Mr. Ruskin had called attention to the point noticed above in his second letter to the *Times*, on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren" ("Arrows of the Chace," i. 94).]

right to elaborate details; but not the ignoblest details first and best. All! or none. If chenille—then, *à fortiori*, orange bough and blossom; if blue petticoat—*à fortiori*, blue sky. The orange tree, it might be said, would have spoiled the faces if it had been made out. Then put something behind them that will not spoil them; but always paint it well, whatever it is.

95. THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR CHARLES HOTHAM.[1] (*G. Richmond, A.*)

This is a very noble portrait; full of simple and manly character, vigorous and complete in workmanship: but all the best of it is here lost, and what deficiency exists in its dark colour brought out, both by its height above the eye, and by the neighbourhood of the white dresses in the portraits beneath it; and thus a great injustice is done to the painter, and a real loss (for it is a serious one not to see this admirably wrought head better) caused to the public, merely for the sake of the symmetries of the saloon—that a diagonal line of general in No. 95 may balance a diagonal line of lady in No. 69.[2] In the Louvre, at this moment, the French use their best old pictures, the treasures of Europe, in the same way, and hang Titian's and Rubens's portraits to balance each other, forty feet above the eye. Such treatment of great pictures is simply, and in the full sense of the word, "savage"; such things cannot be done, whether by us here, or by the French in the Louvre, but in a clownish ignorance of the meaning of the word "picture," and of the entire value and purpose of painting. And, indeed, when the pictures are wholly precious and perfect, like the Titian with the red-capped St. Joseph, which the French have hung high out of sight in the Louvre, or like the Sir Joshua's "Holy Family," which we have thrust into the darkest room in Marlborough House,[3] "clownish" is not a strong enough word for the mischief; "savage" is the accurate expression. A clown buys ornaments for his cottage

[1] [Sir Charles Hotham, R.N., K.C.B. (1800–1855), was Governor of the colony of Victoria (1854–55): painted for presentation to the corporation of the city of Melbourne.]

[2] ["The Countess della Torre," by R. Buckner.]

[3] ["The "Holy Family" (No. 78) is now a wreck, owing to Sir Joshua's unfortunate experiments with his pigments; it has for many years been withdrawn from exhibition.]

chimney-piece, without much understanding of their merit as works of art; but at least he puts them where he can see them. But your savage, to whom, after much polite and instructive conversation about England, thinking to deepen the impression on his mind, you make a present of miniatures of the Queen and Prince Albert, presently attaches the Queen to one ear and Prince Albert to the other, and dances round you with a howl. We two great nations, French and English, "wear" our noble pictures precisely in this manner.

It is to be hoped that in the arrangement of the building about to be raised for the occupation of the Academy,[1] the fact may be at last acknowledged that a picture which is worth seeing at all is worth seeing well; that a picture gallery needs space, but not height—and rational sequence, not overwhelming concentration, of its treasures.

The portrait of the Dean of Westminster,[2] No. 510, shows Mr. Richmond's power more satisfactorily.

113. CLARKSON STANFIELD, ESQ., R.A. (*D. Macnee.*[3])

A good portrait;[4] only Mr. Stanfield's eyes are more piercing, even in general, and must be especially so when he is sketching. And surely the portrait of a landscape painter ought to have a background. Velasquez always allows his admirals a little sea; might not Mr. Stanfield have had at least a rock and a wave?

135. WAITING FOR THE FERRY-BOAT—UPPER EGYPT. (*J. F. Lewis, A.*)

Well, of course, it is very nice. Housings and camels—palm trees—clouds, and sheik. But waiting for a ferry-boat is dull work; and are we never to get out of Egypt any more? nor to perceive the existence of any living creatures but Arabs and camels? Is there nothing paintable in England, nor Spain, nor Italy? Or, in the East, if we *must* live in

[1] [The present Burlington House.]

[2] [R. C. Trench, Dean of Westminster, 1856–1863; Archbishop of Dublin, 1864-1834.]

[3] [Sir David Macnee (1806–1882), portrait-painter, was elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1829. He became its President in 1876, and was knighted.]

[4] [Painted for the Portrait Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy.]

the East, is no landscape ever visible but a dead level of mud raised two feet above a slow stream? I have heard of lovely hills and convents at Athos—of green trees and flowing waters at Damascus—of mighty rocks at Petra and Mount Hor—of wonderful turrets and enamelled walls at Cairo: surely the mosaic of a marble turret is as pretty a thing to paint as a camel-housing; and it would take no more trouble to draw the ridges of an Arabian mountain than the folds of that everlasting sheik's cloak! We go to this melancholy Egypt through plague, and mosquitoes, and misery of every sort—and all we see for our pains is a camel with a fine carpet on his back. Cannot we see that any day at the Zoological Gardens? But the Sphinx, and the temples, and the hieroglyphics, and the mirage, and simoom, and everything that we want to know about, and that one would be so thankful to have painted properly—shall we never have any of these? It is too unkind of you, Mr. Lewis; and it serves you quite right to be put up there, where nobody can see a bit of your good work, but only your dull subject. But what is this we have got put underneath you, which looks like a tobacconist's sign? a valuable work it is to be hoped—let us see.

137. THE FUSEE. (*A. Cooper, R.A.*[1])

The sublime of English art, truly! A lake, with ingenious white touches at the edges, to mark it from the mountains; some rocks of leather; sky-blue heather; wooden-headed people, displaying themselves in the athletic exercise of smoking; and a pool of water, with vertical reflections of sloping lines! A superb art lesson for the line of the Academy—heroic and optical at once. It is interesting, especially, to see that, in the present state of British science, one may write R.A. after one's name, yet not be able to paint a gutter.

160. THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DELLA SALUTE. (*D. Roberts, R.A.*)

My dear Mr. Roberts, *is* this like a church built of white

[1] [Abraham Cooper (1787–1868) was elected A.R.A. in 1817, and R.A. in 1820. In the year of this Exhibition he was seventy-two. His works were mostly of sporting subjects. Two small pictures by him, of the year 1818, are in the South Kensington Museum.]

Carrara marble? La Salute is verily as white as snow in some places; black-spotted or ochre-spotted in others; but delicate and lovely everywhere. And then the gondoliers! still always where they couldn't possibly row! It would be very comfortable for gondoliers if they might stand in the middle of the boat close by the canopy; but to their sorrow, sometimes to their misfortune, they must stand far back, poised on the point of the giddy stern. I say "sometimes to their misfortune;" for, as if specially to illustrate Mr. Leslie's[1] declaration, in defence of Canaletti against some faultfinding of mine, that the water, "as it approached the houses, was sheltered from the breeze," my strongest gondolier was blown off his perch into the canal at my own door one day, just opposite this very church, and had nearly been brained against the doorstep.

I much regret Mr. Roberts's abandonment of his old picturesque subjects for these severe ones. He had a great gift of expressing the ins and outs of Spanish balconies and roofs, and the hollow work of complex tracery; and all his skill of this kind is now passing away into formal architectural drawing in brown and grey. His old painting of the spires of Burgos Cathedral—of its turreted chapter-house—the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella—the towers and courts of the Alhambra, &c., involved points of interest and displays of skill which none of his subjects at present either contain or admit; while their generally smaller size prevented the painter's wearying at his work, and enabled us to have five or six subjects each year instead of two.

165. MARY MAGDALENE.[2] (*J. R. Herbert, R.A.*)

Very beautiful, and an interesting example of the noble

[1] "Handbook for Young Painters," p. 269. [*Cf.* pp. 33, 34, above. The passage in the "Handbook" is as follows:—"Another instance of the detection of a supposed falsehood by Mr. Ruskin, in a great painter, but which in fact is a truth, occurs in his description of Canaletti's method of treating water. After describing, with much severity, the ripples in the open part of a canal, he says (and in the way of censure) that 'three hundred yards away all the houses are reflected as clear and as sharp as in a quiet lake.' And most assuredly they are, because Canaletti painted what he saw; and the water, as it approached the houses, being sheltered by them from the breeze that occasions the ripple in the middle of the canal, was there as calm as 'a quiet lake.'" Leslie's reference was to "Modern Painters," vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. i. § 18.]

[2] [Study for part of a picture of the holy women passing at daybreak over the place of crucifixion.]

tendency of modern religious art to conceive scenes as they really in probability occurred; not in merely artistic modification or adaptation.

The picture tells its story sufficiently, and needs no comment. It is not of high artistic merit, but a sincere and gentle conception, adequately, and therefore very touchingly, expressed.

167. "JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED." (*W. Mulready, R.A.*)

I see that this picture has been depreciatingly spoken of in several of the journals. I think unjustly so. It is as good as Mr. Mulready's work usually is. I had occasion last year to point out the general defect of that work—namely, that the painter is evidently thinking only of himself and his drawing—never caring the least about what he has to draw; of which, therefore, he misses precisely the most valuable characters, and succeeds in using more skill in painting Nothing than any painter ever spent before on that subject.

If the trees in the background are supposed to be typical of education, they ought to have been better grown. Mr. Mulready's trees are often supposed by artists to be well drawn, merely because they are well *rounded*. But they are, nevertheless, mannered in execution, and false in tree anatomy.

190. BARLEY HARVEST ON THE WELSH COAST. (*C. P. Knight.*)

A delightful subject, forcibly, because harmoniously, rendered, though without any subtlety of execution. I am glad to observe how much the public enjoy a piece of plain fact like this, plainly told; and how they rejoice in their gradual discovery that ground may be golden and sea blue, no less than brown and grey.

211. JEANIE DEANS AND QUEEN CAROLINE. (*C. R. Leslie, R.A.*)

The more I learn of art, the more respect I feel for Mr. Leslie's painting, as such; and for the way it brings out the expressional result he requires. Given a certain quantity

of oil colour to be laid with one touch of pencil, so as to produce at once the subtlest and largest expressional result possible, and there is no man now living who seems to me to come at all near Mr. Leslie, his work being, in places, equal to Hogarth for decision, and here and there a little lighter and more graceful (Hogarth always laying his colour somewhat in daubs and spots). But I am obliged to write above, "the result he (Mr. Leslie) requires," as being very completely distinguished from the result that other people might possibly require. So long, indeed, as Mr. Leslie is dealing only with delicate, lady-like, or gentleman-like expression, he is a consummately faithful artist. I cannot help referring once more to his exquisite Belinda and her lover, in his "Rape of the Lock," as types of all that can be asked in such painting; and in this picture before us, the Queen, and still more the dark-robed Lady Suffolk, are quite beautiful; as also in No. 152,[1] Lady Percy. But Jeanie here! and Harry there!! Alas, the day! Examine the two pictures well: they are among the most instructive that ever yet appeared on the Academy walls, in showing the possibility of entering completely into the spirit of the gracefulnesses of society, without the power of conceiving Heroism. To a certain extent, the mind of Reynolds was of this stamp. He could conceive a most refined lord or lady, but not a saint or Madonna; and his best hero, Lord Heathfield,[2] is but an obstinate old English gentleman after all.

Gainsborough takes very nearly the same view of us. Hogarth laughs at or condemns us. Leslie, accustomed to high English life, supposes that this was Harry Percy's way of wearing his spurs. Is it not a rather strange matter that our seers, or painters, contemplating the English nation, cannot, all of them put together, paint an English hero? Nothing more than an English gentleman in an obstinate state of mind about keys; with an expression which I can conceive so exceedingly stout a gentleman of that age as occasionally putting on, even respecting the keys of the cellaret. Pray, consider of it a little, good visitors to the Royal Academy in the afternoon, whether it is altogether the painter's fault, or anybody else's!

[1] ["Hotspur and Lady Percy." First Part of *Henry IV.*, Act ii. sc. 3.]
[2] [No. 111 in the National Gallery.]

237. A MALTESE XEBEC ON THE ROCKS OF PROCIDA.[1] (*C. Stanfield, R.A.*)

It is rather singular that the castle of Ischia, which appears in the distance of this picture, is almost the only piece of really picturesque architecture which is to be found on the Academy walls this year.

It is not, perhaps, one of Mr. Stanfield's best works, but his mountain forms are always true and bold; and after infinite and infinitesimal calls upon one's sympathy from leaves and dragon-flies, one is glad of a piece of solid rock and wall, about which one is not expected to "feel" anything particular.

310. SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS.[2] (*T. Faed.*)

This will of course be a very popular picture, and deserves to be so, having every claim to our observance which kindly feeling and steady average painting can give it. It does not possess any first-rate qualities; but has no serious faults, and much gentle pathos. The figure of the healthy sister, looking up, seems to me the best.

316. THE ROSE GARLAND. (*W. C. T. Dobson.*)

Evidently a most faithful portrait (colour only excepted) of a dear, good little girl—such an one as may be seen often enough, Heaven be praised! at cottage doors in England, or in France, or in Germany, or in Switzerland, or, I suppose, in Sweden. South of the Alps or Pyrenees, or east of the Carpathians, one finds that kind of face no more. What does that peculiar northern sweetness consist in, which never showed itself, even to Giotto, nor to Raphael? their beauty being of another kind wholly—more pensive, less wise, and less active.

[1] [A steam-tug and Neapolitan boats rendering assistance. The island and castle of Ischia in the distance.]

[2] [In the catalogue an illustrative "Extract from a Letter from Canada" was given:—"We have no church here but our loghouse, or the wide forest; and a grand kirk the forest makes—not even the auld cathedral has such pillars, space, nor so high a roof; so we e'en take turns about on Sunday in reading the Bible. We are all well except Jeannie, and as happy as can be, considering the country and ties we have left. Poor Jeannie is sadly changed; her only song now is, 'Why left I my hame?' But for her illness, our lot ought not to be an unhappy one."]

329. FELICE BALLARIN RECITING "TASSO" TO THE PEOPLE OF CHIOGGIA. (*F. Goodall, A.*[1])

This is a great advance beyond all Mr. Goodall's former work. It is entirely higher in aim, and deeper in rendering of character; the subject interesting; the faces, for the most part, evidently portraits, and good portraits (especially those dark ones of the men in the background); the colour, in some separate portions, rich and good, showing qualities which never before appeared to be in the least sought for, much less reached, by the painter. In fact, Mr. Goodall has been looking at Titian instead of Wilkie, and that makes a large difference in what will be got by looking.

Nevertheless the picture is far from right yet; and its failure involves an important principle, which it may be of use to state generally, at a time when nearly all our younger painters are making those vigorous efforts in new directions. It is wholly impossible to paint an effect of sunlight truly. It never has been done, and never will be. Sunshine is brighter than any mortal can paint, and all resemblances to it must be obtained by sacrifice. In order to obtain a popularly effective sunlight, colour must be sacrificed. De Hoogh, Cuyp, Claude, Both, Richard Wilson, and all other masters of sunshine, invariably reach their most telling effects by harmonies of gold with grey, giving up the blues, rubies, and freshest greens. Turner did the same in his earlier work. Modern Pre-Raphaelites, and Turner in his later work, reached magnificent effects of sunshine colour, but of a kind necessarily unintelligible to the ordinary observer (as true sunshine colour will always be, since it is impossible to paint it of the pitch of light which has true relation to its shadows). And thus the "Sun of Venice," and the "Slave Ship," with Hunt's "Two Gentlemen of

[1] [Frederick Goodall (b. 1822) first exhibited at the Academy in 1839. He was elected A.R.A. in 1853, and R.A. in 1863. In later years he has been best known for his Eastern landscapes, of which a characteristic specimen is in the Tate Gallery (No. 1562). The subject of the picture noticed above was taken, Mr. Goodall informs me, from his own observation. "Felice Ballarin," he writes, "was the name of the reciter. He was a native of Chioggia, but above the peasant class. It was a constant feast to me to watch the earnest expressions of the people who listened to his recitations. I always had my sketching pocket-book at hand to put down their attitudes and expressions."]

Verona," "Stray Sheep," and such others, failed of almost all their due effect on the popular mind.[1]

In landscape, nevertheless, to which sunshine is often necessary as part of its expression, the sacrifice must be made; and the public will, in time, understand it. But in figures, sunshine is rarely a necessary part of the expression; and all figure pictures in which it is introduced must be, to a certain extent, offensive. The obstinate endeavours of the Pre-Raphaelites to get vermilion transparencies and purple shadows into flesh, have been one of the principal and most justifiable grounds of the long opposition to them. And all great work whatsoever, of the highest school, refuses sunlight; and admits only a kind of glowing twilight, like that of Italy a quarter of an hour after sunset.

Under these circumstances, choice must be made firmly and completely. Give up your sunlight, and you may get Titian's twilight. Give up your Titianesque depth, and you may, by thorough study from Nature, get some approximation to noonday flame. But you cannot have both. Mr. Goodall has attempted both, and, of course, missed both—chiefly his sunshine, from mere inattention to its effects. For instance, the woman sitting on the right, with the green petticoat, has her lap in sunshine, her head in shade. Whatever light touches the head would be reflected light, and it would be reflected from the ground, shining strongly under her brows and on the lower part of her face; instead of which there is a shadow under the brow, exactly as if she were sitting in a room with ordinary daylight entering from above through a window. The picture is full of grammatical error of the same kind—the kind of error which in these days of earnest effort and accurate science, artists should get quit of with their long-clothes and spelling-books; whereas now, to the middle or even the close of life, they

[1] [For the "Sun of Venice," No. 535 in the National Gallery, see vol. i. p. 62 of this book. For references to the "Slaver," once in Mr. Ruskin's collection, see Index Volume of "Modern Painters." To the "splendour of colour" in Mr. Holman Hunt's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Mr. Ruskin called attention in his letter to the *Times* of May 30, 1851; "Arrows of the Chace," i. 93. Of "The Strayed Sheep," he said in "The Art of England" (Lecture I.) that "it showed to us, for the first time in the history of art, the absolutely faithful balances of colour and shade, by which actual sunshine might be transposed into a key in which the harmonies possible with material pigments should yet produce the same impressions upon the mind which were caused by the light itself."]

remain encumbered among petty misunderstandings, and wondering why they cannot make their art beautiful, when they have never taken the pains to make it right. There are, of course, just three simple stages of study to be gone through by every student. He has first to learn to draw a solid body in perfect light and shade, without sunlight. Then to paint it, also without sunlight; taking subjects that will give no trouble about their expression or sentiment. Then to put it into sunshine, and paint it there also, until he knows precisely the kind of difference in treatment required for it. And then—not till then—he may be able partially to colour the human face.

All this is just as simple and rational in method of procedure as practising scales in music before we try to play sonatas. But we always try to learn our painting upside down.

368. THE EVENING SONG. (*A. Rankley.*[1])

A pretty thought, but not well enough painted. The sky has been caught from Nature; but with too little precision, the perspective of the retiring ranks of cloud being missed.

Are our village children taught at present to sing the evening hymn in such an obstreperous manner as to frighten the geese?

369. LUFF, BOY! (*J. C. Hook, A.*)

War with France? It may be; and they say good ships are building at Cherbourg. War with Russia? That also is conceivable; and the Russians invent machines that explode under water by means of knobs. War with the fiend in ourselves? That may not so easily come to pass, he and we being in close treaty hitherto, yet perhaps in good time may be looked for. And against enemies, foreign or internal, French, Sclavonic, or demoniac, what arms have we to count upon? I hear of good artillery practice at Woolwich; of new methods of sharpening sabres invented by Sikhs; of a modern condition of the blood of Nessus, which sets sails on fire, and makes an end of herculean ships, like phœnixes. All which may perhaps be well, or

[1] [Alfred Rankley (1819–1872), whose work first appeared at the Academy in 1841, was a constant exhibitor of pictures of domestic genre.]

perhaps ill, for us. But if our enemies want to judge of our proved weapons and armour, let them come and look here. Bare head, bare fist, bare foot, and blue jacket! If these will not save us, nothing will!

A glorious picture—most glorious!—"Hempen bridle, and horse of tree."[1] Nay, rather, backs of the blue horses, foam-fetlocked, rearing beside us as we ride, tossing their tameless crests, with deep-drawn thunder in their overtaking tread. I wonder if Mr. Hook when he drew that boy thought of the Elgin Marbles;[2] the helmetless, unsworded, unarmoured men of Marathon. I think not; the likeness is too lovely to be conscious: it is all the more touching. They also, the men of Marathon, horsemen riding upon horses, given them of the Sea God. The earth struck by the trident takes such shape—a white wave, with its foaming mane and its crested head, made living for them.

And the quiet steersman, too, with his young brow knit, to whom father and brother are trusted—and more than they. I would we had such faithful arms, however feeble, at all helms.

Infinite thanks, Mr. Hook, for this; for our "Brook of Human Life" also (250), and our "Hours of Listless Sway on Gentle Wave" (493). All of them beautiful. The distant landscape in that brook scene is one of the sweetest ever found by painter—for found it evidently is, not composed; as well as Mr. Redgrave's beautiful distance in 218.[3]

[1] [Compare "Harbours of England," ed. 1895, p. 59.]

[2] ["Finding," says Mr. Hook's biographer, "his best models in the Elgin Marbles, he studied them diligently and heartily, and from them gained not a little of that sense of style, love of simplicity, largeness and breadth of design, and that reliance on thoroughness, which characterize the best art of all kinds, and have always distinguished his pictures."—F. G. Stephens, *J. C. Hook: His Life and Work*, p. 4.]

[3] [No. 250 was described in the catalogue by Tennyson's lines:—

"And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

"A cart with an old man and a young man in it is entering the shallow stream, which is spanned by a rustic wooden bridge. Over this a young woman passes, caressing a baby; while, leaning on a handrail, a country boy is talking to the young man. The moral of the design is distinct, and could not but give significance of those earthly shows of beauty which, although men may come and men may go, are for ever renewed" (F. G. Stephens, *Monograph on J. C. Hook*, p. 22). No. 493 was entitled "The Skipper Ashore." No. 218, by R. Redgrave, R.A., was "The Emigrant's Last Sight of Home."]

390. BARLEY HARVEST. (*H. C. Whaite.*[1])

Very exquisite in nearly every respect; perhaps, take it all in all, the most covetable bit of landscape of this year, and showing good promise, it seems to me, if the painter does not overwork himself needlessly. The execution of the whole by minute and similar touches is a mistake. Certain textures need to be so produced, and certain complexities of form; but the work is never good unless it varies with every part of the subject, and is different in method, according to the sort of surface or form required. Nothing finished can be done without labour; but a picture can hardly be more injured than by the quantity of labour in it which is lost. Uncontributive toil is one of the forms of ruin.

Mr. Whaite's drawing, 1001 ["Snowdon"], is also very lovely in conception, and right in form of cloud. It is slightly affected by the same error as the oil-painting. Compare with it the interesting study opposite, by Mr. A. W. Hunt (997, "On the Greta"), entirely well meant, but suffering under the same oppression of plethoric labour. I do not often, in the present state of the English school, think it advisable to recommend "breadth;" but assuredly both Mr. Whaite and Mr. Hunt, if they wish to do themselves justice, ought to give up colour for a little while, and work with nothing but very ill-made charcoal which will not cut to a point.

While we are examining these minor landscapes, it is worth while returning to the west room to glance at Mr. J. S. Raven's "Saintfoin in Bloom" (574), which is more easy in touch, and very harmonious in the light and shade of the figures;[2] and at Mr. Oakes's richly but vainly wrought foreground, with nothing beyond it. (525. "Marchllyn-Mawr: 'A solitary Pool, fringed round with rushes wild.'")

Mr. Boyce's "The East Lynn at Middleham" (682) is of higher temper. It is curious how few people seem to feel the solemn difference between sun and shade—in the

[1] [H. Clarence Whaite, now member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and President of the Royal Cambrian Academy.]

[2] [John Samuel Raven (1829–1877), exhibited at the Academy from 1849. He was strongly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, his later works being characterized by elaboration of detail and strong poetical feeling. An exhibition of his works was held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1878.]

breadth of both, which he has endeavoured to render there. Many other studies of great interest may be found scattered on the walls, in which, while there is much to be admired, this is generally to be regretted, that the painters, not being able to do their work entirely well, think to make progress by doing a great quantity of work moderately well, which will by no means answer the purpose. We cannot learn to paint leaves by painting trees-full, nor grass by painting fields-full. Learning to paint one leaf rightly is better than constructing a whole forest of leaf definitions.

441. God's Gothic. (*Miss A. Blunden.*)

An entirely earnest and very notable study. It looks hard at first (and indeed *is* a little hard at last), but the appearance of too conspicuous green in the sea, which principally causes the harshness, will be found to diminish after a steady look; the fact being that the sea is often of this colour, only the bright sunlight of Nature, which no painting can equal, accounts for it to our sensations. But if Miss Blunden can make her handling a little more tender, the colour may be as bright without looking wrong. She has tried hard, not without fair success, to express the rise of the wave—hardly visible in the long swell—till the foam shows at its edge; the wet shingle is also very good; the boat well drawn; and the beds of pointed "Gothic" wonderfully true in bend, as well as various in colour.

480. The Burgesses of Calais. (*H. Holiday.*)

A well-conceived and interesting scene:[1] the face of the knight successful; that of the wife is a little beyond the painter's strength. It is a fair representation of the class of pictures now produced in numbers by the advancing school, which, with considerable merit, have the general demerit of making us feel in an instant that they would never have been painted had not others shown how; and the greater demerit of slightly blunting the enjoyment of the work of original men. Nevertheless, in every school these engrafted

[1] [A.D. 1347. "Then the kinge sayde.....let syxe of the chiefe burgesses of the towne come out bareheaded, barefooted, barelegged, and in their shirtes, with halters about their neckes, with the kayes of the towne and castell in their handes, and let them syxe yelde themselfe purely to my wyll, and the residue I will take to mercye."—Froissart's *Chronicles.*]

pictures must exist; and it is a cause for sincere congratulation when the habit, which is becoming derivatively universal, is to read human nature and history with sympathy for nobleness and desire for truth.

492. The Rev. F. D. Maurice. (*L. Dickinson.*[1])

Like, and good; an entirely well-meant and well-wrought portrait; coming a little hard, in consequence of the endeavour to paint all the expression of an expressive face: but it is a good fault. Our portraits are in general wanting in power, owing to a misunderstanding of Sir Joshua, and the idea that his playful tenderness and easy precision are imitable by slovenliness.

Generally speaking, portraiture may be divided into three great schools: the greatest is the Venetian, headed by Titian, and entirely right; on one side of it, is the German school, headed by Holbein, erring slightly on the side of intenseness and force of definition; on the other side of it, the English school, headed by Sir Joshua, erring slightly on the side of facility and grace of abstraction.[2] Now, the Venetians and Sir Joshua are, for the present, wholly inimitable; but Holbein is imitable, and is the best model for us.

609. The King's Orchard.[3] (*A. Hughes.*)

Mr. Hughes's exquisite sense of colour and delicacy of design are seen to less advantage than usual. He has been allowing himself to go astray by indulging too much in his chief delight of colour; and this picture, which was

[1] [Lowes Dickinson, the well-known portrait-painter, was a friend of Maurice, and took drawing-classes at the Working Men's College at the same time as Mr. Ruskin. See Preface to "Letters from John Ruskin to William Ward."]

[2] For the sake of simplicity of conception, Velasquez must be classed with the Venetians, to whom he belongs in right of his style, and Vandyck with the English; in fact, he, with Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, constitute the whole school.

[3] [The picture was suggested by "Pippa Passes":—

> "And peasants sing how once a certain page
> Pined for the grace of her so far above
> His power of doing good to, 'Kate the Queen—
> 'She never could be wronged, be poor,' he sighed,
> 'Need him to help her!'"

In the Academy Catalogue, Browning's lines were unkindly printed as prose.]

quite lovely when I saw it last year incomplete, is now throughout too gay, and wanting in sweetness of shade, but most accomplished and delicious in detached passages; and the apple-blossom, among all its ruddy rivals on the walls this year, is tenderly, but triumphantly, victorious—it is the only blossom which is soft enough in texture, or round enough in bud. There is the making of a magnificent painter in Mr. Hughes; but he must for some time yet stoop to conquer—be content with cottagers' instead of kings' orchards, and bow to the perhaps distressing but assured fact, that a picture can be no more wholly splendid than it can be wholly white.

900. Too Late.[1] (*W. L. Windus.*)

Something wrong here: either this painter has been ill;[2] or his picture has been sent in to the Academy in a hurry; or he has sickened his temper and dimmed his sight by reading melancholy ballads. There is great grandeur in the work; but it cannot for a moment be compared with "Burd Helen." On the whole, young painters must remember this great fact, that painting, as a mere physical exertion, requires the utmost possible strength of constitution and of heart. A stout arm, a calm mind, a merry heart, and a bright eye are essential to a great painter. Without all these he can, in a great and immortal way, do nothing.

Wherefore, all puling and pining over deserted ladies, and knights run through the body, is, to the high artistic faculty, just so much poison. Frequent the company of right-minded and nobly-souled persons; learn all athletic exercises, and all delicate arts—music more especially; torment yourself neither with fine philosophy nor impatient philanthropy—but be kind and just to everybody; rise in the morning with the lark, and whistle in the evening with the blackbird; and in time you may be a painter. Not otherwise.

[1] [The picture was illustrated in the catalogue by Tennyson's lines:—

"If it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest."]

[2] I fear this has been the fact. See the Postscript at the end of these pages [p. 201].

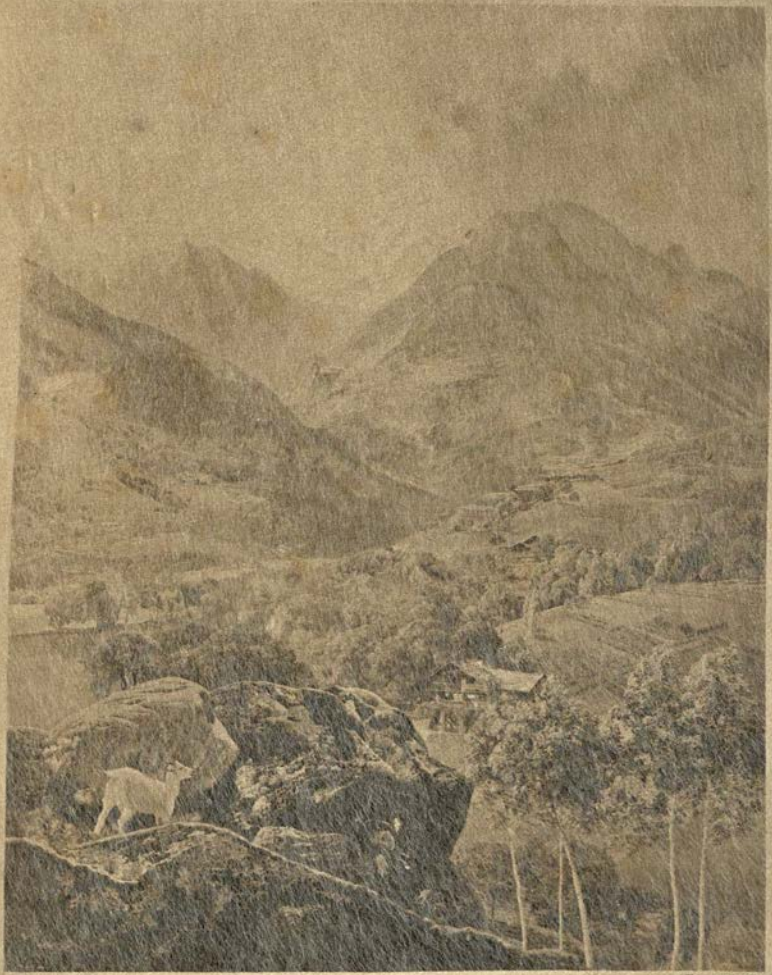
908. VAL D'AOSTA. (*J. Brett.*)

Yes, here we have it at last—some close-coming to it at least—historical landscape, properly so called—landscape painting with a meaning and a use. We have had hitherto plenty of industry, precision quite unlimited; but all useless, or nearly so, being wasted on scenes of no majesty or enduring interest. Here is, at last, a scene worth painting—painted with all our might (not quite with all our heart, perhaps, but with might of hand and eye). And here, accordingly, for the first time in history, we have, by help of art, the power of visiting a place, reasoning about it, and knowing it, just as if we were there, except only that we cannot stir from our place, nor look behind us. For the rest, standing before this picture is just as good as standing on that spot in Val d'Aosta, so far as gaining of knowledge is concerned; and perhaps in some degree pleasanter, for it would be very hot on that rock to-day, and there would probably be a disagreeable smell of juniper plants growing on the slopes above.

So if any simple-minded, quietly-living person, indisposed towards railroad stations or crowded inns, cares to know in an untroublous and uncostly way what a Piedmontese valley is like in July, there it is for him. Rocks overlaid with velvet and fur to stand on in the first place: if you look close into the velvet you will find it is jewelled and set with stars in a stately way. White poplars by the roadside, shaking silvery in the wind: I regret to say the wind is apt to come up the Val d'Aosta in an ill-tempered and rude manner, turning leaves thus the wrong side out; but it will be over in a moment. Beyond the poplars you may see the slopes of arable and vineyard ground, such as give the wealth and life to Italy which she idly trusts in—ground laid ages ago in wreaths, like new cut hay by the mountain streams, now terraced and trimmed into all gentle service. If you want to know what vines look like under Italian training (far from the best), *that* is the look of them—the dark spots and irregular cavities, seen through the broken green of their square-set ranks, distinguishing them at any distance from the continuous pale fields of low-set staff and leaf, divided by no gaps of gloom, which clothe a true vine country. There, down in the mid-valley,

you see what pasture and meadow land we have, we Piedmontese, with our hamlet and cottage life, and groups of glorious wood. Just beyond the rock are two splendid sweet chestnut trees, with forming fruit, good for making bread of, no less than maize; lower down, far to the left, a furlong or two of the main stream with its white shore and alders: not beautiful, for it has come down into all this fair country from the Courmayeur glaciers, and is yet untamed, cold, and furious, incapable of rest. But above, there is rest, where the sunshine streams into iridescence through branches of pine, and turns the pastures into strange golden clouds, half grass, half dew; for the shadows of the great hills have kept the dew there since morning. Rest also, calm enough, among the ridges of rock and forest that heap themselves into that purple pyramid high on the right. Look well into the making of it—it is indeed so that a great mountain is built and bears itself, and its forest fringes, and village jewels—for those white spots far up the ravine are villages—and peasant dynasties are hidden among the film of blue. And above all are other more desolate dynasties—the crowns that cannot shake—of jagged rock; they also true and right, even to their finest serration. So it is that the snow lies on those dark diadems for ever. A notable picture truly; a possession of much within a few feet square.

Yet not, in the strong, essential meaning of the word, a noble picture. It has a strange fault, considering the school to which it belongs—it seems to me wholly emotionless. I cannot find from it that the painter loved, or feared, anything in all that wonderful piece of the world. There seems to me no awe of the mountains there—no real love of the chestnuts or the vines. Keenness of eye and fineness of hand as much as you choose; but of emotion, or of intention, nothing traceable. Not but that I believe the painter to be capable of the highest emotion: any one who can paint thus must have passion within him; but the passion here is assuredly not out of him. He has cared for nothing, except as it was more or less pretty in colour and form. I never saw the mirror so held up to Nature; but it is Mirror's work, not Man's. This absence of sentiment is peculiarly indicated by the feeble anger of the sky. Had it been wholly cloudless—burning down in



J. Pratt. A.R.A. Allen & Co. Sc.

Val d'Aosta.

From the drawing in the possession of R.P. Cooper. Esq.

one calm field of light behind the purple hills, all the rest of the landscape would have been gathered into unity by its repose; and for the sleeping girl we should have feared no other disturbance than the bleating of the favourite of her flock, who has returned to seek her—his companions wandering forgetful. But now she will be comfortlessly waked by hailstorm in another quarter of an hour: and yet there is no majesty in the clouds, nor any grand incumbency of them on the hills; they are but a dash of mist, gusty and disagreeable enough—in no otherwise to be dreaded; highly un-divine clouds—incognizant of Olympus—what have they to do here upon the hill thrones—κορυφαῖς ἱεραῖς χιονοβλήτοισι.[1]

Historical landscape it is, unquestionably; meteorological also; poetical—by no means: yet precious, in its patient way; and, as a wonder of toil and delicate handling, unimpeachable. There is no such subtle and precise work on any other canvas here. The chestnut trees are like a finished design of Dürer's—every leaf a study; the poplar trunks and boughs drawn with an unexampled exquisiteness of texture and curve. And if it does not touch you at first, stay by it a little; look well at the cottage among the meadows; think of all that this Italian life might be among these sacred hills, and of what Italian life has been, and yet is, in spite of silver crosses on the breast, and how far it is your fault and mine that this is so,—and the picture may be serviceable to you in quite other ways than by pleasing your eyes with purple and gold.

[This picture, which was bought by Mr. Ruskin, was lent in 1880 to an exhibition at Douglas. Mr. Ruskin then supplied the following Note:—]

"Painted in the summer of 1858. When I was myself in Italy, Mr. Brett visited me at Turin to consult about this picture, which he was then painting from the window of his lodgings, in a grand castle half-way up the valley between Aosta and Courmayeur. I at that time hoped much from his zeal and fineness of minute execution in realizing, with Dürer-like precision, the detail of Swiss landscape. Had he sympathized enough with Swiss and Italian life, his work might have become of extreme value; but,

[1] [Aristophanes, "The Clouds," line 270.]

instead, he took to mere photography of physical landscape, and gradually lost both precision and sentiment. How lovely an old-fashioned Swiss or Italian village would have been, painted like this single cottage, some future disciple of the school may consider and hope to show. There is no pretence of composition, or, as usually understood, of painter's skill in this picture. It is the careful delineation of what is supposed to be beautiful in itself; and it has lost, instead of benefited, by the unwise introduction of storm on the hills for the sake of variety. In good, permanent, and honourably finished oil-painting this picture cannot be surpassed; it is as safe as a piece of china, and as finished as the finest engraving."

POSTSCRIPT

It is one of the most difficult and painful duties which I have to perform in these Notes, to guard the public against supposing that works executed under circumstances accidentally unfavourable are characteristic of a school, without at the same time hurting the artist's feelings deeply, just when all discouragement is most dangerous to him. I cannot, in justice to the Pre-Raphaelite school, allow Mr. Windus's picture—he being one of its chief leaders—to be looked upon as an example of what that school may achieve; but I trust that he will accept the assurance of my deep respect for his genius, and of my conviction that, with returning strength, he may one day take highest rank among masters of expression.

By inadvertency, I omitted in the arrangement of these detached Notes the reference made to Mr. Campbell's wonderful and all but perfect study, "Our Village Clock-maker" (14), full of various power, but perhaps challenging difficulties of detail too manifestly; and to Mr. Calderon's "Lost and Found"[1] (634), which, if the face of the mother had been but a little more beautiful, would have been one of the most touching, as it is one of the most able, pictures of the year.

I cannot criticise my friend Mr. Watts's picture, "Isabella" (438); it is full of beauty and thoughtfulness. I have no doubt that he knows its faults better than I do; and they are so slight that the public ought not to see them, but to admire it with all their hearts.[2]

[1] [Called in the catalogue, "French Peasants finding their Stolen Child."]

[2] [Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Watts was of long standing. In a letter of 1849 Ruskin wrote to a friend: "Do you know Watts? *The* man who is *not* employed on Houses of Parliament—to my mind the only real painter of history or thought we have in England. A great fellow, or I am

much mistaken—great as one of these same Savoy knots of rock, and we suffer the clouds to lie upon him, with thunder and famine at once in the thick of them. If you have time when you come to town, and have not seen it, look at the 'Time and Oblivion' in his studio" ("Letters on Art and Literature," p. 4). In the third volume of "Stones of Venice" (1853) Ruskin referred to Watts as the "only one painter who is capable of design in colour on a large scale," etc. (ch. i. § 38 *n.*). In the third volume of "Modern Painters" (1856) Watts's work is referred to as "the dawn of a new era in art, in a true unison of the grotesque with the realistic power" (Pt. iv. ch. viii. § 7). Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in her "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning," has published some letters of Ruskin to Watts (dated 1860, 1861, and 1866), full of warm friendship and sympathetic, if candid, criticism. In the "Academy Notes" of 1875 we shall read some published criticism of a like kind (below, p. 225). In the "Art of England" (1884) Ruskin discoursed of Watts and Burne-Jones in his lecture (ch. ii.) on "Mythic Schools of Painting." A wreath of laurel sent by Mr. Watts lay at the head of Mr. Ruskin's coffin.]

WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES

A SOMEWHAT singular circumstance has taken place this year, in the choice of their principal or master piece by two important societies of English artists.

The Society of British Artists placed, as the central attraction of their rooms, an illustration of Shakespeare.[1] The New Water-Colour Society honoured with a similarly central position an illustration of Tennyson.[2]

Duly allowing for privileges of seniority and presidentship, it would not be just towards either body of artists if we supposed that the places assigned to these works of art were entirely trustworthy indications of the estimate formed of them. But whether promoted by law, by courtesy, or by admiration, those pictures stood forth to the English—and more than the English—public as in some central or typical way exponents of the power of the two societies; and foreigners, at least, would be justified in concluding that the sanction given by two important bodies of English painters to these readings of the greatest dead and greatest living English poets, indicated with some truth the measure of general understanding of poetry in the artist mind of the country; and perhaps also (as the appeal to public judgment was made so frankly) something of the public mind of this country on the same matter.

I am not going to criticise those pictures. If the reader is not of my mind about them, I should not have any hope

[1] No. 53. "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" (F. Y. Hurlstone).

[2] No. 212. "A Dream of Fair Women" (E. H. Corbould). The illustrations of Shakespeare by Mr. Gilbert, which occupy a conspicuous position (on each side of Mr. Burton's centre piece) in the rooms of the Old Water-Colour Society, curiously involve that society also in a parallel manifestation of opinion. [No. 125. "Sir Andrew Aguecheek writes a Challenge," and No. 132. "The Banquet at Lucentio's House."]

of being able to make him so—nor even any wish to make him so. If he *is* of my mind about them, he will understand why they should have set me thinking—not on the whole pleasurably—of the course and probable prospects of the curious group of English personages to whom art now addresses itself. For it would not be difficult to show, if necessary, that these two works do verily express the final and entirely typical issue of the most popular modern views on the subject of poetry in general: and more than this, there is a certain typical character even in the hero and heroines of the pictures—the "Hamlet" not unworthily representing what is popularly considered as Philosophy; the "Jephthah's Daughter" what is popularly accepted as Piety; and the "Cleopatra" what is popularly displayed as Splendour.

Or, in a nearer and narrower view, these pictures contain a concentrated expression of the character which distinguishes a modern English exhibition of paintings from every other that has yet been, or is likely to be. Bad painting is to be found in abundance everywhere, so that we do not distinguish ourselves by our weakness; foolish painting in greater abundance still, so that we do not distinguish ourselves by our imbecility; more or less meritorious painting, at least in all principal French and German schools, as well as in ours, so that we do not distinguish ourselves by our merit: but purely and wholly vulgar painting is not to be found developing itself elsewhere with the same *naïveté* as among the English; and we *do* distinguish ourselves by our vulgarity. So, at least, it appears to me. As I have just said, I do not wish to argue with any one who disputes the fact, but to trace thence one or two conclusions with those who admit it.

What vulgarity is, whether in manners, acts, or conceptions, most well-educated persons understand; but what it consists in, or arises from, is a more difficult question.[1] I believe that on strict analysis it will be found definable as "the habit of mind and act resulting from the prolonged combination of insensibility with insincerity;"[2] and I think

[1] [*Cf.* "Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vii. "Of Vulgarity;" and "Sesame and Lilies," § 28.]

[2] It would be more accurate to say, "constitutional insensibility;" for people are born vulgar, or not vulgar, irrevocably. An apparent insensibility may often be caused by one strong feeling quenching or conquering

the special manifestation of it among artists has resulted, in the first place, from the withdrawal of all right, and therefore all softening, or animating, motive for their work; and, in the second place, from the habit of assuming, or striving by rule to express, feelings which did not, and could not, arise out of their work under such conditions.

I say first, by the withdrawal of all softening or animating motive, and chiefly by the loss of belief in the spiritual world. Art has never shown, in any corner of the earth, a condition of advancing strength but under this influence. I do not say, observe, influence of "religion," but merely of a belief in some invisible power—god or goddess, fury or fate, saint or demon. Where such belief existed, however sunk or distorted, progressive art has been possible, otherwise impossible. The distortion of the belief, its contraction or its incoherence, contract or compress the resultant art; still the art is evermore of another and mightier race than the art of materialism. Be so much of a Pythagorean as to believe in something awful and impenetrable connected with beans, and forthwith you are not weaker, but stronger, than your kitchenmaid, who perceives in them only an adaptability to being boiled. Be so much of an Egyptian as to believe that some god made hawks, and bears up their wings for them on the wind, and looks for ever through the fierce light of their eyes, that therefore it is not good to slay hawks, and some day you may be able to paint a hawk quite otherwise than will be possible to you by any persistency in slaughter or dissection, or help of any quantity of stuffing and glass beads in thorax or eye-socket. Be so much of a Jew as to believe that there is a great Spirit who makes the tempests his true messengers, and the flaming fire his true servant, and lays the beams of his chambers upon the unshrinking sea, and you will paint the cloud, and

another; and this to the extent of involving the person in all kinds of cruelty and crime: yet, Borgia or Ezzelin, lady and knight still; while the born clown is dead in all sensation and capacity of thought, whatever his acts or life may be.

Cloten, in "Cymbeline," is the most perfect study of pure vulgarity which I know in literature; Perdita, in "Winter's Tale," the most perfect study of its opposite (irrespective of such higher virtue or intellect as we have in Desdemona or Portia). Perdita's exquisite openness, joined with as exquisite sensitiveness, constitute the precise opposite of the apathetic insincerity which, I believe, is the essence of vulgarity.

the fire, and the wave, otherwise, and on the whole better, than in any state of modern enlightenment as to the composition of caloric or protoxide of hydrogen. Or, finally, be so much of a human creature as to care about the heart and history of fellow-creatures, and to take so much concern with the facts of human life going on around you as shall make your art in some sort compassionate, exhortant, or communicative, and useful to any one coming after you, either as a record of what was done among men in your day, or as a testimony of what you felt or knew concerning them and their misdoings or undoings,—and this love and dwelling in the spirits of other creatures will give a glory to your work quite unattainable by observance of any proportions of arms and collar-bones hitherto stated by professors of Man-painting. All this is irrevocably so; and since, as a nation concerning itself with art, we have wholly rejected these heathenish, Jewish, and other such beliefs—and have accepted, for things worshipful, absolutely nothing but pairs of ourselves—taking for exclusive idols, gods, or objects of veneration the infinitesimal points of humanity, Mr. and Mrs. P., and the Misses and Master P.'s,—out, I say, of this highly punctuated religion, which comes to its full stop and note of admiration after the family name, we shall get nothing, *can* get nothing, but such issues as we see here. The whole temper of former art was in some way reverential—had awe in it: no matter how carefully or conventionally the workman ruled and wrought the psalter page, he had every now and then a far-away feeling that it was to be prayed out of—somebody would pray out of it some day—not entirely mechanically, nor by slip of bead. No matter how many Madonnas he painted to order from the same outlines, the sense that the worst of them was sure, late or soon, to be looked up to through tears, could not but thrill through him as he arched the brow and animated the smile: nay, if he was but a poor armourer or enameller, the feeling that those chased traceries of cuish and helmet would be one day embossed in hot purple, deeper, perhaps, through fault of his, would every now and then make his hammer smite with sterner, truer tone—awe and pity ruling over all his doings, such as now are unattainable. For Mr. and Mrs. P. are not in that sense

awful—not in that sense pitiable: both—in another and deeper sense, but not in this.

Then the second source of the evil is the endeavour to assume the sentiment which we cannot possibly have. Let us accept our position, and good scientific, or diagrammatic, or politely personal and domestic art is still possible to us—still may be made, if not majestic work, yet real work. There is use in a good geological diagram; and there is good riding in Rotten Row, to be seen any day between four and six; but if we profess to paint ghosts, when we believe in no immortality—or Iphigenias and daughters of Jephthah, when we believe in no Deity—this is what we come to: not but that even ghosts are indeed still to be seen, and Iphigenias found (though perhaps sacrificed not altogether to Diana) by sharp-sighted persons—upon occasion.

It may be thought, I speak too seriously—or speak seriously in the wrong place—of this matter. I do not. The pictures are ludicrous enough. That which they signify is not ludicrous. And, as if to make us think out their signification fully, the Tennyson picture has a companion—an opposite at least—another illustration of English poetry by English art: the gate of Eden, with a Peri at it—an interesting scene to people who believe in Eden.[1] We suppose ourselves to be rather nearer that gate—do not we?—than any of the old shepherds who saw ladders set to it in their dreams. And this is the aspect assumed by the gate, and, the aspect of the angels in—or outside of it—upon such closer acquaintance. A "strait gate" truly.

This being so, I cannot enter with any pleasure into examination of the works of the two Water-Colour Societies this year. For in their very nature those two societies appeal to the insensitiveness and pretence of the public: insensitiveness, because no refined eye could bear with the glaring colours, and blotted or dashed forms, which are the staple of modern water-colour work; and pretence, because this system of painting is principally supported by the idle amateurs who concern themselves about art without being truly interested in it; and by pupils of the various water-colour masters, who enjoy being taught to sketch brilliantly in six lessons.

[1] [O. W. C. S. No. 73: "The Peri," by Henry Warren.]

In spite of all the apparent exertion, and reflex of Pre-Raphaelite minuteness from the schools above them, the Water-Colour Societies are in steady descent. They were founded first on a true and simple school of broad light and shade—grey touched with golden colour on the lights. This, with clear and delicate washes for its transparent tones, was the method of all the earlier men; and the sincere love of Nature which existed in the hearts of the first water-colour masters—Girtin, Cousens, Robson, Copley Fielding, Cox, Prout, and De Wint—formed a true and progressive school, till Hunt, the greatest of all, perfected his art. Hunt and Cox alone are left of all that group, and their works in the old water-colour are the only ones which are now seriously worth looking at; for in the endeavour to employ new resources, to rival oil colour, and to display facility, mere method has superseded all feeling and all wholesome aim, and has itself become finally degraded.[1] The sponge and handkerchief have destroyed water-colour painting; and I believe there are now only two courses open to its younger students—either to "hark back" at once to the old grey schools, and ground themselves again firmly on chiaroscuro studies with the flat grey wash, or to take William Hunt for their only master, and resolve that they will be able to paint a piece of leafage and fruit approximately well in his way before they try even the smallest piece of landscape. If they want to follow Turner, the first course is the only one. Steady grey and yellow for ten years, and lead pencil point all your life, or no "Turnerism."[2] No "dodge" will ever enable you otherwise to get round that corner. Those are the terms of the thing: we may accept or not as we choose, but there are no others. I name, however, a few of the works in the rooms of the two societies which are at least indicative of power to do well, if the painters choose.

In the New Water-Colour, Mr. E. G. Warren's "Lost in the Woods" (88), and "Avenue, Evelyn Wood" (228), are good instances of deceptive painting—scene-painting on a small scale—the treatment of the light through the leaf interstices being skilfully correspondent with photographic effects. There is no refined work or feeling in them, but

[1] [*Cf.* vol. i. of this book, p. 95.]
[2] [*Cf.* vol. i. of this book, pp. 88, 94, 250, &c.]

they are careful and ingenious; and their webs of leafage are pleasant fly-traps to draw public attention, which, perhaps, after receiving, Mr. Warren may be able to justify by work better worthy of it.

In Mr. S. Cook's "Hartland Point" (50), the sense of the low trickling of the rivulets of tide through infinite stones is very delightful—alternate rippling and resting of the confined, shallow, wandering water, that hardly will be at the trouble of getting down through the shingle, when it has to come up again over it soon. There are beautiful passages of atmosphere in this, as in all Mr. Cook's drawings this year. The companion studies of morning and evening, on the same cliff (2 and 6), suggest a pretty idea, but not quite successfully.[1] The contrast is not carried far enough in minor details.

Mr. W. Telbin's "Dovedale" (208) is very delightful: on the whole it seems to me the sweetest and rightest thing in the room, but scattered in subject. A pretty place, certainly, but incoherent; neither dark nor light, quiet nor disquieted, tame nor wild, but tenderly chaotic and insipid —suggestive, to me at least, of nothing but going on to see if nothing better is to be found. The sensation, perhaps, is increased by the oval shape—not a wise one for a landscape, where one wants to know accurately the difference between slope and vertical, as bearing much on the sublimities of some things, and the moral characters of others.

Lastly, Mr. Rowbotham's "East Cliff, Hastings" (268) is an earnest and admirable study; strong in discipline, and full of fact, but hard. Neither the sweetest colours nor the subtlest forms have been seen—in fact, the heart of the cliff is not opened yet; but its muscular development is right. Yet it is costly drawing this, in attention, considering what water-colour work is usually; and the timbers and other *matériel* are well set in serviceable places. The painter must have felt himself braced after such work, and forwarded, in many ways.

In the rooms of the Old Water-Colour Society, the first thing to be looked at should be Mr. Hunt's marvellous fruit piece, No. 261 ["A Pine-apple and Grapes"]. It seems to me almost the exquisitest I have ever seen, in

[1] [No. 2, "Close of Day," No. 6, "Early Summer Morning," both "West Coast of Cornwall."]

the glowing grey of the bosses of the pine and sweeping curves of its leaves. After that, David Cox's magnificent waterfall,[1] at the upper end of the room—unsurpassable in its own broad way, and giving, in the foam, examples of execution as broad as Salvator's, and infinitely more subtle and lovely. Then, everything else of David Cox's in the room, especially 274 ["Twilight"]. Next, Mr. A. P. Newton's "Snow Scene" (181), which is very good; but the good of it might be got in a daguerreotype as well, and Mr. Newton can do better than a daguerreotype if he likes. We may well, however, look for his drawings round the room; all have something in them. The Inverness-shire moonlight (213) ["Inverlochy Castle"] is especially good. And then follow round Mr. Naftel (who has made swift advance this year), in the same way, beginning with the beautiful bit of retiring mountain and glittering fern, No. 183; and staying long at No. 44,[2] a notable study of smooth-sculptured torrent bed and flushed hillside. Look also at the rolling clouds in Mr. W. Turner's "Ben Cruachan" (48), which are the truest clouds in the whole room. Then, give as much time as you can to Mr. S. P. Jackson's "Bamborough" (170), and to Mr. W. C. Smith's "Chillon" (91); both of them quiet and sincere.[3] Chillon, the least bit too red; but the purple towers in shade very good, and the gradations of light in the distance admirable. And it must not be through any importunity of mine if you stay longer; for the rest of the works here are, indeed, some very pretty, and some entertaining, and many very clever, but hardly, so far as I see, calculated either to form our taste or advance our knowledge.

[1] [No. 73. No title, but the following lines from Thomson:—

"Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Trembling through rocks abrupt."]

[2] 183. ["Grouse, or Blackcock: Study in Glen Falloch." 44. "Head of Loch Lomond, with Ben Lomond in the distance."]

[3] [William Collingwood Smith (1815-1887) was elected a member of the Society in 1849. A collection of his works was exhibited there after his death. Examples may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.]

FRENCH EXHIBITION

6. CHERRY-SELLER OF PORT L'ABBÉ, BRITTANY.

Very powerful and systematic in handling; right in form and gesture, and, up to its attempted point, in colour—only the beauty of girls and cherries missed. French girls, the sweetest-tempered living creatures in the world, are not obliged to Monsieur Antigna[1] for his representation of their countenances to the English, as they appear either here or in No. 5 opposite (also a clever work); while "The Pet Squirrel" (4), though full of power, is entirely ignoble in its conception of girlhood. Respecting No. 1, it seems to me, we English might ask—"Is it so rare a thing in France to hold your umbrella over somebody else in a shower as to induce the person so generously protected always to kiss the hem of your robe?" I carried a bag of nuts, as big as an ordinary coal-sack, a mile up hill, from hedge to home, for a tired Lucernoise old woman the other day, getting in return kind thanks indeed, but no pictorial effects of this kind.

57. THE TOILET. (*Edouard Frère.*)

This, with 59 and 60,[2] is worthy of the painter, which is saying much; but there is no advance on previous effort. The "Student," exhibited in 57, contained higher qualities of painting than any shown in the pictures of this year; and, which is a matter of much sorrow to me, I think the faces are on the whole less lovely than they were—quite as right and deep in expression, but some of their pure beauty lost: this is especially so in the face of the taller girl in 61.[3]

[1] [Alexandre Antigna (1818–1878), French genre painter.]
[2] [59. "Artisan's Family." 60. "Cut Finger."]
[3] [61. "Wood Gatherers."]

I hear some complaints among the art-talk of the year respecting the "monotony" of Frère's pictures. But rustic life is not, it should be remembered, on the whole an exciting matter. The superiors of the poor rustics occasionally procure them some excitement—in the way of roof-burning, or starvation, or bayonet instead of spade agriculture—with supply of richer manure to their fields than usual. But as Frère has seen it (and he paints only what he has seen), this cottage life, with its morning and evening prayer, and mid-day pottage, is a quiet business. You will not, I believe, get any disquietude from him. There is plenty brewing for us—subjects for historical painting of dramatic interest enough, on the horizon. For the present, we will give our sympathy to the "Cut Finger," and to the tender little Florence, who binds it up, and be content.

91*a*. Bavarian Policemen, &c. (*Louis Knaus.*[1])

A most powerful work, full of entirely right expression, alike in feature and gesture. The distant figures at the opening of the wood are among the most wonderful pieces of complete drawing in a faint tone which I have ever seen; and there is handling in the faces throughout, which, though much inferior to Hogarth in colour, and in deep conception of feeling, approaches him in expressive skill (perhaps there is more resemblance to him in the companion picture, 91*c*, than in this). The painting is everywhere vigorous, but fails, as I have said, in colour, especially in the flesh. Gipsies have indeed dark skins, but they have bright life beneath them; here we have only gipsy mahogany, not gipsy blood. The dog and monkey, however, are perfect —I think, in unexaggerated truth of action and expression, better than Landseer's work. A most notable picture it seems to me, though not a profound one; but its superficial qualities are of the rarest kind. The other, 91*b*,[2] is rather deeper—at least in the dignity of the offended and hopeless wife—but it is coarse in colour.

[1] [Louis Knaus, b. at Wiesbaden, 1829, one of the leading genre painters of Germany. "An artist to his fingers' ends," wrote Edmond About of him in 1855.]

[2] ["Woman Fetching her Husband from the Beerhouse."]

147. A COUNTRY FAIR IN FRANCE. (*C. Troyon.*[1])

There is much cleverness in this picture; but it is painted on a totally false principle, which is doing so much mischief to the whole French school that I trust I may be pardoned for pointing it out very distinctly.

Chiaroscuro is a very noble subject of study, but it is not so noble a study as human nature; nor is it the subject which should mainly occupy our thoughts when we have human nature before us. Generally, we ought to see more in man or woman than that their foreheads come dark against the sky, or their petticoats and pantaloons white against it. If we see nothing but this, and think of nothing else in the company of our fellow-creatures but the depth of their shadows, we are assuredly in such insensitive state of mind as must render all true painting impossible to us. It may be the most important thing about a pollard willow that it comes greyly against a cloud, or gloomily out of a pool. But respecting a man, his greyness or opacity is not the principal fact which it is desirable to state of him. If you cannot see his human beauty, and have no sympathy with his mind, don't paint him. Go and paint logs, or stones, or weeds;—you will not, indeed, paint even these at all supremely, for *their* best beauty is also in a sort human: nevertheless you will not insult them, as you do living creatures, by perceiving in them only opacity. Immense harm has been done in this matter by the popular misunderstanding of Rembrandt; for Rembrandt's strength is in rendering of human character—not in chiaroscuro. Rembrandt's chiaroscuro is always forced—generally false, and wholly vulgar; it is in all possible ways inferior, *as* chiaroscuro, to Correggio's, Titian's, Tintoret's, Veronese's, or Velasquez's. But in rendering human character, such as he saw about him, Rembrandt is nearly equal to any of these men; and the real power of him is in his stern and steady touch on lip and brow—seen best in his lightest etchings, or in the lightest parts of the handling of his portraits, the head of the Jew in our own gallery[2] being about as good and thorough work as it is possible to see of his. And when this is so, and the great qualities of

[1] [Constant Troyon (1810–1865), the celebrated animal-painter.]
[2] [No. 51 in the National Gallery.]

character and of form are first secured—after them, and in due subordination to them—chiaroscuro and everything else will come rightly and gloriously. And they always do come in such order: no chiaroscuro ever was good, as such, which was not subordinate to character and to form; and all search after it as a first object ends in the loss of the thing itself so sought. One of our English painters, Constable, professed this pursuit in its simplicity: "Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro." The sacrifice was accepted by the Fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else; but they had *not* chiaroscuro.[1]

[1] [*Cf.* "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. x. § 20 *n.*:—"It is singular to reflect what that fatal chiaroscuro has done to art, in the full extent of its influence. It has been not only shadow, but shadow of death; passing over the face of ancient art, as death itself might over a fair human countenance; whispering, as it reduced it to the white projections and lightless orbits of the skull, 'Thy face shall have nothing else, but it shall have chiaroscuro.'" For other references to Constable (and they should be consulted as supplementing the passage in the text above), see "M. P.," vol. i. Pref. to 2nd ed. p. xxxix. *n.*, and pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 18; vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. ix. § 13; and ch. x. § 3; App. i.; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iii. § 6; ch. v. § 19; "Two Paths," App. i.]

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

I SEE no distinctive reason for noting any of the works in the room at Suffolk Street (though many of them meritorious in their usual way), except only Mr. Baxter's[1] "Red Riding Hood" (158), and Mr. T. Roberts's "Child at Play" (48), and "Opinion of the Press" (173). Of these, the first showed, I thought, a great gift of painting, and great feeling for beauty, if the painter will not try to imitate the superficial qualities of Reynolds more than the sterling ones. The two works by Mr. T. Roberts[2] are interesting; not, indeed, for absolute perfection of attainment, but for their fidelity of light and shade. Many pictures are more brilliant; but it is rare to find any so equally studied and harmoniously balanced in all parts—no bits of colour painted at inconsistent times, or in a changed temper, and therefore discordant. Few people would believe, for instance, that the strong orange touch on the girl's shoulder, in No. 48, was indeed the faithful representation of sunlight reflected at that angle from a purple dress; but so it is, and all the other pieces of effect are as earnestly watched and rendered,[3] and the figure of the little girl very gracefully designed.

It may not be out of place, in noticing the sentiment of No. 173,[4] which is well and graphically expressed, to warn

[1] [Charles Baxter (1809–1879), who commenced life as a bookbinder, first exhibited at the Academy in 1834. He became a member of the Society of British Artists in 1842.]

[2] [So in the catalogue of the Exhibition. Printed "W. Roberts" in Mr. Ruskin's "Notes."]

[3] Except the extreme distance, which is sunless.

[4] [The subject of the drawing was set forth in the catalogue by the following "Extract from Letter":—"Mr. —— has just left us. He brought one of the public journals containing a criticism on my dear husband's picture, and a letter from —— declining to complete the purchase. . . . Come as soon as you can, for we are in much trouble."]

young painters against attaching too much importance to press criticism as an influence on their fortunes. If sharp and telling, it is a disagreeable thing to look at when just damp from the type; and it is certainly in an unpleasantly convenient form for one's friends to carry about in their pockets. But, ultimately, it is quite powerless, except so far as it concurs with general public opinion. I have never yet seen even a bad picture crushed by criticism, much less a good one. The sale of a given work may, indeed, be checked, or prevented; but so it may by a whisper, or a chance touch of the elbow. I have seen more real mischief and definite injury to property done in ten minutes by an idle coxcomb amusing his party, than could possibly be done by all the malice in type that could be got into the journals of a season. The printed malice only makes people look at the picture; the fool's jest makes them pass it. And though public taste is capricious enough—and erroneous enough—so as to make it very difficult to say how it is to be strongly wrought upon, yet let all young painters be assured of this—that *an absolutely good painting is always sure of sale.* If they choose to offend the public by wanton eccentricity, or easily avoidable error, they have only themselves to blame when the public loses its temper, and passes their real merits without notice. The charity of artists is in condescending to please; and they deservedly suffer when they have it not. A great and good musician lowers his voice when he sings in a sick-room, and raises it when he has to fill the theatre; he will sing lightly for the child, and simply for the uninstructed, but nobly and gloriously for all. So also a great painter can show his majesty in nothing more than by securing, in timely gentleness, empire over all hearts. It is only his petulance, or his pride—not his power—which will alienate the eyes of men. If Veronese rose now among us, or Correggio, there would be at first a wondering, attentive silence—not a murmur heard against them; and presently they would make the very streets ring for joy, and every lip laugh with acclamation: not because their essential power could be perceived by all—or by one in a thousand of all—but because, up to the point of possible perception, it would be made lovable by all.

I repeat, therefore, to the young painter, in all distinctness

and completeness, this assurance: Do your work well, and kindly, and no enemy can harm you. So soon as your picture deserves to be bought, it will be bought. If, indeed, you want to live by your art before you have learned it; or to sell what you know to be worthless, by catching the fancy of the purchaser; or to display your own dexterity, instead of truth of facts; or to preach to people, instead of pleasing them,—in each and all of these cases you must take the chances of your speculation, or the penalty of your presumption. There are, indeed, some things you may preach without presumption: only, do not expect to be paid for your sermons; for people will pay richly for being pleased—scarcely, if at all, for being rebuked.

VI

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

1875

PREFACE

It is now just twenty years since I wrote the first number of these Notes, and fifteen since they were discontinued. I have no intention of renewing the series, unless occasionally, should accident detain me in London during the spring. But this year, for many reasons, it seemed to me imperatively proper to say as much as is here said.

And that the temper of the saying may not, so far as I can prevent it, be mistaken, I will venture to ask my reader to hear, and trust that he will believe, thus much concerning myself. Among various minor, but collectively sufficient, reasons for the cessation of these Notes, one of the chief was the exclamation of a young artist, moving in good society,—authentically, I doubt not, reported to me,—"D—— the fellow! why doesn't he back his friends?" The general want in the English mind of any abstract conception of justice, and the substitution for it of the idea of fidelity to a party, as the first virtue of public action, had never struck me so vividly before; and thenceforward it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonourable unless it was false.

But Fortune has so sternly reversed her wheel during these recent years, that I am more likely now to be accused of malice than of equity; and I am therefore at the pains to beg the honest reader to believe that, having perhaps as much pleasure as other people both in backing my friends and fronting my enemies, I have never used, and shall never use, my power of criticism to such end; but that I write now, and have always written, so far as I am able, what may show that there is a fixed criterion of separation between right art and wrong; that no opinion, no time, and no circumstances can ever in one jot change this

relation of their Good and Evil; and that it would be pleasant for the British public to recognize the one, and wise in them to eschew the other.

HERNE HILL, *May 23rd*, 1875.[1]

[1] [Mr. Ruskin afterwards went to Aylesbury, in order to see the "Notes" through the press at the printing works of Messrs. Watson & Hazell. The earlier "Notes" (1855–1859) had all been published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The "Notes" of 1875 were published by Mr. George Allen and Messrs. Ellis & White. In a letter from Aylesbury to Mr. F. S. Ellis, of the latter firm, Mr. Ruskin wrote :—

> "*Such* a bother as the thing has been to me;—one can't see the pictures for the crowd, and I miss some, and overrate others, again and again. But there's a nice spicy flavour in it now, I think—as a whole—quite a 'loving cup' for the Academy."

"The R.A. Exhibition is so important," wrote Mr. Ruskin in another letter of the time, "that I must write a 'Notes' upon it as I used to do." Of the 1875 "Notes" there were four editions. No. 2 was an exact reprint of No. 1. No. 3 was the same, except for the addition of an index. Some copies, marked "Fourth Edition" on the title-page, are without the index. The note printed at p. 228 of this volume was in the original pamphlet given as a note at the end.]

NOTES, &c.

BEFORE looking at any single picture, let us understand the scope and character of the Exhibition as a whole. The Royal Academy of England, in its annual publication, is now nothing more than a large coloured *Illustrated Times* folded in saloons,—the splendidest May number of the *Graphic*, shall we call it? That is to say, it is a certain quantity of pleasant, but imperfect, "illustration" of passing events, mixed with as much gossip of the past, and tattle of the future, as may be probably agreeable to a populace supremely ignorant of the one, and reckless of the other.

Supremely ignorant, I say;—ignorant, that is, on the lofty ground of their supremacy in useless knowledge.

For instance: the actual facts which Shakespeare knew about Rome were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which M. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child's first story-book compared to Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities."[1]

But when Shakespeare wrote—

> "The noble sister of Publicola,
> The Moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled[2] by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple,"

he knew Rome herself, to the heart; and M. Tadema, after reading his Smith's "Dictionary" through from A to Z,

[1] [M. Chesneau, in his "English School of Painting," says:—"Alma-Tadema endeavours with untiring patience to represent his figures as they really were in life, and to place them amid surroundings which really belong to them. His whole work is, indeed, an accurate illustration of Smith's 'Dictionary of Antiquities,' and ought to delight the minds of archæologists" (p. 263).]

[2] ["Coriolanus," v. 3. Mr. Ruskin quoted from memory. The word is not "curdled," but "curded," or "curdied" in the folio.]

knows nothing of her but her shadow; and that, cast at sunset.

Yet observe, in saying that Academy work is now nothing more, virtually, than cheap coloured woodcut, I do not mean to depreciate the talent employed in it. Our public press is supported by an ingenuity and skill in rapid art unrivalled at any period of history; nor have I ever been so humbled, or astonished, by the mightiest work of Tintoret, Turner, or Velasquez, as I was, one afternoon last year, in watching, in the Dudley Gallery, two ordinary workmen for a daily newspaper finishing their drawings on the blocks by gaslight, against time.

Nay, not in skill only, but in pretty sentiment, our press illustration, in its higher ranks, far surpasses—or indeed, in that department finds no rivalship in—the schools of classical art; and it happens curiously that the only drawing of which the memory remains with me as a possession, out of the Old Water-Colour Exhibition of this year—Mrs. Allingham's "Young Customers"[1]—should be, not only by an accomplished designer of woodcut, but itself the illustration of a popular story. The drawing, with whatever temporary purpose executed, is for ever lovely; a thing which I believe Gainsborough would have given one of his own pictures for, —old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies are—and more precious than rubies.

And I am conscious of, and deeply regret, the inevitable warp which my own lately exclusive training under the elder schools gives to my estimate of this current art of the day; and submissively bear the blame due to my sullen refusal of what good is offered me in the railroad station, because I cannot find in it what I found in the Ducal Palace. And I may be permitted to say this much, in the outset, in apology for myself, that I determined on writing this number of Academy Notes simply because I was so much delighted with Mr. Leslie's School, Mr. Leighton's little

[1] [Mrs. William Allingham (Helen Paterson), b. 1848, became an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1875 (the year following her marriage to the Irish poet, William Allingham), and has since been a constant exhibitor. In "The Art of England" (1884), Mr. Ruskin placed her name with Miss Kate Greenaway's at the head of his lecture on "Fairy Land," and specified as her true gift the representation of "the gesture, character, and humour of charming children in country landscapes." *Cf.* also "Notes on Prout and Hunt," p. 305 of this volume.]

Fatima, Mr. Hook's Hearts of Oak, and Mr. Couldery's Kittens, that I thought I should be able to write an entirely good-humoured, and therefore, in all likelihood, practically useful, sketch of the socially pleasant qualities of modern English painting, which were not enough acknowledged in my former essays.

As I set myself to the work, and examined more important pictures, my humour changed, though much against my will. Not more reluctantly the son of Beor found his utterances become benedictory, than I mine—the reverse. But the need of speaking, if not the service (for too often we can help least where need is most), is assuredly greater than if I could have spoken smooth things without ruffling anywhere the calm of praise.

Popular or classic, temporary or eternal, all good art is more or less didactic. My artist adversaries rage at me for saying so; but the gayest of them cannot help being momentarily grave, nor the emptiest-headed occasionally instructive: and whatever work any of them do that is indeed honourable to themselves, is also intellectually helpful, no less than entertaining, to others. And it will be the surest way of estimating the intrinsic value of the art of this year, if we proceed to examine it in the several provinces which its didactic functions occupy; and collect the sum of its teaching on the subjects—which will, I think, sufficiently embrace its efforts in every kind—of Theology, History, Biography, Natural History, Landscape, and as the end of all, Policy.

THEOLOGY

584. DEDICATED TO ALL THE CHURCHES.[1] (*G. F. Watts, R.A.*)

Here, at least, is one picture meant to teach; nor failing of its purpose, if we read it rightly. Very beautiful it might have been—and is, in no mean measure; but as years pass by, the artist concedes to himself, more and more, the privilege which none but the feeble should seek, of substituting the sublimity of mystery for that of absolute

[1] [This picture, under its other title "The Spirit of Christianity," is among those presented by Mr. Watts to the nation. It now hangs in the Tate Gallery, No. 1637.]

majesty of form. The relation between this grey and soft cloud of visionary power, and the perfectly substantial, bright, and near presence of the saints, angels, or Deities of early Christian art, involves questions of too subtle interest to be followed here; but in the essential force of it, belongs to the inevitable expression, in each period, of the character of its own faith. The Christ of the thirteenth century was vividly present to its thoughts, and dominant over its acts, as a God manifest in the flesh, well pleased in the people to whom He came; while ours is either forgotten, or seen, by those who yet trust in Him, only as a mourning and departing Ghost.

129. EZEKIEL'S VISION.[1] (*P. F. Poole, R.A.*)

Though this design cannot for a moment be compared with the one just noticed, in depth of feeling, there is yet, as there has been always in Mr. Poole's work, some acknowledgment of a supernatural influence in physical phenomena, which gives a nobler character to his storm-painting than can belong to any merely literal study of the elements. But the piece is chiefly interesting for its parallelism with that "Dedicated to all the Churches," in effacing the fearless realities of the elder creed among the confused speculations of our modern one. The beasts in Raphael's vision of Ezekiel[2] are as solid as the cattle in Smithfield; while here, if traceable at all in the drift of the storm-cloud (which, it is implied, was all that the prophet really saw), their animal character can only be accepted in polite compliance with the prophetic impression, as the weasel by Polonius. And my most Polonian courtesy fails in deciphering the second of the four—not-living—creatures.

218. RACHEL AND HER FLOCK. (*F. Goodall, R.A.*)

This is one of the pictures which, with such others as Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," Millais's "Dove Returning to the Ark," &c., the public owe primarily to the leading genius of Dante Rossetti, the founder, and for some years the vital force, of the Pre-Raphaelite school. He was the

[1] [This picture was selected for the nation from a bequest made by the artist, who died in 1879. It now hangs in the Tate Gallery, No. 1051.]
[2] [In the Pitti Gallery, Florence.]

G.F. Watts R.A. Allen & Co. Ph. Sc.

The Spirit of Christianity.

(Dedicated to all the Churches)

By permission of Mr. Fellowes

first assertor in painting, as I believe I was myself in art literature (Goldsmith and Molière having given the first general statements of it),[1] of the great distinctive principle of that school—that things should be painted as they probably did look and happen, and not as, by rules of art developed under Raphael, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened.

The adoption of this principle by good and great men produces the grandest art possible in the world; the adoption of it by vile and foolish men, very vile and foolish art; yet not so entirely nugatory as imitations of Raphael or Correggio would be by persons of the same calibre. An intermediate and large class of pictures have been produced by painters of average powers; mostly of considerable value, but which fall again into two classes, according to the belief of the artists in the truth, and understanding of the dignity of the subjects they endeavour to illustrate, or their opposite degree of incredulity, and materialistic vulgarism of interpretation.

The picture before us belongs to the higher class, but is not a fine example of it. We cannot tell from it whether Mr. Goodall believes Rachel to have wept over Ramah from her throne in heaven; but at least we gather from it some suggestion of what she must have looked like when she was no more than a Syrian shepherdess.

That she was a very beautiful shepherdess, so that her lover thought years of waiting but as days, for the love he bore to her, Mr. Goodall has scarcely succeeded in representing. And on the whole he would have measured his powers more reasonably in contenting himself with painting a Yorkshire shepherdess instead of a Syrian one.[2] Like everybody except myself, he has been in the East. If

[1] [*Cf.* "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" in "On the Old Road," vol. i. § 246:—"It (the Pre-Raphaelite school) was headed, in literary power, by Wordsworth; but the first pure example of its mind and manner of art, as opposed to the erudite and *artificial* schools, will be found, so far as I know, in Molière's song, 'J'aime mieux ma mie.'" *Cf.* "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xvii. § 29. For other references to Goldsmith, "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. iii. § 2, and "Val d'Arno," § 208.]

[2] Compare, however, at once 582 ["A Seller of Doves"], which is, on the whole, the most honourably complete and scholastic life-size figure in the rooms, with well cast, and unaffectedly well painted, drapery.

that is the appearance of the new moon in the East, I am well enough content to guide, and gild, the lunacies of my declining years by the light of the old Western one.

518. JULIAN THE APOSTATE PRESIDING AT A CONFERENCE OF SECTARIANS. (Gibbon, ch. xxiii.) (*E. Armitage, R.A.*[1])

This, I presume, is a modern enlightened improvement on the Disputa del Sacramento. The English Church is to be congratulated on the education she gives her artists. Fumbling with sham Gothic, penny tracts, and twopenny Scripture prints, among the embers of reverence and sacred life that yet linger on from the soul of ancient days, she holds her own, in outward appearance at least, among our simple country villages; and in our more ignorant manufacturing centres, contentedly enamels the service of Mammon with the praise of God. But in the capital of England —here, on her Vatican hill above St. Peter's church, and beside St. Paul's—*this* is the testimony she wins from art, as compared with the councils of Fathers and concourses of Saints which poor dark-minded Italy once loved to paint. Mr. Armitage, however, has not completed his satire with subtlety; he knows the higher virtue of sectarians as little as Gibbon knew those of Julian,[2] whose sincere apostasy

[1] [Edward Armitage (1817–1896) is represented in the Tate Gallery by "The Remorse of Judas," painted in 1866, and presented by him to the nation. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche. Wall-paintings by him may be seen in the Palace of Westminster, the parish church of Marylebone, and the church of St. John, Islington.]

[2] "The rarity and grandeur of his character being that he was a Greek in ideas and a Roman in action who really did, and abstained, strictly to ideal, in a time when everybody else was sadly fallen from his ideal.

"In 353 he is made Cæsar (Constantius having no sons, and he being last of his race); and from that to Constantius' death in 361 he has to fight the Franks and Alemanni. During the last few years of this time I find he lived mostly at Paris—that he fortified the ancient Lutetia (l'Ile de la Cité), built the Thermæ Juliani, the remains of which (Thermes de Julien) are still visible in the Rue de la Harpe, between Palais de Cluny and École de Medecine. Also, in a scarcity of corn from inroads of the Germans, he got a great supply of corn from England (calculated at 120,000 quarters *at once*), and fed people all along the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. He says (Epist. ii.) he was a Christian up to his twentieth year, 351; and he said nothing about his change (in public) till 361. Then he felt himself the successor of M. Aurelius, and seems to have gone to work in his determined, clear-sighted way. But the pagans seem to have been surprised at his faith as much as the Christians at his apostasy."—REV. R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

was not the act of a soul which could "enjoy the agreeable spectacle"[1] of vile dispute among any men—least of all, among those whom he had once believed messengers of Christ.

1293–1295. TERRA-COTTAS, REPRESENTING SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. (*S. Tinworth.*)

Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive; able also to conceive far more than can be rightly expressed on this scale. And, after all the labours of past art on the Life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews, and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released and the man condemned clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of Universal Suffrage.

These bas-reliefs are the most earnest work in the Academy, next to Mr. Boehm's study of Carlyle.[2] But how it happens that, after millions of money have been spent in the machinery of art education at Kensington, an ornamental designer of so high faculty as this one should never in his life have found a human being able to explain to him the first principles of relief, or show him the difference between decorative foliage-sculpture and Norman hatchet-work, I must leave the Kensington authorities to explain, for it passes all my capacities of conjecture, and all my hitherto experience of the costly and colossal public institution of—Nothing—out of which, to wise men, as here, can come nothing; but to fools everywhere—worse than nothing. Kensington has flattened its thousands of weak students into machine pattern-papers: here, it had a true man to deal with; and, for all he has learned of his business, he might as well have lived in South Australia.

[1] [The reference is to Gibbon, ch. xxiii.: "Julian, who understood and derided their theological disputes, invited to the palace the leaders of the hostile sects, that he might enjoy the agreeable spectacle of their furious encounters." The calculated cynicism of Gibbon was profoundly unsympathetic to Mr. Ruskin: see his sweeping criticism in "The Best Hundred Books" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, 1886)

[2] [See below, p. 245.]

HISTORY

26. THE SCULPTURE GALLERY. (*L. Alma-Tadema.*[1])

This, I suppose, we must assume to be the principal historical piece of the year; a work showing artistic skill and classic learning, both in high degree. But both parallel in their method of selection. The artistic skill has succeeded with all its objects in the degree of their unimportance. The piece of silver plate is painted best; the griffin bas-relief it stands on, second best; the statue of the empress worse than the griffins, and the living personages worse than the statue. I do not know what feathers the fan with the frightful mask in the handle, held by the nearest lady, is supposed to be made of; to a simple spectator they look like peacock's, without the eyes.[2] And, indeed, the feathers, under which the motto "I serve" of French art seems to be written in these days, are, I think, very literally, all feather and no eyes—the raven's feather, to wit, of Sycorax.[3] The selection of the subject is similarly—one might say, filamentous—of the extremity, instead of the centre. The old French Republicans, reading of Rome, chose such events to illustrate her history, as the battle of Romulus with the Sabines, the vow of the Horatii, or the self-martyrdom of Lucretia. The modern Republican sees in the Rome

[1] [In the "Art of England" Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is named by Ruskin as representatively "classic," as "a careful and learned interpreter of certain phases of Greek and Roman life, and as himself a most accomplished painter, on long-established principles." In the same lectures (ch. iii.) Ruskin mentions Alma-Tadema as "differing from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy, which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention." Tadema was elected A.R.A. in 1876, and R.A. in 1879.]

[2] [*Cf.* a letter of May 2, 1874, in "Hortus Inclusus": "The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure, but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful; and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock—and he had only eleven eyes in his tail. Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which in mere pursuit of pleasure or power had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail! What were the Cyclops to this?" *Cf.* "Stones of Venice," vol. i. ch. xxi. § 10.]

[3] ["The Tempest," i. 2:—

Caliban. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! . . .
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother.]

he studies so profoundly, only a central establishment for the manufacture and sale of imitation-Greek articles of virtu.

The execution is dexterous, but more with mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve. It is impossible, however, to say how much the personal nervous faculty of an artist of this calibre is paralyzed by his education in schools which I could not characterize in my Oxford inaugural lectures otherwise than as the "schools of clay,"[1] in which he is never shown what Venetians or Florentines meant by "painting," and allowed to draw his flesh steadily and systematically with shadows of charcoal and lights of cream-soap, without ever considering whether there would be any reflections in the one, or any flush of life in the other. The head on the extreme left is exceptionally good; but who ever saw a woman's neck and hand blue-black under reflection from white drapery, as they are in the nearer figure? It is well worth while to go straight from this picture to the two small studies by Mr. Albert Moore,[2] 356 and 357,[3] which are consummately artistic and scientific work. Examine them closely and with patience; the sofa and basket especially, in 357, with a lens of moderate power; and, by way of a lesson in composition, hide in this picture the little honeysuckle ornament above the head, and the riband hanging over the basket, and see what becomes of everything! Or try the effect of concealing the yellow flower in the hair, in the "Flower Walk." And for comparison with the elementary method of M. Tadema, look at the blue reflection on the chin in this figure; at the reflection of the warm brick wall on its right arm; and at the general modes of unaffected relief by which the extended left arm in "Pansies" detaches itself from the background. And you ought afterwards, if you have an eye for colour, never more to mistake a tinted drawing for a painting.

233. THE FESTIVAL. (*E. J. Poynter, A.*[4])

I wonder how long Mr. Poynter thinks a young lady

[1] [See "Lectures on Art," chs. v. and vii. §§ 139, 173, 185, &c.]

[2] [Albert Moore (1841–1893), brother of Henry Moore. There is a characteristic example of his work in the Tate Gallery (No. 1549, "Blossoms").]

[3] [356. "A Flower Walk." 357. "Pansies."]

[4] [Sir Edward Poynter, who had been elected A.R.A. in 1868, was elected R.A. in 1876; President in 1896, in succession to Millais.]

could stand barefoot on a round-runged ladder; or that a sensible Greek girl would take her sandals off to try, on an occasion when she had festive arrangements to make with care. The ladders themselves, here and in No. 236 ("The Golden Age"), appear to me not so classical, or so rude, in type, as might have been expected, but to savour somewhat of expeditious gas-lighting. Of course Mr. Poynter's object in No. 236 is to show us, like Michael Angelo, the adaptability of limbs to awkward positions.[1] But he can only, by this anatomical science, interest his surgical spectators; while "The Golden Age," in this pinchbeck one, interests nobody. Not even the painter,—for had he looked at the best authorities for account of it, he would have found that its people lived chiefly on corn and strawberries, both growing wild; and doubtless the loaded fruit-branches drooped to their reach. Both these pictures are merely studies of decorative composition, and have far too much pains taken with them for their purpose. Decorative work, however complete, should be easy.

401. READY! (*P. Cockerell.*)

I suppose this is meant for portrait, not history. At all events, the painter has been misled in his endeavour, if he made any, to render Swiss character, by Schiller's absurd lines. Schiller, of all men high in poetic fame whose works are in any wise known to me, has the feeblest hold of facts, and the dullest imagination. "Still as a lamb!"[2] Sucking, I suppose?—they are so very quiet in that special occupation; and never think of such a thing as jumping, when they have had enough, of course? And I should like to hear a Swiss (or English) boy, with any stuff in him, liken himself to a lamb! If there were any real event from which the legend sprung, the boy's saying would have been not in the smallest degree pathetic: "Never fear *me*, father; I'll stand like grandmother's donkey when she wants him to go,"—or something to such effect.

[1] [In his "Lectures on Art" Sir Edward Poynter replied to Mr. Ruskin's criticisms on Michael Angelo: see especially Lecture IX.]

[2] ["Walther Tell . . . ich will nicht gebunden seyn. Ich will still halten wie ein Lamm."—Act iii. sc. 3.]

482. The Babylonian Marriage Market. (*E. Long.*[1])

A painting of great merit, and well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society. For the varieties of character in the heads are rendered with extreme subtlety; while, as a mere piece of painting, the work is remarkable, in the modern school, for its absence of affectation: there is no insolently indulged indolence nor vulgarly asserted dexterity,—the painting is good throughout, and unobtrusively powerful.

It becomes a question of extreme interest with me, as I examine this remarkable picture, how far the intensely subtle observation of physical character and expression which rendered the painting of it possible, necessitates the isolation of the artist's thoughts from subjects of intellectual interest or moral beauty. Certainly the best expressional works of the higher schools present nothing analogous to the anatomical precision with which the painter has here gradated the feature and expression of the twelve waiting girls, from great physical beauty to absolute ugliness, and from the serene insolence and power of accomplished fleshly womanhood to the restless audacity and crushed resignation of its despised states of personal inferiority, unconsoled by moral strength or family affection. As a piece of anthropology, it is the natural and very wonderful product of a century occupied in carnal and mechanical science. In the total paralysis of conception—without attempt to disguise the palsy—as to the existence of any higher element in a woman's mind than vanity and spite, or in a man's than avarice and animal passion, it is also a specific piece of the natural history of our own century; but only a partial one, either of it, or of the Assyrian, who was once as "the cedars in the garden of God."[2]

The painter has in the first instance misread his story or been misled by his translation.[3] This custom, called wise

[1] [Edwin Longsden Long (1829-1891) was elected A.R.A. in the year following the exhibition of this picture (now in the collection at Holloway College). He was elected R.A. in 1881. In addition to his pictures of biblical and archæological interest he painted some portraits; one of Sir Stafford Northcote is in the National Portrait Gallery.]

[2] [Ezek. xxxi. 3, 8: "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon. . . . The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him."]

[3] ["Herodotus records one of their customs, which, whether in jest or earnest, he declares to be the wisest he ever heard of. This was their wife-auction, by which they managed to find husbands for all their young

by Herodotus, is so called only as practised in country districts with respect to the fortuneless girls of the lower labouring population; daughters of an Assyrian noble, however plain-featured, would certainly not be exposed in the market to receive dowry from the dispute for their fairer sisters.[1] But there is matter of deeper interest in the custom, as it is compared to our modern life. However little the English educated classes now read their Bibles, they cannot but, in the present state of literary science, be aware that there is a book, once asserted to have been written by St. John, in which a spiritual Babylon is described as the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, and her ruin represented as lamentable, especially to the *merchants* who trafficked with her in many beautiful and desirable articles, but above all in "souls of men."

Also, the educated reader cannot but be aware that the animosity of Christian sects—which we have seen the subject of another important national-historical picture in this Academy—has for the last three hundred years wasted much of their energy in endeavours to find Scriptural reason for calling each other Babylonians, and whatever else that term may be understood to imply.

There is, however, no authority to be found in honestly read Scripture for these well-meaning, but ignorant, incivilities. Read in their entirety, the books of the Bible represent to us a literal and material deliverance of a visibly separated people from a literal bondage; their establishment in a literally fruitful and peaceful land; and their being led away out of that land, in consequence of their refusal to obey the laws of its Lord, into a literal captivity in a small material Babylon. The same Scriptures represent

women. The greatest beauty was put up first, and knocked down to the highest bidder; then the next in the order of comeliness—and so on to the damsel who was equidistant between beauty and plainness, who was given away gratis. Then the least plain was put up, and knocked down to the gallant who would marry her for the smallest consideration—and so on till the plainest was got rid of to some cynical worthy, who placidly preferred lucre to looks. By transferring to the scale of the ill-favoured the prices paid for the fair, beauty was made to endow ugliness, and the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain."—Swayne's *Herodotus*. The passage in Herodotus is i. 196.]

[1] The passage in Strabo which gives some countenance to the idea of universality in the practice, gives a somewhat different colour to it by the statement that over each of the three great Assyrian provinces a "temperately wise" person was set to conduct the ordinances of marriage.

to us a spiritual deliverance of an invisibly separated people from spiritual bondage; their establishment in the spiritual land of Christian joy and peace; and their being led away out of this land into a spiritual captivity in a great spiritual Babylon, the mother of abominations, and in all active transactions especially delightful to "merchants"—persons engaged, that is to say, in obtaining profits by exchange instead of labour.

And whatever was literally done, whether apparently wise or not, in the minor fleshly Babylon, will therefore be found spiritually fulfilled in the major ghostly one; and, for instance, as the most beautiful and marvellous maidens were announced for literal sale by auction in Assyria, are not also the souls of our most beautiful and marvellous maidens announced annually for sale by auction in Paris and London, in a spiritual manner, for the spiritual advantages of position in society?

BIOGRAPHY

Under this head I include Drama, Domestic Incident, and Portrait—this last being, if good, the sum of what drama and domestic chances have been wrought by, and befallen to, the person portrayed.

Not to begin with too high matters, and collapse subsequently, suppose we first contemplate the pretty little scene,

408. DOMESTIC TROUBLES. (*J. Burr.*)

The boy peeping in fearfully at the door has evidently, under the inspiration of modern scientific zeal, dissected the bellows; and whether they will ever help the pot to boil again is doubtful to grandpapa. The figure of the younger child, mute with awe and anxiety, yet not wholly guiltless of his naughty brother's curiosity, is very delightful. Avenging Fate, at the chimney-piece, is too severe.

I have marked, close by it, two other pictures, 403, 405, which interested me for reasons scarcely worth printing.[1] The cloister of Assisi has been carefully and literally

[1] [403. "The Convent of San Francesco during the Sacking of the City of Assisi by the Perugians, 1442" (F. W. W. Topham). 405. "On the Ponte della Paglia, Going to the Council" (H. Wallis).]

studied, in all but what is singular or beautiful in it—namely, the flattened dome over its cistern, and the central mossy well above. But there is more conscientious treatment of the rest of the building, and greater quietness of natural light, than in most picture backgrounds of these days. "Ponte della Paglia," 405, may be useful to travellers in at least clearly, if not quite accurately, showing the decorative use of the angle sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah on the Ducal Palace; and the Bridge of Sighs is better painted than usual.

242. A MERRIE JEST. (*H. S. Marks, A.*[1])

Very characteristic of the painter's special gift. The difficulty of so subtle a rendering as this of the half-checked yet extreme mirth of persons naturally humorous, can only be judged of by considering how often aspects of laughter are attempted in pictures, and how rarely we feel ourselves inclined to join in the merriment. The piece of accessory landscape is very unaffected and good, and the painting throughout, here, as well as in the equally humorous, and useless, picture of bygone days, 166,[2] of good standard modern quality.

107. THE BARBER'S PRODIGY. (*J. B. Burgess.*[3])

A close and careful study of modern domestic drama,

[1] [H. Stacy Marks (1829–1898), who became R.A. in 1878, was for many years on friendly terms with Ruskin—a friendship of which a pleasant memorial (with several letters from Ruskin) is given in the painter's "Pen and Pencil Sketches," ii. ch. xxiii. In his lectures on the "Art of England," Ruskin expressed his "admiration of the kind of portraiture which, without supporting its claim to public attention by the celebrity of its subjects, renders the pictures of Mr. Stacy Marks so valuable as epitomes and types of English life. No portrait of any recognized master in science could be more interesting than the gentle professor in this year's Academy, from whom even a rebelliously superficial person like myself might be content to receive instruction in the mysteries of anatomy. Many an old traveller's remembrances were quite pathetically touched by his monumental record of the 'Three Jolly Postboys;' and that he scarcely paints for us but in play is our own fault. Among all the endeavours in English historical painting exhibited in recent years, quite the most conscientious, vivid, and instructive was Mr. Marks's rendering of the interview between Lord Say and Jack Cade; and its quiet sincerity was only the cause of its being passed without attention" (ch. iii.). Several drawings of birds by Marks are in the collection of the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

[2] ["The Jolly Postboys": see preceding note.]

[3] [John Bagnold Burgess (1830–1897), elected A.R.A. in 1877, and R.A. in 1888.]

deserving notice, however, chiefly for its unaffected manner of work and moderately pleasant incident, as opposed to over-laboured pictures of what is merely ugly or meanly faultful, 141, 241—wastes of attention, skill, and time.[1] "Too Good to be True," 153, another clever bit of minor drama, is yet scarcely good enough to be paused at; "Private and Confidential," 375, deserves a few moments more. 879 ["The Beer Fish"] (A. Lüben) is much surer and finer in touch than anything English that I can find in this sort. The Düsseldorf Germans and the Neuchâtel Swiss have been doing splendid domestic work lately; but, I suppose, are too proud to exhibit here.

75. SOPHIA WESTERN. (*W. P. Frith, R.A.*)

The painter seems not to have understood, nor are the public likely to understand, that Fielding means, in the passage quoted,[2] to say that Miss Western's hands were white, soft, translucent, and at the moment snow-cold. In the picture they cannot be shown to be cold—are certainly not white; do not look soft; and scarcely show the light of the fire on them, much less through them. But what is the use of painting from Fielding at all? Of all our classic authors, it is he who demands the reader's attention most strictly; and what modern reader ever attends to anything?

88. LOOT: 1797. (*A. C. Gow.*[3])

An entirely fine picture of its class, representing an ordinary fact of war as it must occur, without any forced sentiment or vulgar accent. Highly skilful throughout, keenly seen, well painted, and deserving a better place than the slow cart-horses and solid waterfalls on the line have left for it.

[1] [141. "A Barber's Shop in Tunis" (J. E. Hodgson, A.). 241. "A Cock Fight" (J. E. Hodgson, A.). 153. (W. A. Orchardson, A.) 375. (J. Clark.)]

[2] ["The lady in the rich habit said, 'If you will give me leave, madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire, for it is really very cold.' . . . She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting." —*Tom Jones*, bk. x. ch. iii.]

[3 Andrew Carrick Gow (b. 1848) became A.R.A. in 1881, and R.A. in 1891. There are several pictures by him in the Tate Gallery.]

89. War Time. (*B. Rivière.*[1])

Compare 626 at once ["The Last of the Garrison"]: the first is a true piece of feeling—almost Wordsworthian; the second, disgraceful to it, both in the low pitch of its vulgar horror and in its loss of power, by retreat to picturesque tradition, instead of dealing, like the other, with the facts of our own day.

If Mr. Rivière really feels as I think he feels, and means to do good, he must not hope to do anything with people who would endure the sight of a subject such as this. He may judge what they are worth by a sentence I heard as I stood before it. "Last of the garrison—ha! they're all finished off, you see: isn't that well done?" At all events, if he means to touch them, he must paint the cooking of a French pet-poodle; not the stabbing of a bloodhound.

214. The Crown of Love.[2] (*J. E. Millais, R.A.*)

Much of the painter's old power remains in this sketch (it cannot be called a painting); and it is of course the leading one of the year in dramatic sentiment. This, then, it appears, is the best that English art can at the moment say in praise of the virtue and promise of the reward of Love; this, the subject of sentimental contemplation likely

[1] [Briton Rivière (b. 1840) became A.R.A. in 1879, and R.A. in 1881. Of his principal picture of 1878 Mr. Ruskin wrote: "It is a long time since I have been so pleased in the Royal Academy as I was by Mr. Briton Rivière's 'Sympathy.' The dog is uncaricatured dogginess, divine as Anubis or the Dog-star; the child entirely childish and lovely; the carpet might have been laid by Veronese" ("On the Old Road," i. § 502). A small version of "Sympathy" is in the Tate Gallery, where also other pictures by Mr. Rivière may be seen.]

[2] [In this picture a hero bears his lady-love up a steep slope. The subject was borrowed from Mr. George Meredith's poem:—

"Oh might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of romance
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

"Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touched the sky:
So the proud King decreed.

"Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won—
And she was won in death!"]

to be most pleasing to the present British public--torture, namely, carried to crisis of death in the soul of one creature and flesh of another. The British public are welcome to their feast; but, as purchasers, they ought to be warned that, compared with the earlier dual pictures of the school ("Huguenot," "Claudio and Isabella," "April Love," and the like[1]), this composition balances its excess of sentiment by defect of industry; and that it is not a precedent advantageous to them, in the arrangement of pictures of lovers, that one should have a body without a face, and the other a face without a body.

47. HEARTS OF OAK. (*J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

Beautiful, but incomplete; the painter wants more heart of oak himself. If he had let all his other canvases alone and finished this, the year's work would have been a treasure for all the centuries; while now it is only "the Hook of the season."

It looks right and harmonious in its subdued sunshine. But it isn't. Why should mussel-shells cast a shadow, but boats and hats none? Why should toy-carts and small stones have light and dark sides, and tall rocks none? I fancy all the pictures this year must have been painted in the sunless east wind; and only a bit of sunshine put in here and there out of the painter's head, where he thought it would do nobody any harm.

112. A NOVEMBER MORNING, &c.[2] (*H. T. Wells, R.A.*[3])

Fishermen's hearts being of oak, what are huntsmen's hearts made of? They will have to ascertain, and prove, soon; there being question nowadays among the lower orders whether they have got any to speak of.

[1] [For Mr. Ruskin's references to Millais's "Huguenot," see below, p. 265. For Holman Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella," see "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. sec. iv. ch. iii. § 5, "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," §§ 136, 138, and "The Art of England," § 6. For "April Love," by Arthur Hughes, see above, p. 60.]

[2] [At Birdsall House, Yorkshire. Testimonial hunt-picture, containing portraits of Lord and Lady Middleton, the Hon. Digby and Hon. Mrs. Willoughby, the Hon. Ernest Willoughby, &c.]

[3] [Henry Tamworth Wells (b. 1828) practised portraiture exclusively as a miniature painter up to 1861, when his first portrait in oils was exhibited. A.R.A. 1866, R.A. 1870.]

A pleasant aristocratic picture—creditable to Mr. Wells, and the nobility. Not a Vandyck, neither.

430. SUNDAY AFTERNOON. (*R. Collinson.*)

This picture, though of no eminent power in any respect, is extremely delightful to myself; and ought, I think, to be so to most unsophisticated persons who care for English rural life; representing, as it does, a pleasant and virtuous phase of such life, whether on Sunday or Saturday afternoon.

Why, by the way, *must* we accept it for Sunday? Have our nice old women no rest on any other day? Do they never put on a clean muslin kerchief on any other day? Do they never read their Bible (of course, it would be improper to suppose any other book readable by them) on any other day? Whatever day it be, here, at all events, are peace, light, cleanliness, and content.

Luxury even, of a kind; the air coming in at that door must be delicious, and the leaves outside of it look like a bit of the kitchen-garden side of Paradise. They please me all the better, because, since scientific people were good enough to tell us that leaves were made green by "greenleaf," I haven't seen a leaf painted green by anybody. But this peep through the door is like old times, when we were neither plagued with soot nor science.

Note, for a little piece of technical study in composition, that the painter would not have been able to venture on so pure colour outside of the door had he not painted the door green as well, only of a modified tint, and so led the subdued colour forward into the red interior, taken up again by the shadows of the plants in the window. The management of the luminous shadow throughout is singularly skilful—all the more so because it attracts so little attention. *This* is true chiaroscuro; not spread treacle or splashed mud, speckled with white spots—as a Rembrandt amateur thinks.

Mr. Pettie,[1] for instance, a man of real feeling and great dramatic power, is ruining himself by these shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt,

[1] [John Pettie (1839-1893), A.R.A. 1867, R.A. 1873. A collection of his works was exhibited at the Academy in 1894. He is represented in the Tate Gallery by "The Vigil" (No. 1582).]

as well as the "costume of the sixteenth century," in 318,[1] he never would have thought of representing Scott's entirely heroic and tender-hearted Harry of Perth (223), merely by the muscular back and legs of him (the legs, by the way, were slightly bandy—if one holds to accuracy in anatomical respects); nor vulgarized the real pathos and most subtle expression of his Jacobites (1217) by the slovenly dark background, corresponding virtually to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite's face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt; but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such like. Now there's a wrinkle quite essential to the expression, under the Jacobite's eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt's bad bricklayer's work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure of his colours; but it is always licentious; and in these days, when the first object of manufacture is to produce articles that won't last, if the mortar cracks, where are we?

To return to the question of chiaroscuro. The present Academicians—most of whom I have had anxious talk of, with their fathers or friends, when they were promising boys—have since been, with the best part of their minds, amusing themselves in London drawing-rooms, or Eastern deserts, instead of learning their business; with the necessary result that they have, as a body, qualified themselves rather to be Masters of Ceremonies than of Studies, and guides rather of Caravans than Schools; and have not got an inkling of any principle of their art to bless themselves—or other people, with. So that they have not only filled their large railroad station and stalls (attached refreshment room completing the nature of the thing) with a mass of heterogeneous pictures, of which at least two-thirds are beneath the level of acceptance in any well established dealer's shop;[2] but

[1] [318. "Portrait in the Costume of the Sixteenth Century." 223. "Scene in Hall of the Wynd's Smithy." 1217. "Jacobites, 1745;" Mr. Pettie's Diploma picture.]

[2] I permit myself to name, for instance, not as worse than others, but as peculiarly disagreeable to myself, because I love monks, herons, and sea—450, 291, and 837. [450. "Steady, Brother, Steady!" (W. D. Sadler). 291. "Sport in the Olden Time" (W. Hughes). 837. "Give Way" (Colin Hunter).]

they have encouraged, by favour of position, quite the worst abuses of the cheap art of the day—of which these tricks of rubbing half the canvas over with black or brown, that the rest may come out handsomer, or that the spectator may be properly, but at the same time economically, prepared for its melancholy or sublime tenor, are among the least creditable either to our English wits or honesty. The portrait, No. 437,[1] for instance, is a very respectable piece of painting, and would have taken its place well in the year's show of work, if the inkstand had not been as evanescent as the vision of Ezekiel, and the library shelves so lost in the gloom of art as to suggest symbolically, what our bishops at home seem so much afraid of—indistinctness in colonial divinity.[2] And the two highly moral pictures, 101 and 335,[3] which are meant to enforce on the public mind the touching theories that, for the labouring poor, grass is not green nor geese white, and that, on the pastoral poor, the snow falls dirty, might have delivered their solemn message just as convincingly from a more elevated stage of the wall-pulpit, without leaving on the minds of any profane spectator like myself the impression of their having been executed by a converted crossing-sweeper, with his broom, after it was worn stumpy.

If the reader is interested in the abstract qualities of art, he will find it useful at once to compare with these more or less feeble or parsimonious performances two pictures, which, if not high in attainment, are, at least, the one strong, and the other generous. 184. "Peasantry of Esthonia [West Russia] going to Market" (G. Bochmann) is masterly work, by a man practised in his business, but who has been taught it in a bad school. It is a true artistic abstraction of grey and angular natural facts; it indeed omits too much—for even in Esthonia there must be grass somewhere, or what could the horses eat?—and it omits the best things and

[1] [437. "Dr. Perry, first Bishop of Melbourne." Painted by subscription for the colony of Victoria (H. Weigall).]

[2] [Mr. Ruskin was warmly interested in the case of Bishop Colenso, who had been inhibited a few months before this pamphlet was written. See "Fors Clavigera," 1875, letter xlix.; 1876, lxii.; and "Letters to Ward," ii. 58. In 1887 Mr. Ruskin presented a large crystal of diamond to the Natural History Museum "in honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine First Bishop of Natal."]

[3] [101. "The Bearers of the Burden" (G. H. Boughton). 335. "Hard Weather" (J. H. E. Partington).]

keeps the worst: but it is done with method, skill, and a conscientious notion that to be grey and angular is to be right. And it deserves a place in an Academy exhibition.

On the other hand, 263, "Getting Better" (C. Calthrop[1]), is an intensely laborious, honest, and intentionally difficult study of chiaroscuro in two lights, on varied colour; and in all other respects it is well meant, and generously, according to the painter's power, completed. I won't say more of it, because at the height it hangs I can see no more; nor must the reader suppose that what I *have* said implies anything beyond what is stated. All that I certify is, that as a study of chiaroscuro it deserves close attention, much praise, and a better place than it at present occupies.

366. THE MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. (*W. W. Ouless.*[2])

An agreeable and vigorous portrait, highly creditable to the painter, and honourable to its subject and its possessors. Mr. Ouless has adopted from Mr. Millais what was deserving of imitation, and used the skill he has learned to better ends. All his portraits here are vigorous and interesting.

221. JOHN STUART BLACKIE. (*J. Archer.*[3])

An entirely well-meant, and I should conjecture successful, portrait of a man much deserving portraiture. The background has true meaning, and is satisfactorily complete; very notable, in that character, among the portrait backgrounds of the year. The whole is right and good.

718. THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. (*E. Clifford.*[4])

Mr. Clifford evidently means well, and is studying in the elder schools; and painting persons who will permit him to do his best in his own way.

There is much of interesting in his work, but he has yet to pass through the Valley of Humiliation before he can

[1] [Claude Calthrop (1845–1893) had gained the gold medal at the Academy for historical work.]

[2] [Walter William Ouless (b. 1848), A.R.A. 1877, R.A. 1881.]

[3] [James Archer (b. 1824), Scottish portrait-painter.]

[4] [Edward Clifford (b. 1844), portrait-painter; also treasurer of the Church Army; visited Father Damien, 1888.]

reach the Celestial Mountains.[1] He must become perfectly simple before he can be sublime; above all, he must not hope to be great by effort. This portrait is over-laboured; and, towards the finishing, he has not well seen what he was doing, and has not rightly balanced his front light against that of the sky. But his drawings always deserve careful notice.

317. MISS MARGARET STUART WORTLEY. (*A. Stuart Wortley.*[2])

The rightest and most dignified female portrait here—as Lady Coleridge's drawing of Dr. Newman, 1069, is the most subtle among those of the members of learned professions (though Mr. Laurence's two beautiful drawings, 1054, 1062,[3] only fall short of it by exhibiting too frankly the practised skill of their execution). 1052 is also excellent; and, on the whole,—thinking over these, and other more irregular and skirmishing, but always well-meant, volunteer work sprinkled about the rooms,—I think the amateurs had better have an Academy of their own next year, in which indulgently, when they had room to spare, they might admit the promising effort of an artist.

I have scarcely been able to glance round at the portrait sculpture; and am always iniquitously influenced, in judging of marble, by my humour for praise or dispraise of the model, rather than artist. Guarding myself, as well as I may, from such faultful bias, I yet venture to name 1342[4] as an exemplary piece of chiselling, carefully and tenderly composed in every touch. If the hair on the forehead were completely finished, this would be a nearly perfect bust. I cannot understand why the sculptor should have completed the little tress that falls on the cheek so carefully, and yet left so many unmodified contours in the more important masses.

[1] [Mr. Clifford, I have been told, wrote and asked Mr. Ruskin what he meant by the "Valley of Humiliation" in this connection. Mr. Ruskin replied by asking him to put a ring of cherries round a jam pot, remove the jam-pot, and paint the ring. Mr. Clifford, it is said, made the attempt: whether he found it lead to the Celestial Mountains, I have not heard.]

[2] [Archibald Stuart Wortley, now a well-known portrait-painter, had in 1874 the privilege of practical lessons in painting from Millais (see "Life and Letters," ii. 61).]

[3] [1054. "Sir Theodore Martin." 1062. "John Hodgkin, Esq." 1052. "Nineteen" (Lady Coleridge).]

[4] [1342. "Mrs. W. Cornwallis West:" marble (G. Halse).]

1301. THOMAS CARLYLE. (*J. E. Boehm.*[1])

For this noble piece of portraiture I cannot trust myself to express my personal gratitude; nor does either the time I can give to these notes, or their limited intention, permit me—if even otherwise I could think it permissible—to speak at all of the high and harmonious measure in which it seems to me to express the mind and features of my dear Master.

This only it is within the compass of my present purpose to affirm—that here is a piece of vital and essential sculpture; the result of sincere skill spent carefully on an object worthy its care; motive and method alike right; no pains spared, and none wasted. And any spectator of sensitiveness will find that, broadly speaking, all the sculpture round seems dead and heavy in comparison, after he has looked long at this.

There must always be, indeed, some difference in the immediate effect on our minds between the picturesque treatment proper in portrait sculpture, and that belonging, by its grace of reserve, to classical design. But it is generally a note of weakness in an Englishman when he thinks he can conceive like a Greek: so that the plurality of modern Hellenic Academy sculpture consists merely of imperfect anatomical models peeped at through bath-towels; and is in the essence of it quite as dull as it appears to be. Let us go back to less dignified work.

196. SCHOOL REVISITED. (*G. D. Leslie, A.*)

I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms, and was so delighted with it that it made me

[1] [Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm (1834–1890), born at Vienna, settled in London in 1862, and was afterwards naturalized. He was elected A.R.A. in 1878, and R.A. 1880. His work had a great vogue, and he was sculptor in ordinary to Queen Victoria. The portrait of Carlyle above noticed was a bust. The full-length seated statue, of which a replica in bronze is now in the gardens of Cheyne Walk, and which was probably Boehm's best work, was exhibited in 1882. Of Boehm's representation of Carlyle, Froude said that it was "as satisfactory a likeness in face and figure as could be rendered in sculpture; and the warm regard which had grown up between the artist and himself had enabled Mr. Boehm to catch with more than common success the shifting changes of his expression" ("Carlyle's Life in London," ii. 460). Boehm also executed a medallion of Carlyle (see Garnett's "Carlyle," p. 162). Boehm's bust of Mr. Ruskin is in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

like everything else I saw that morning; it is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood, and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms. I had written first, "masterly" composition; but no composition is quite masterly which modifies or subdues any of the natural facts so as to force certain relations between them. Mr. Leslie at present subdues all greens, refuses all but local darks, and scarcely permits himself, even in flesh, colour enough for life. Young ladies at a happy country boarding-school, like this, would be as bright as by the seaside; and there is no reason why a knowledge-gatherer, well cared for, should be less rosy than a samphire-gatherer.

Rich colour may be in good taste, as well as the poorest; and the quaintness, politeness, and grace of Leslie might yet glow with the strength and freshness of Hook. It may perhaps be more difficult than I suppose to get the delicate lines and gradations, on which the expression of these girls mainly depends, in deeper colour. But, at all events, the whole should be more in harmony, and more consistently precious. English girls are, perhaps, not all of them, St. Dorothys; but at least they are good enough to deserve to have their rose-leaves painted about them thoroughly.

The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of Nature as can be conceived in this kind; and I have no words to say how pretty she is.

But Mr. Leslie is in the very crisis of his artist life. His earlier pictures were finer in colour; and colour is the soul of painting. If he could resolve to paint thoroughly, and give the colours of Nature as they are, he might be a really great painter, and almost hold, to Bonifazio, the position that Reynolds held to Titian. But if he subdues his colour for the sake of black ribands, white dresses, or faintly idealized faces, he will become merely an Academic leaf of the "Magazin des Modes."

For the present, however, this picture, and the clay portrait of Carlyle, are, as far as my review reaches, the only two works of essential value in the Exhibition of this year —that is to say, the only works of quietly capable art, representing what deserved representation.

English girls, by an English painter. Whether you call

them Madonnas, or saints, or what not, it is the law of art-life—your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand. Only living Venice, done by Venetian —living Greece by Greek—living Scotland, perhaps, which has much loved Germany, by living Germany which has much reverenced Scotland: such expansion of law may be granted; nay, the strangeness of a foreign country making an artist's sight of it shrewd and selective, may produce a sweet secondary form of beautiful art—your Spanish Lewis, your French Prout, your Italian Wilson, and their like—second-rate nevertheless, always. Not Lewis, but only Velasquez, can paint a perfect Spaniard; not Wilson, nor Turner, but only Carpaccio, can paint an Italian landscape. And, too fatally, the effort is destructive to the painters, beyond all resistance; and Lewis loses his animal power among the arabesques of Cairo, Turner his Yorkshire honesty at Rome, and Holman Hunt—painting the "Light of the World" in an English orchard—paints the gaslight of Bond Street in the Holy Land.[1]

English maids, I repeat, by an English painter,—that is all that an English Academy can produce of loveliest. There's another beautiful little one, by Mr. Leighton, with a purple drapery thrown over her that she may be called Fatima (215 and 345),[2] who would have been quite infinitely daintier in a print frock, and called Patty. And I fear there are no more, to speak of, by artists,[3] this year; the two vivid sketches, 222, 262, being virtually put out of court by their coarse work.[4] (Look close at the painting of the neck in the one, and of the left hand in the other.) Of English men, there are the Mayor, and the Chemist; a vigorous squire or two; and the group of grand old soldiers at Chelsea[5]—a most notable, true, pathetic study, but scarcely artistic enough to be reckoned as of much more value than

[1] [Mr. Holman Hunt painted the background of the "Light of the World" in a farmhouse orchard in Surrey, working by candle-light from 9 p.m. till 5 a.m.—*Contemporary Review*, May 1886.]

[2] [215. "Portion of the Interior of the Grand Mosque of Damascus." 345. "Little Fatima."]

[3] But see note on 317, p. 244.

[4] [Both pictures by Millais. No. 222 was Miss Eveleen Tennant (Mrs. F. W. H. Myers). No. 262, called "No!" was a portrait of her sister, Miss Dorothy Tennant (now Lady Stanley).]

[5] [808. "The Last Muster: Sunday at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea." By H. Herkomer (b. 1849, A.R.A. 1879, R.A. 1890).]

a good illustrative woodcut. Mr. Watts's portraits[1] are all conscientious and subtle, and of great present interest, yet not realistic enough to last. Exclusively I return to my Carlyle and the schoolgirls, as, the one, sure to abide against the beating of the time stream; and the other, possibly floating on it, discernible as a flower in foam.

NATURAL HISTORY.

There ought to be a separate room in our Academy for the exhibition of the magnificent work in scientific drawing and engraving, done, at present, almost without public notice, for the illustrations of great European works on Palæontology, Zoology, and Botany. The feeling, on the part of our artists, that an idle landscape sketch, or a clever caricature, may be admitted into their rooms as "artistic"; and that work which the entire energy of early life must be given to learn, and of late life to execute, is to be excluded, merely because it is thoroughly true and useful, is I hope likely to yield, some day, to the scientific enthusiasm which has prevailed often where it should have been resisted, and may surely therefore conquer, in time, where it has honourable claims.

There is nothing of the kind, however, to be seen here hitherto; but I may direct attention under this head, rather than that of landscape, to the exquisite skill of delineation with which Mr. Cooke has finished the group of palm trees in his wonderful study of sunset at Denderah (443).[2] The sacrifice of colour in shadow for the sake of brilliancy in light, essentially a principle of Holland as opposed to Venice, is in great degree redeemed in this picture by the extreme care with which the relations of light are observed on the terms conceded: but surely, from so low sunset, the eastern slopes of the mountains on the left could not have been reached by so many rays?

To this division of our subject also must be referred Mr. Brett's "Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497),

[1] [Mr. Watts's portraits in the Academy of 1875 were—188. "Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B." 193. "Mr. F. W. Walker" (now High-master of St. Paul's School). 420. "The Late Marquis of Lothian."]

[2] [443. "The Mountains and Plain of Denderah on the Libyan bank of the Nile; doum and date palms, trees," &c.]

but with less praise; for since the days when I first endeavoured to direct the attention of a careless public to his conscientious painting of the Stonebreaker and Woodcutter,[1] he has gained nothing—rather, I fear, lost, in subtlety of execution, and necessitates the decline of his future power by persistently covering too large canvas. There is no occasion that a geological study should also be a geological map; and even his earlier picture, which I am honoured in possessing, of the Val d'Aosta,[2] would have been more precious to me if it had been only of half the Val d'Aosta.

The extreme distance here, however, beyond the promontory, is without any question the best bit of sea and atmosphere in the rooms. The paint on the water surface in the bay is too loaded, but laid with extreme science in alternations of colour.

At a still lower level, though deserving some position in the Natural History class for its essential, though rude, and apparently motiveless, veracity, must be placed "The Fringe of the Moor" (74).[3]

But why one should paint the fringe of the moor, rather than the breadth of it, merely for the privilege of carrying an ugly wooden fence all across the foreground, I must leave modern sentimentalists and naturalists to explain. Vestiges of the painter's former power of seeing true colour remain in the iridescent distance, but now only disgrace the gentle hillsides with their coarseness of harlequinade; and the daubed sky—daubed without patience even to give unity of direction to the bristle marks—seems to have been wrought in obtrusive directness of insult to every master, principle, and feeling, reverenced or experienced, in the schools of noble art, from its nativity to this hour.

[1] [See above, p. 145.]
[2] [See above, p. 197.]
[3] [This picture, by Millais (now in the collection of Mr. Ismay), was painted in the autumn of 1874 "from the extreme end of the Roballion ground, beyond the ruined village of Trochray, and close to Loch Kennard march. It used to be a favourite beat for black game" ("Life and Letters of Millais," ii. 55). In a note on the Millais Exhibition of 1886, Mr. Ruskin made the following addendum to (or rather, emphatic repetition of) the criticism here:—

"The daubed sky—daubed without patience even to give unity of direction to the bristle marks—is without excuse, even in the rudest haste."
—J. R., 1886.]

And, closing the equivocal group of works in which Naturalism prevails unjustly over art, I am obliged to rank Mr. Leighton's interesting study of man in his Oriental function of scarecrow (symmetrically antithetic to his British one of game-preserver), 398.[1] It is, I do not doubt, anatomically correct; and, with the addition of the corn, the poppies, and the moon, becomes semi-artistic, so that I feel much compunction in depressing it into the Natural History class: and the more, because it partly forfeits its claim even to such position, by obscuring in twilight its really valuable delineation of the body, and disturbing our minds, in the process of scientific investigation, by sensational effects of after-glow, and lunar effulgence, which are disadvantageous, not to the scientific observer only, but to less learned spectators. For when simple and superstitious persons like myself, greatly susceptible to the influence of low stage-lamps and pink sidelights, first catch sight of the striding figure from the other side of the room, and take it, perhaps, for the angel with his right foot on the sea and his left foot on the earth, swearing there shall be Time no longer; or for Achilles alighting from one of his lance-cast-long leaps on the shore of Scamander; and find, on near approach, that all this grand straddling, and turning down of the gas, mean, practically, only a lad shying stones at sparrows, we are but too likely to pass on petulantly, without taking note of what is really interesting in this Eastern custom and skill—skill which I would recommend with all my heart to the imitation of the British game-preserver aforesaid, when the glorious end of Preservation is to be accomplished in Battue. Good slinging would involve more healthy and graceful muscular action than even the finest shooting; and might, if we fully followed the Eastern example, be most usefully practised in other periods of the year, and districts of England, than those now consecrated to the sports of our aristocracy. I cannot imagine a more edifying spectacle than a British landlord in the middle of his farmer's cornfield, occupied in this entirely patriotic method of Protection.

The remainder of the pictures which I have to notice as belonging to the domain of Natural History, are of indubitable, though unpretending, merit. They represent indeed

[1] ["Eastern Slinger scaring Birds in the Harvest-time: Moonrise."]

pure Zoology in its highest function of Animal Biography, which scientific persons will one day find requires much more learned investigation of its laws than the Thanatography which is at present their exclusive occupation and entertainment.

414. A FASCINATING TAIL. (*H. H. Couldery.*)

Quite the most skilful piece of minute and Düreresque painting in the exhibition—(it cannot be rightly seen without a lens)—and in its sympathy with kitten nature, down to the most appalling depths thereof, and its tact and sensitiveness to the finest gradations of kittenly meditation and motion—unsurpassable. It seems hard to require of a painter who has toiled so much that, for this very reason, he should toil the more; but "The Little Epicure" (169) cannot be considered a picture till the cabbage leaves are as perfect as the fish.

1234. THE FIRST TASTE. (*S. Carter.*[1])

Altogether enjoyable to me; and I am prepared to maintain (as a true lover of dogs, young and old), against all my heroic and tragically-minded friends, that this picture is exemplary in its choice of a moment of supreme puppy felicity as properest time for puppy portraiture. And I thankfully—and with some shame for my generally too great distrust of modern sentiment—acknowledge, before it, that there is a real element of fine benevolence towards animals in us, advanced quite infinitely, and into another world of feeling, from the days of Snyders and Rubens.[2] "The Little Wanderers" (1173), by this same painter, are a most pathetic and touching group of children in the wood. You may see, if you will take your opera-glass to it, that the robin is even promising to cover them with leaves, if indeed things are to end, as seems too probable. And compare, by the way, the still more meek and tender human destitution, "To be Left till Called for," 83,[3] which I am ashamed

[1] [Samuel John Carter (1835–1892). A picture by him of deer is in the Tate Gallery (No. 1559).]

[2] [For Mr. Ruskin's strictures on the boar and lion hunts of these painters as "shameful to humanity," see "Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 19.]

[3] [By A. Dixon.]

of myself for forgetting, as one of the pretty things that first encouraged me to write these Notes. "Nobody's Dog"[1] may console us with his more cynical view of his position in the wide world; and finally, Miss Acland's Platonic puppy (737)[2] shows us how events of the most unexpected, and even astounding, character, may be regarded, by a dog of sense, with entire moral tranquillity, and consequently with undisturbed powers of reflection and penetration.

How strange that I cannot add to my too short list of animal studies any, however unimportant, of Birds! (I do not count as deserving notice at all dramatic effects of vulture, raven, &c.) Not a nest—not a plume! English society now caring only for kingfishers' skins on its hat, and plovers' eggs on its plate.

LANDSCAPE

The distinction between Natural-Historic painting of scenery and true Landscape, is that the one represents objects as a Government Surveyor does, for the sake of a good account of the things themselves, without emotion, or definite purpose of expression. Landscape painting shows the relation between Nature and man; and, in fine work, a particular tone of thought in the painter's mind respecting what he represents.

I endeavoured, thirty years ago, in "Modern Painters,"[3] to explain this difference briefly, by saying that, in Natural History painting, the artist was only the spectator's horse; but, in Landscape painting, his friend.

The worst of such friendliness, however, is that a conceited painter may at last leave Nature out of the question altogether, and talk of himself only; and then there is nothing for it but to go back to the Government Surveyor. Mr. Brett, in his coast scene above noticed, gives us things,

[1] [No. 427, by Miss E. L. Seeley.]

[2] ["The Intruder," by Miss A. Acland (daughter of Sir Henry Acland).]

[3] [The two great ends of landscape painting, said Mr. Ruskin in the first volume of "Modern Painters," are the representation of facts and of thoughts. "In attaining the first end, the painter only places the spectator where he stands himself; he sets him before the landscape, and leaves him. The spectator is alone. . . . The artist is his conveyance, not his companion—his horse, not his friend" (pt. ii. sec. i. ch. i. § 1).]

without thoughts; and the fuliginous moralists above noticed, thoughts—such as they are—without things: by all means let us rather have the geographical synopsis.

415. HOPPERS ON THE ROAD. (*W. Linnell.*)

This is a landscape, however; and, if it were more lightly painted, we might be very happy with it. Mr. Linnell cares no more than his father for brush dexterity; but he does no worse now, in that part of the business, than every one else. And what a relief it is, for any wholesome human sight, after sickening itself among the blank horrors of dirt, ditch-water, and malaria, which the imitators of the French schools have begrimed our various Exhibition walls with, to find once more a bit of blue in the sky and a glow of brown in the coppice, and to see that Hoppers in Kent can enjoy their scarlet and purple—like empresses and emperors!

1199. SUMMER DAYS FOR ME. (*A. W. Hunt.*)

I am at some pause in expressing my pleasure in the realization of this beautiful scene, because I have personal interest in it, my own favourite summer walk being through this very field.[1] As, however, I was far away at Assisi when the artist painted it, and had nothing whatever to do with either the choice or treatment of his subject, it is not indecorous for me to praise a work in which I am able so securely to attest a fidelity of portraiture, happily persisted in without losing the grace of imagination.

It is the only picture of the year which I saw in the studio, and that by chance; for it is one of my fixed laws not to look at pictures before they take their fair trial in the Academy. But I ventured to find fault with the sky. The sky was courteously changed to please me; but I am encroaching enough to want it changed more. "Summer days are" *not* "for me," unless the sky is blue in them, and especially unless it looks—what simple mortals too often make it in reality—a great way off. I want this sky to look bluer at the top, and farther away at the bottom. The brook on the right is one of the very few pieces of

[1] [This picture was painted in and from a riverside meadow at Coniston, close to Brantwood. The artist had been staying with Mr. Ruskin, and one of the first walks they took was to the spot from which Mr. Hunt afterwards made this picture.]

stream which, this year, have been studied for their beauty, not their rage.

256. WISE SAWS. (*J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

I suspect that many, even of the painter's admirers, pass this pretty sketch without noticing the humour with which he has expressed the gradations of feminine curiosity, scientific attention, and conscientious sense of responsibility, in the faces of the troop of cows who approach to investigate the nature of the noisy phenomenon upon the palings. It is a charming summer sketch, but scarcely worth sending to the Academy; and time was wasted by the good painter in carrying so far, what he felt his skill would be misapplied in carrying farther.

I am sure that Mr. Hook cannot lately have been reading his "Richard II."; but whether the line quoted for his motto chanced idly to occur to his memory, or was suggested to him by some acquaintance, he will, I trust, find a more decorous, as he easily may a more amusing, motto for his pretty cattle piece, before it becomes known in the picture-market as the parody of one of the most pathetic utterances in all Shakespearian tragedy.

123. ON THE RIVER MOLE. (*Birket Foster.*[2])

In doubt whether the spectator, without assistance, would see all the metaphysical distinctions between the cows in Mr. Hook's landscape, I need a more keen-sighted spectator's assistance to tell me, in Mr. Foster's, whether those animals on the opposite bank of the Mole are cows at all. If so, the trunks of the trees in the hedge beyond are about twenty yards in girth. What do our good water-colour painters mean by wasting their time in things like this (and I could name one or two who have done worse), for the sake of getting their names into the Academy catalogue?

[1] ["Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen." (Act iv. sc. 1).]

[2] [Myles Birket Foster (1825–1899), who became a member of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1862, was for many years one of the most popular water-colour artists. In "The Art of England" (ch. iv.), Mr. Ruskin, after praising Mrs. Allingham's rustic idyls, makes "mention, with sincere gratitude, of the like motives in the paintings of Mr. Birket Foster; but with regret that in too equal, yet incomplete, realization of them, mistaking, in many instances, mere spotty execution for finish, he has never taken the high position that was open to him as an illustrator of rustic life."]

69, 81. THE HORSE-DEALER. CROSSING THE MOOR.[1]

I have not looked long enough at these to justify me in saying more of them than that they should not be here on the line. That much I *must* say, and emphatically.

265. (I venture to supply a title, the painter seeming to have been at a loss.[2]) A Wild Rose, remarkable in being left on its stalk, demonstrates to the poet Campbell that there has been a garden in this locality.

Little thought I, when I wrote the first line of "Modern Painters," that a day would come when I should have to say of a modern picture what I must say of this. When I began my book, Wilkie was yet living; and though spoiled by his Spanish ambition, the master's hand was yet unpalsied, nor had lost its skill of practice in its pride. Turner was in his main colour-strength, and the dark room of the Academy had, every year, its four or five painted windows, bright as the jewel casements of Aladdin's palace, and soft as a kingfisher's wings. Mulready was at the crowning summit of his laborious skill; and the "Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield," and the "Choosing of the Wedding Dress,"[3] remain in my mind as standards of English effort in rivalship with the best masters of Holland. Constable's clumsy hand was honest, and his flickering sunshine fair. Stanfield, sea-bred, knew what a ship was, and loved it; knew what rocks and waves were, and wrought out their strength and sway with steadiest will. David Roberts, though utterly destitute of imagination, and incapable of

[1] [No. 69, by C. E. Johnson, landscape-painter (b. 1832). No. 81, by Peter Graham (b. 1836), A.R.A. 1877, R.A. 1881.]

[2] [This picture, by Millais, k. own as "The Deserted Garden," had no title in the catalogue, but a quotation was given from Campbell's lines, "Written on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire":—

> "Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
> By the dial-stone, aged and green,
> One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where the garden had been."

The picture was painted from the end of the upper garden terrace of St. Mary's Tower, Birnam. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Thwaites. "Never mind what other people may say about your pictur," wrote Millais; "it is, and always will remain, one of the very best works I ever did" ("Life and Letters of Millais," ii. 58).]

[3] ["Choosing the Wedding Dress," exhibited 1846, is now in the South Kensington Museum (Sheepshanks' collection). "Burchell and Sophia" (or "Haymaking") was exhibited in 1847.]

colour, was at least a practised draughtsman in his own field of architectural decoration; loved his Burgos or Seville cathedral fronts as a woman loves lace; and drew the details of Egyptian hieroglyph with dutiful patience, not to show his own skill, but to keep witness of the antiquity he had the wisdom to reverence; while, not a hundred yards from the Academy portico, in the room of the Old Water-Colour, Lewis was doing work which surpassed, in execution, everything extant since Carpaccio; and Copley Fielding, Robson, Cox, and Prout were every one of them, according to their strength, doing true things with loving minds.

The like of these last-named men, in simplicity and tenderness of natural feeling, expressing itself with disciplined (though often narrow) skill, does not, so far as I can see, now exist in the ranks of art-labourers; and even of men doing their absolute best according to their knowledge, it would be difficult to find many among the most renowned exhibitors of London and Paris;—while here, full on the line, with highest Academic name, and hailed by explosive applause from the whole nation, here is—— I cannot use strength of words enough to tell you what it is, unless you will first ascertain for yourselves what it is *not*.

Get what good you can of it, or anything else in the rooms to-day; but to-morrow, or when next you mean to come to the Academy, go first for half an hour into the National Gallery, and look closely and thoroughly at the painting of the soldier's helmet and crimson plume in John Bellini's "Peter Martyr" [No. 812]; at the horse-bridle in the large, nameless Venetian picture of the Madonna and kneeling Knight;[1] at the herbage in the foreground of Mantegna's "Madonna" [No. 274]; and at Titian's columbines and vine in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" [No. 35]. All these are examples of true painter's work in minor detail; unsurpassable, but not, by patience and modesty, inimitable. There was once a day when the painter of this (*soi-disant*) landscape promised to do work as good. If, coming straight from that to this, you like this best, be properly thankful for the blessings of modern science and art, and for all the good guidance of Kensington and Messrs. Agnew. But if you think that the four-petalled rose, the sprinkle of hips looking like ill-drawn heather, the sun-dial looking like an ill-drawn

[1] [No. 234; now ascribed to Catena.]

fountain, the dirty birch tree, and the rest—whatever it is meant for—of the inarticulate brown scrabble, are not likely to efface in the eyes of future generations the fame of Venice and Etruria, you have always the heroic consolation given you in the exclamation of the *Spectator:* "If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton-mill, give us the cotton-mill."[1]

Literally, here you have your cotton-mill employed in its own special Art-produce. Here you have, what was once the bone and sinew of a great painter, ground and carded down into black-podded broom-twigs. That is what has come to pass upon him; that, *his* finding on his "ruinous walk" over the diabolic Tom Tiddler's ground of Manchester and Salford. Threshed under the mammon flail into threads and dust, and shoddy-fodder for fools; making manifest yet, with what ragged remnant of painter's life is in him, the results of mechanical English labour on English land. Not here the garden of the sluggard, green with rank weeds; not here the garden of the Deserted Village, overgrown with ungathered balm; not here the noble secrecy of a virgin country, where the falcon floats and the wild goat plays;—but here the withering pleasance of a fallen race, who have sold their hearths for money, and their glory for a morsel of bread.

231. THE QUARRIES OF HOLMEGROUND, LANCASHIRE. (*J. S. Raven.*)

The painter has real feeling of the sublimity of hill forms, and has made the most of his Langdale pikes. But it is very wonderful that in all this Academy, so far as I have

[1] [The "exclamation" occurs in a review of Mr. Ruskin's Oxford "Lectures on Art," August 6, 1870. The reviewer took up the statement (§ 123) that "before you can have a school of art, you must find places elsewhere than in England, or at least in otherwise unserviceable parts of England, for the establishment of manufactories needing the help of fire." The economic consequences of the literal adoption of this maxim were set forth, and the reviewer said: "Art is noble as the flower of life, and the creations of a Titian are a great heritage of the race; but if England could secure high art and Venetian glory of colour only by the sacrifice of her manufacturing supremacy, and by the acceptance of national poverty, then the pursuit of such artistic achievement would imply that we had ceased to possess natures of manly strength, or to know the meaning of moral aims. If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton-mill, then, in the name of manhood and morality, give us the cotton-mill." Mr. Ruskin refers again to this passage in "Fors Clavigera," letter vii.]

yet seen, there is not a single patient study o a mossy rock. Now the beauty of foreground stone is to be mossy, as the beauty of a beast is to be furry; and a quarried rock is to a natural one what a skinned leopard is to a live one. Even if, as a simple painter, and no huntsman, one liked one's leopard or tiger better dead than alive, at least let us have him dead in his integrity; or—if so much as that cannot be—for pictorial purpose it is better to have, as in No. 697,[1] the skin without the tiger, than, as here, the tiger without the skin. (No. 697, by the way, should have been named in the Natural History class, for a good study as far as it reaches, and there may be more substantial drawing in it than I can see at the height where it is hung.)

Another sorrowful character in the mountain-painting of this year, is the almost total absence of any attempt to render calm and full sunshine. 564 and 368[2] are, I think, the only exceptions, though scarcely worth noticing except as such; unless the latter, for the extreme and singular beauty of the natural scene it represents. The "Mountain Twilight," 759, W. C. Eddington, is evidently a pure and careful study of evening air among noble hills. What an incomparably ridiculous mob this London mob is!—to let some square leagues of room lie about its metropolis in waste brickfield, and occupy immeasurable space of wall with advertisements of pills and pictures of newly-opened shops; and lift a lovely little drawing like this simply—out of its way.

237. RICHMOND HILL. (*Vicat Cole, A.*[3])

The passages on the left, under the trees, of distant and subdued light, in their well-studied perfection, are about the most masterly things in landscape work in this exhibition; but has the painter never in his life seen the view from Richmond Hill on a clear day? Such a thing is still possible; and when it happens, is the time to paint that distance, or at least (for the passages on the left imply mist) when the indistinctness of it may be in golden mist,

[1] [607. "Tigers" (W. Huggins).]

[2] [504. "Near King's House, Glencoe" (T. G. Cooper). 368. "A Valley in Wales" (George Sant).]

[3] [George Vicat Cole (1833–1893), A.R.A. 1870, R.A. 1880.]

not gas fume. The last line quoted from Thomson[1] seems to have been written prophetically, to describe the England of our own day. But Thomson was never thinking of real smoke when he wrote it. He was as far from imagining that English landscape would ever be stifled in floating filth, as that the seasons should stop rolling, or April not know itself from November. He means merely the warm mist of an extreme horizon; and has at least given us something to look at before we come to it. What has Mr. Vicat Cole done with all those hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires, which he leads us to expect?

I think I never saw a large picture so much injured by a little fault, as this is by the white wake of the farthest boat on the river. As a fact, it is impossible;—as a white line, it cuts all to pieces.

651. THE HEAD OF A HIGHLAND GLEN. (*F. C. Newcome.*[2])

The best study of torrent, including distant and near water, that I find in the rooms: 1075 ["Storm and Flood"] has been most carefully and admirably studied from Nature by Mr. Raven: only what is the use of trying to draw water with charcoal? and what makes nearly all the painters this year choose to paint their streams in a rage, and foul with flood, instead of in their beauty and constant beneficence? Our manufacturers have still left, in some parts of England and Scotland, streams of what may be advertised in the bills of Natural Scenery as "real water;" and I myself know several so free from pollution that one can sit near them with perfect safety, even when they are not in flood.

The rest of this mountain scene by Mr. Newcome is also carefully studied, and very right and good.

756. THE LLUGWY AT CAPEL CURIG. (*J. J. Curnock.*)

I find this to be the most attentive and refined landscape

[1] ["What a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays."]

[2] ["Frederick Clive Newcome" (1847–1894), whose family name was Suker, exhibited for several years from 1875 onwards. He died at Coniston.]

of all here—too subdued in its tone for my own pleasure, but skilful and affectionate in a high degree; and one of the few exceptions to my general statement above made, for here is a calm stream patiently studied. The distant woods and hills are all very tender and beautiful.

636[1] is also a singularly careful and unassumingly true drawing; but are the town and rail not disquieted enough, that we should get no rest in a village?

POLICY

We finally inquire what our British artists have to say to us on the subject of good Government, and its necessary results—what triumph they express in the British Constitution and its present achievements.

In old times all great artistic nations were pictorially talkative, chiefly, next to religion, on the subject of Government. Venice, Florence, and Siena did little else than expound, in figures and mythic types, the nature of civic dignity, statesmanly duty, and senatorial or soldierly honour; and record, year by year, the events conducive to their fame.

I have not exhaustively overlooked the Academy; but, except Miss Thompson's study of a battle fought just "sixty years since,"[2]—I find no English record of any important military or naval achievement; and the only exhibition of the mode in which Britannia at present rules the waves is Mr. Cooke's "*Devastation*" being reviewed;[3]—somewhat sable and lugubrious as a national spectacle, dubious as a national triumph, and, to myself, neither in colour nor sentiment enjoyable, as the pictures of *Victorys* and *Témeraires* one used to see in days of simpler warfare. And of political achievement there seems still less consciousness or regard in the British artist; so that future generations will ask in vain for any aid to their imagination of the

[1] ["Fair-Day, South Petherton, Somersetshire" (Miss L. Rayner).]

[2] ["Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since." In the introductory chapter, Scott explains "how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation."]

[3] [No. 232. H.M. turret-ship *Devastation* at Spithead on the occasion of the naval review in honour of the Shah of Persia, July 23, 1873. Presented to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, by the present Lord Brassey.]

introduction of Dr. Kenealy to the Speaker,[1] or any other recent triumph of the British Constitution.

The verdict of existing British Art on existing British Policy is therefore, if I understand it rightly, that we have none; but, in the battle of life, have arrived at declaration of an universal *sauve qui peut*—or explicitly, to all men, Do as you like, and get what you can. Something other than this may, however, be gathered, it seems to me, from the two records given us of the war—so unwise, and yet so loyal—of sixty years ago.

613. La Charge des Cuirassiers Français à Waterloo. (*Philippoteau.*[2])

This carefully-studied and most skilful battle piece is but too likely to be overlooked in the confused rush to Miss Thompson's more attractive composition. And of all in the Academy, this is the picture which an Englishman, of right feeling, would least wish to overlook. I remember no so impartial and faithful representation of an historical battle. I know no war painting by the artists of any great race, however modest, in which the object has not hitherto been definitely—self-laudation. But here is a piece of true war history, of which it is not possible to say, by observance of any traceable bias, whether a Frenchman or Englishman painted it. Such a picture is more honourable to France than the taking of the Malakoff.

I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's:[3] partly

[1] [Dr. Kenealy, at that time notorious for his conduct of the Tichborne case, had been elected at a by-election for Stoke-upon-Trent. He came to the table on Feb. 18, 1875, to be sworn, without being introduced by two members, according to custom. The Speaker, in accordance with a resolution of the House passed in 1688, and uniformly observed since that time, called upon Dr. Kenealy to find two members to introduce him. A debate ensued; ultimately, on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, the resolution was dispensed with on that occasion, and Dr. Kenealy was called to the table and sworn. Feeling ran high against Dr. Kenealy, and it was explained that he had been unable to find two members willing to accompany him.]

[2] [Felix Emmanuel Henri Philippoteau (1814–1884).]

[3] [No. 853. "The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras." Miss Elizabeth Thompson had become famous in 1874 by her "Roll Call." In 1877 she married the well-known soldier, traveller, and author, Sir William Butler. One of her pictures—"The Remnants of an Army"—is in the Tate Gallery (No. 1553).]

because I have always said that no woman could paint;[1] and, secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing.

But it is amazon's work this; no doubt of it, and the first fine Pre-Raphaelite[2] picture of battle we have had;—profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that need be said of it, on this side, must have been said twenty times over in the journals; and it remains only for me to make my tardy genuflexion, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall, and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember in her day of triumph how it came to pass that Atalanta was stayed, and Camilla slain.[3]

Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women almost always show their weakness in endeavours to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at, the sky is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below, is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of colour and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death.

I place these two paintings under the head of "Policy," because it seems to me that, especially before the Quatre Bras, one might wisely consider with Mr. Carlyle, and with oneself, what was the "net upshot" and meaning of our

[1] [The partial recantation here expressed was confirmed and expanded by Mr. Ruskin a few years later, in consequence of his admiration for the drawings of Miss Francesca Alexander. (See the "Art of England," Lecture I.)]

[2] Miss Thompson may perhaps not in the least know herself for a sister of the school. But the entire power of her picture, as of her own mind, depends first on her resolution to paint things as they really are, or were, and not as they might be poetically fancied to be. See above, the note on 218, p. 227.

[3] [But some Atalantas there are who pick up the golden balls and yet are stayed not in their course; nor is every Camilla who

"Scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main,"

tempted by success to dare too much, or foredoomed at last to fall.]

modern form of the industry of war.[1] Why should these wild and well-meaning young Irish lads have been brought, at great expense, all the way to Four Arms, merely to knock equally wild and well-meaning young French lads out of their saddles into their graves; and take delight in doing so? and why should the English and French squires at the head of their regiments have, practically, no other object in life than deceiving these poor boys, and an infinite mob besides of such others, to their destruction?

Think of it. Suppose this picture, as well as the one I was so happy in praising of Mr. Collinson's, had been called—as it, also, quite properly might have been—"Sunday Afternoon" (only dating June 18th, 1815). Suppose the two had been hung side by side. And, to complete our materials for meditation, suppose Mr. Nicol's[2] "The Sabbath Day" (1159)—which I observed the *Daily Telegraph* called an exquisitely comic picture, but which I imagine Mr. Nicol meant for a serious one, representing the conscientious Scottish mountain-matron setting out for the place where she may receive her cake of spiritual oatmeal, baken on the coals of Presbyterian zeal;—suppose, I say, this ideal of Scottish Sabbath occupation placed beside M. Philippoteau's admirable painting of the Highland regiment at evening missionary service in that sweet and fruitful foreign land; while Miss Thompson enables us also, thus meditating in our fields at eventide, to consider, if not the Lilies, at least the Poppies of them; and to understand how in *this* manner of friction of ears of corn—by his bent knees instead of his fingers—the modern Christian shows that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?

"Well—and if this were so done—should we not feel

[1] [See "Sartor Resartus," book ii. ch. viii. "What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purpose and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men," &c. *Cf.* Ruskin's "Munera Pulveris," preface. Passages in Ruskin dealing with the ethics of the war (not always in the sense here indicated) are numerous. See, *e.g.*, "Crown of Wild Olive," lecture iii.; "Two Paths," § 196; "Modern Painters," vol. iii. end of ch. xviii.]

[2] [Erskine Nicol (b. 1825), A.R.A. 1866.]

that the peace of the cottage, and the honour of the mountain-side, were guarded and won for them by that mighty Evening Service, with the thunder of its funeral march rolled deep among the purple clouds?"

No! my soldier friends—no! do not think it. They were, and are, guarded and won by silent virtues of the hearth and the rock, which must endure until the time when the prayer we pray in our every Sabbath Litany—to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death—shall have been offered with sincere hearts, fervently; and so found its way at last to the audience of Heaven.

[SOME FURTHER NOTES ON MILLAIS]

[As criticism of Millais forms so considerable a part of Mr. Ruskin's "Academy Notes," it may be well to bring together his other criticisms of pictures by that master. Some general account of them has already been given (above, p. 19 *n.*). The following is a list of Mr. Ruskin's notices of Millais's works, other than those contained in the preceding pages. In the case of many of these, which appear in well-known books, a reference only to the passages is given. The notes written by Mr. Ruskin in 1886, in a catalogue which is now out of print, are here reprinted. A passage from "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" is cited, because it describes a picture exhibited at the Academy in 1856, and thus supplements Mr. Ruskin's Academy Notes for that year. One or two other scattered Notes are also cited.]

In letters to the *Times* on the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren (1851), Millais's pictures of 1850 ("Christ in the House of His Parents") and of 1851 ("Mariana," "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," and "The Woodman's Daughter")[1] are noticed. See "Arrows of the Chace," i. 85–97.

In the pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851) there is a general notice of Millais's powers. See "On the Old Road," i. §§ 186–9.

In "Modern Painters" there is a general notice of the early work of Millais, "admirable, though strange" (vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. iii. § 16 *n.*), and a reference to "The Huguenot"[2] (1852), as among the firstfruits of a new effort towards "poetical painting" (vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. vii. § 18).

In "The Stones of Venice" there is a further reference to "The Huguenot" (vol. iii. ch. i. § 22), and a mention of the "most tender finishing" in it and in "Ophelia"[3] (1852). See vol. iii. ch. iv. § 26. For some general references, see vol. iii. ch. i. § 39 *n.* and ch. iv. § 36 *n.*

[1] "Christ in the House of His Parents" is in the collection of the late Mr. F. A. Beer; "Mariana" in that of Mr. Farrer; "The Woodman's Daughter" remained in the painter's possession at his death; "The Return of the Dove" is in the Oxford University Galleries.

[2] "The Huguenot" is in the possession of Mr. T. H. Miller.

[3] "Ophelia" is in the Tate Gallery [No. 1506].

In "Giotto and his Works in Padua" there is a reference to Millais as "a daring Naturalist" (§ 12).

In the Edinburgh "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" the "Ophelia" is again referred to, and Mr. Ruskin "questions whether even the greatest men of old times possessed more exhaustless invention than either Millais or Rossetti" (§§ 138, 139).

From "Fors Clavigera," Letter lxxix., in a notice of the Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1877 :—

"It is inadvisable to group the works of each artist together.[1] The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities, the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual error; and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of intended series illustrate and enhance each other's beauty—as notably the Gainsborough Royal Portraits last year, and the really beautiful ones of the three sisters[2] by Millais, in this gallery. ". . . I think those portraits by Millais may be immortal (if the colour is firm), but only in such subordinate relation to Gainsborough and Velasquez, as Bonifazio, for instance, to Titian."

THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS.[3]

"The rock landscape by Millais has been carefully wrought, but with exaggeration of the ligneous look of the rocks. Its colour as a picture, and the sense it conveys of the real beauty of the scene, are both grievously weakened by the white sky; already noticed as one of the characteristic errors of recent landscape. But the spectator may still gather from them some conception of what this great painter might have done had he remained faithful to the principles of his school when he first led its onset. Time was he could have painted every herb of the rock, and every wave of the stream, with the precision of Van Eyck and the lustre of Titian.

"And such animals as he drew—for perfectness and ease of action, and expression of whatever in them had part in the power or the peace of humanity! He could have painted the red deer of the moor, and the lamb of the fold, as never man did yet in this world. You will never know what you have lost in him."

This latter passage was quoted in the Notes on the Millais

[1] [But see "Notes on the Turner Gallery" at p. 74 of vol. i. of this book.]

[2] [The three portraits exhibited by Millais at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 were No. 24, "The Marchioness of Ormonde;" No. 25, "Countess Grosvenor;" and No. 26, "Lady Beatrice Grosvenor."]

[3] "The Sound of Many Waters" (of which the scene was just above Rumbling Brig, in Dunkeld) was in the collection of Mr. David Price. [It was exhibited at the Academy in 1877.]

Exhibition, 1886, and Mr. Ruskin appended the following footnote :—

"Looking back now on the painter's career—crowned as it has lately been by some of the best pieces of freehand painting in the world, I am more disposed to regret his never having given expression to his power of animal-painting, wholly unrivalled in its kind, than any of the shortcomings in his actual work.—J. R., 1886."

From "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" (*Nineteenth Century*, Nov.–Dec., 1878; reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. i.) :—

THE BLIND GIRL.[1] [*Exhibited* 1856.]

"Among the pictures chiefly characteristic of the Pre-Raphaelite school in its determined manner. . . . The background is an open English common, skirted by the tidy houses of a well-to-do village in the Cockney rural districts. I have no doubt the scene is a real one, within some twenty miles from London, and painted mostly on the spot. The houses are entirely uninteresting, but decent, trim, as human dwellings should be, and on the whole inoffensive—not 'cottages,' mind you, in any sense, but respectable brick-walled and slated constructions, old-fashioned in the sense of 'old' at, suppose, Bromley or Sevenoaks, and with a pretty little church belonging to them, its window traceries freshly whitewashed by order of the careful warden.

"The common is a fairly spacious bit of ragged pasture, with a couple of donkeys feeding on it, and a crow or two, and at the side of the public road passing over it the blind girl has sat down to rest awhile. She is a simple beggar, not a poetical or vicious one; being peripatetic with musical instrument, she will, I suppose, come under the general term of tramp; a girl of eighteen or twenty, extremely plain-featured, but healthy, and just now resting, as any one of us would rest, not because she is much tired, but because the sun has but this moment come out after a shower, and the smell of the grass is pleasant.

"The shower has been heavy, and is so still in the distance, where an intensely bright double rainbow is relieved against the departing thunder-cloud. The freshly-wet grass is all radiant through and through with the new sunshine—full noon at its purest; the very donkeys bathed in the raindew, and prismatic with it under their rough breasts as they graze. The weeds at the girl's side are bright as a Byzantine enamel,

[1] The landscape was painted in the neighbourhood of Icklesham, near Winchelsea. It was finished, however, at Perth. The animals were all painted from nature. ("Life and Letters of Millais," i. 238, 242.) The picture obtained the annual prize at the Liverpool Academy in 1857 (see above, p. 97). It is now in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

and inlaid with blue veronica; her upturned face all aglow with the light that seeks its way through her wet eyelashes (wet only with the rain). Very quiet she is—so quiet that a radiant butterfly has settled on her shoulder, and basks there in the warm sun. Against her knee, on which the poor instrument of musical beggary rests (harmonium), leans another child, half her age—her guide; indifferent, this one, either to sun or rain, only a little tired of waiting. No more than a half profile of her face is seen, and that is quite expressionless, and not the least pretty. . . .

"Consider how the learned possessors of works of established reputation by the ancient masters, classically catalogued as 'landscapes with figures,' and who held it for eternal, artistic law that such pictures should either consist of a rock, with a Spanish chestnut growing out of the side of it, and three bandits in helmets and big feathers on the top; or else of a Corinthian temple, built beside an arm of the sea, with the Queen of Sheba beneath, preparing for embarkation to visit Solomon — the whole properly toned down with amber varnish;—imagine the first consternation and final wrath of these *cognoscenti* at being asked to contemplate, deliberately, and to the last rent of her ragged gown, and for principal object in a finished picture, a vagrant, who ought at once to have been sent to the workhouse, and some really green grass and blue flowers, as they actually may any day be seen on an English common side. . . .

"Mr. Millais, in this and other works of the kind, thought it desirable rather to paint such grass and foliage as he saw in Kent, Surrey, and other solidly accessible English counties, than to imitate even the most Elysian fields enamelled by Claude, or the gloomiest branches of Hades forest rent by Salvator; and yet more, to manifest his own strong personal feeling that the humanity, no less than the herbage, near us and around, was that which it was the painter's first duty to portray; and that, if Wordsworth were indeed right in feeling that the meanest flower that blows can give—much more for any kindly heart it should be true that the meanest tramp that walks can give—'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.' . . .

"For us, here is the only manifestation granted to our best practical painter—a vagrant with harmonium, and yonder black birds and iridescent jackasses, to be harmonized thereby. Our best *painter* (among the living), I say; no question has ever been of that. Since Van Eyck and Dürer there has nothing been so well done in laying of clear oil-colour within definite line. And what he might have painted for us, if *we* had only known what we would have of him! Heaven only knows. But we none of us knew—nor he either. . . .

"So far as Mr. Millais saw what was beautiful in vagrants, or commons, or crows, or donkeys, or the straw under children's feet in the 'Ark' (Noah's, or anybody else's, does not

matter); in the 'Huguenot' and his mistress, or the ivy behind them; in the face of 'Ophelia,' or in the flowers floating over it as it sank—much more, so far as he saw what instantly comprehensible nobleness of passion might be in the binding of a handkerchief, in the utterance of two words, 'Trust me,' or the like, he prevailed, and rightly prevailed, over all prejudice and opposition. To that extent he will in what he has done, or may yet do, take, as a standard-bearer, an honourable place among the reformers of our day.

"So far as he could not see what was beautiful, but what was essentially and for ever common (in that God had not cleansed it), and so far as he did not see truly what he thought he saw (as, for instance, in the picture under immediate consideration, where he paints the spark of light in a crow's eye a hundred yards off, as if he were only painting a miniature of a crow close by), he failed of his purpose and hope; but how far, I have neither the power nor the disposition to consider."

From "Notes on Some of the Principal Pictures of Sir John Everett Millais, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1886." This catalogue, compiled by Mr. A. Gordon Crawford—a pseudonym for Mr. A. Wise—consisted, for the most part, of Mr. Ruskin's already published criticisms. Mr. Ruskin added, however, a preface and a few new notes, which are here collected:—

"PREFACE.—The permission given to the compiler of the following catalogue to insert pieces of my former criticism in it was given in the hope that some of the fragments might add interest to the most important exhibition of English art yet held in this country; but having no time to read the proofs of the catalogue itself, I must in the outset broadly efface any impression that may be given by it of my criticisms having been of any service to the Pre-Raphaelite school, except in protecting it against vulgar outcry.[1] The painters themselves rightly resented the idea of misjudging friends that I was either their precursor or their guide; they were entirely original in their thoughts, and independent in their practice. Rossetti, I fear, even exaggerated his colour because I told him it was too violent; and to this very day my love of Turner dims Mr. Burne-Jones's pleasure in my praise.—JOHN RUSKIN, Brantwood, 22nd Jan. 1886."

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP; OR, CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS (1850).

The compiler of the catalogue had written, "Here the story implants itself at once as true." Mr. Ruskin appended a footnote:—"It does nothing of the sort, and the picture is only

[1] [See further on this subject "Letters to Chesneau," pp. 11, 21, 22.]

an elementary, and in many respects an extremely faultful example of the master's first manner.—J. R., 1886."

[See also "Arrows of the Chace," i. p. 86.]

MARIANA IN THE MOATED GRANGE. (1851.)

"The picture has always been a precious memory to me; but if the painter had painted Mariana at work in an unmoated grange, instead of idle in a moated one, it had been more to the purpose—whether of art or life.—J. R., 1886."

[See also "Arrows of the Chace," i. pp. 90, 96, and "On the Old Road," i. § 244.]

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: "It might be done, and England should do it."[1] (1874.)

"I have not seen this picture, but it must be a glorious one, judging merely from the coloured print. But as for Passages, either North-West or South-East, if England would mind her business at home it would be the better for her.—J. R., 1886."

THE FRINGE OF THE MOOR. (1875). See above, p. 249.

FOR THE SQUIRE.[2] (Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

"One of the most deep and pathetic renderings of expression among the painter's great works of this kind.—J. R., 1886."

THE ORNITHOLOGIST; OR, THE RULING PASSION.[3] (1885.)

"I have never seen any work of modern art with more delight and admiration than this.—J. R., 1886."

From the "Art of England" (Lecture ii.):—

CALLER HERRIN'.[4] (Fine Art Society, 1881.)

"In that most noble picture by Millais, which probably most of you saw last autumn in London, the 'Caller Herrin'' picture, which, as a piece of art, I should myself put highest of all yet produced by the Pre-Raphaelite school,—in that most noble picture, I say, the herrings were painted just as well as the girl, and the master was not the least afraid that, for all he could do to them, you would look at the herrings first."

[1] [Now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1509).]

[2] [In the collection of Mr. H. F. Makins.]

[3] [In the painter's possession at the time of his death. The principal figure was painted from Mr. Barlow, R.A., the engraver. The subject was suggested to Millais by a visit to John Gould, the famous ornithologist (see "Life and Letters of Millais," ii. p. 169).]

[4] [In the collection of Mr. Walter Dunlop. A portrait of Miss Beatrice Buckstone (grand-daughter of the comedian), who also sat for "Cinderella" and "Sweetest Eyes were ever Seen."]

NOTES BY MR. RUSKIN ON

SAMUEL PROUT & WILLIAM HUNT

ILLUSTRATED BY

A LOAN COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS

EXHIBITED AT THE

FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES

148 NEW BOND STREET

1879–80

NOTE

I HAVE to thank the kind friends who have contributed drawings. I regret that very many of them have had to be returned, simply because I had already to my hand examples which sufficiently illustrated the lessons I wished to teach in putting together these Notes.

J. RUSKIN.

PREFACE

IT has been only in compliance with the often and earnestly-urged request of my friend Mr. Marcus Huish, that I have thrown the following notes together,[1] on the works of two artists belonging to a time with which nearly all associations are now ended in the mind of general society; and of which my own memories, it seemed to me, could give little pleasure (even if I succeeded in rendering them intelligible) to a public indulged with far more curious arts, and eager for otherwise poignant interests, than those which seemed admirable, though not pretending to greatness, and were felt to be delightful, though not provoking enthusiasm, in the quiet and little diverted lives of the English middle classes "sixty years since."

It is especially to be remembered that drawings of this simple character were made for these same middle classes, exclusively; and even for the second order of the middle classes, more accurately expressed by the term *bourgeoisie*.

[1] [Of the "Notes on Prout and Hunt" there were five editions. Alterations between them, so far as the text is concerned, are slight and few. The text here reprinted is that of the fourth edition. The fifth was an Illustrated Edition, with twenty autotypes. The following note was added:—"The success which attended the Illustrated Edition of Mr. Ruskin's Notes on his Turner Drawings has induced the Fine Art Society again to ask his consent to the issue of a similar edition of those compiled by him on Samuel Prout and William Hunt. This consent he has given; and the more readily, because the means of reproduction adopted in the present instance are more satisfactory than those used in the former volume. More satisfactory for these reasons—first, that the reproductions are taken directly from the originals, instead of from engravings after the originals; second, that the majority of the drawings now reproduced lend themselves more readily to the process. On this account, too, the drawings of Prout have been reproduced in fifteen instances, whilst of Hunt's only five have been selected. Subscribers to the Illustrated Edition of the Turner Notes will, it is trusted, forgive the want of uniformity in size between the two volumes, it being found that the larger sheet now used shows to much greater advantage the delicate pencillings of Mr. Prout."]

The great people always bought Canaletti, not Prout, and Van Huysum, not Hunt. There was indeed no quality in the bright little water-colours which could look other than pert in ghostly corridors, and petty in halls of state; but they gave an unquestionable tone of liberal-mindedness to a suburban villa, and were the cheerfullest possible decorations for a moderate-sized breakfast-parlour opening on a nicely-mown lawn.[1] Their liveliness even rose, on occasion, to the charity of beautifying the narrow chambers of those whom business or fixed habit still retained in the obscurity of London itself; and I remember with peculiar respect the pride of a benevolent physician,[2] who never would exchange his neighbourhood to the poor of St. Giles's for the lucrative lustre of a West End square, in wreathing his tiny little front drawing-room with Hunt's loveliest apple-blossom, and taking the patients for whom he had prescribed fresh air the next instant on a little visit to the country.

Nor was this adaptation to the tastes and circumstances of the London citizen a constrained or obsequious compliance on the part of the kindly artists. They were themselves, in mind, as in habits of life, completely a part of the characteristic metropolitan population whom an occasional visit to the Continent always thrilled with surprise on finding themselves again among persons who familiarly spoke French; and whose summer holidays, though more customary, amused them nevertheless with the adventure, and beguiled them with the pastoral charm, of an uninterrupted picnic. Mr. Prout lived at Brixton,[3] just at the rural extremity of Cold Harbour Lane, where the spire of Brixton Church, the principal architectural ornament of the neighbourhood, could not but greatly exalt, by comparison, the impressions received from that of Strasburg Cathedral, or the Hôtel de Ville of Bruxelles; and Mr. Hunt, though often in the spring and summer luxuriating in country lodgings, was only properly at home in the Hampstead

[1] [See p. xi., above.]

[2] [Probably Mr. R. Wade, who resided in Dean Street, Soho, and formed a collection of Hunt's works; dispersed in 1872.]

[3] [First at "Brixton Place"; after 1835, at "No. 2 Bedford Place, Clapham Rise"; after 1840, at "39 Torrington Square"; after 1845, at "No. 5 De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill." In the latter years of his life he lived much at Hastings. In a letter written thence he refers wistfully to "dearest and sweetest London." See Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," ii. 55.]

Road,[1] and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the greengrocer's.

The lightly rippled level of this civic life lay, as will be easily imagined, far beneath the distractions, while it maintained itself meekly, yet severely, independent of the advantages, held out by the social system of what is most reverently called "Town." Neither the disposition, the health, nor the means of either artist admitted of their spending their evenings, in general, elsewhere than by their own firesides; nor could a spring levee of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little back-parlour, commanding a partial view of the scullery steps and the water-butt. The fluctuations of moral and æsthetic sentiment in the public mind were of small moment to the humble colourist, who depended only on the consistency of its views on the subject of early strawberries; and the thrilling subjects presented by the events or politics of the day were equally indifferent to the designer who invited interest to nothing later than the architecture of the fifteenth century. Even the treasures of scientific instruction, and marvels of physical discovery, were without material influence on the tranquillity of the two native painters' uneducated skill. Prout drew every lovely street in Europe, without troubling himself to learn a single rule of perspective; while Hunt painted mossy banks for five-and-twenty years, without ever caring to know a sphagnum from a polypody, and embossed or embowered his birds' eggs to a perfection, which Greek connoisseurs would have assured us the mother had unsuspectingly sat on, without enlarging his range of ornithological experience beyond the rarities of tomtit and hedge-sparrow.

This uncomplaining resignation of patronage, and unblushing blindness to instruction, were allied, in both painters, with a steady consistency in technical practice, which, from the first, and to the last, precluded both from all hope of promotion to the honours, as it withheld them

[1] See his own inscription, with LONDON in capitals, under No. 132. [The inscription is: "Love what you study, study what you love." William Hunt's London addresses were successively 36 Brownlow Street, Drury Lane; 6 Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square; 55 Burton Street, Burton Crescent; and 62 Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road.]

from the peril of entanglement in the rivalries, connected with the system of exhibition in the Royal Academy. Mr. Prout's method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt. Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm. The skill which unceasing practice, within limits thus modestly unrelaxed, and with facilities of instrument thus openly confessed, enabled each draughtsman in his special path to attain, was exerted with a vividness of instinct somewhat resembling that of animals, only in the slightest degree conscious of praiseworthiness, but animated by a healthy complacency, as little anxious for external sympathy as the self-content of a bee in the translucent symmetry of its cell, or of a chaffinch in the silver tracery of her nest—and uniting, through the course of their uneventful and active lives, the frankness of the bird with the industry of the insect.

In all these points of view, the drawings to which I venture, not without hesitation, to call the passing attention of the public, can claim regard only as examples of genius both narrowed and depressed; yet healthy enough to become more elastic under depression, and scintillant enough to be made more vivid by contraction. But there are other respects in which these seemingly unimportant works challenge graver study; and illustrate phases of our own national mind—I might perhaps say, even of national civilization—which coincide with many curious changes in social feelings, and may lead to results not easily calculable in social happiness.

If the reader has any familiarity with the galleries of painting in the great cities of Europe, he cannot but retain a clear, though somewhat monotonously calm, impression of the character of those polished flower pieces, or still-life pieces, which occupy subordinate corners in their smaller

rooms; and invite to moments of repose, or frivolity, the attention and imagination which have been wearied in admiring the attitudes of heroism, and sympathizing with the sentiments of piety. Recalling to his memory the brightest examples of these which his experience can supply, he will find that all the older ones agree—if flower pieces—in a certain courtliness and formality of arrangement, implying that the highest honours which flowers can attain are in being wreathed into grace of garlands, or assembled in variegation of bouquets, for the decoration of beauty or flattery of noblesse. If fruit or still-life pieces, they agree no less distinctly in directness of reference to the supreme hour when the destiny of dignified fruit is to be accomplished in a royal dessert; and the furred and feathered life of hill and forest may bear witness to the Wisdom of Providence by its extinction for the kitchen dresser.

Irrespectively of these ornamental virtues, and culinary utilities, the painter never seems to perceive any conditions of beauty in the things themselves, which would make them worth regard for their own sake; nor, even in these appointed functions, are they ever supposed to be worth painting, unless the pleasures they procure be distinguished as those of the most exalted society. No artists of the old school would ever think of constructing a subject out of the herbs of a cottage garden, or viands of a rural feast. Whatever interest was then taken in the life of the lower orders involved always some reference to their rudenesses or vices; and rarely exhibits itself in any other expression than that of contempt for their employments, and reproach to their recreation.

In all such particulars the feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses fresh from the bank, and hawthorns white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane—have evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children; and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendours or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape, the frosted gold with which he frets the pine, are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the

fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch and swinish to taste; and the tendernesses of hand and thought that soothe the rose-grey breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, propose no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavour of the bird in a pie.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty, but of no less interest, to distinguish, in this order of painting, what part of it has its origin in a plebeian—not to say vulgar—simplicity, which education would have invested with a severer charm; and what part is grounded on a real sense of natural beauty, more pure and tender than could be discerned amid the luxury of courts, or stooped to by the pride of nobles.

For an especial instance, the drawing of the interior, No. 174, may be taken as a final example of the confidence which the painter felt in his power of giving some kind of interest to the most homely objects, and rendering the transitions of ordinary light and shade impressive, though he had nothing more sacred to illuminate than a lettuce, and nothing more terrible to hide than a reaping-hook. The dim light from the flint-glass window, and the general disposition and scale of the objects it falls on, remind me sometimes, however unreasonably, of the little oratory into which the deeply-worn steps ascend from the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. But I know perfectly well, and partly acknowledge the rightness of his judgment, though I cannot analyze it, that Hunt would no more have painted that knightly interior instead of this, with helmets lying about instead of saucepans, and glowing heraldries staying the light instead of that sea-green lattice, than he would have gone for a walk round his farm in a court dress.

"Plebeian—not to say vulgar"—choice; but I fear that even "vulgar," with full emphasis, must be said sometimes in the end. Not that a pipkin of cream in Devonshire is to be thought of less reverently than a vase of oil or canister of bread in Attica; but that the English dairymaid in her way can hold her own with the Attic canephora, and the peasant children of all countries where leaves are green and waters clear, possess a grace of their own no less divine than that of branch and wave. And it is to be sorrowfully confessed that the good old peach and apple painter was curiously insensible to this brighter human beauty; and

though he could scarcely pass a cottage door around his Berkshire[1] home without seeing groups of which Correggio would have made Cupids, and Luini cherubs, turned away from them all, to watch the rough ploughboy at his dinner, or enliven a study of his parlour-maid at her glass (158) with the elegance of a red and green pincushion.

And yet, for all this, the subtle sense of beauty above referred to was always in his mind, and may be proved, and partly illustrated, by notice of two very minute, but very constant, differences between his groups of still life and those of the Dutch painters. In every flower piece of pretension, by the masters of that old school, two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop, or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size, on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it—not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state. But Hunt saw the flowers in his little garden really bright in the baptismal dawn, or drenched with the rain of noontide, and knew that no mortal could paint any real likeness of that heaven-shed light;—and never once attempted it: you will find nothing in any of his pictures merely put on that you may try to wipe it off.

But there was a further *tour de force* demanded of the Dutch workman, without which all his happiest preceding achievements would have been unacknowledged. Not only a dewdrop, but, in some depth of bell, or cranny of leaf, a bee, or a fly, was needful for the complete satisfaction of the connoisseur. In the articulation of the fly's legs, or the neurography of the bee's wings, the Genius of painting was supposed to signify her accepted disciples; and their work went forth to the European world, thenceforward, without question, as worthy of its age and country. But, without recognizing in myself, or desiring to encourage in

[1] [? Hampshire. The country address given by Hunt in the catalogues was "Park-gate, Bramley, near Basingstoke, Hants." His other favourite resort was Hastings.]

my scholars, any unreasonable dislike or dread of the lower orders of living creatures, I trust that the reader will feel with me that none of Mr. Hunt's peaches or plums would be made daintier by the detection on them of even the most cunningly latent wasp, or cautiously rampant caterpillar; and will accept, without so much opposition as it met with forty years ago, my then first promulgated, but steadily since repeated assertion, that the "modern painter" had in these matters less vanity than the ancient one, and better taste.

Another interesting evidence of Hunt's feeling for beauty is to be found in the unequal distribution of his pains to different parts of his subject. This is, indeed, one of the peculiar characteristics of our modern manner, and in the abstract not a laudable one. All the old masters, without exception, complete their pictures from corner to corner with a strictly driven level of deliberation; and whether it be a fold of drapery, a blade of grass, or a wreath of cloud, on which they are subordinately occupied, the pencil moves at the same tranquil pace, and the qualities of the object are rendered with the same fixed attention. In this habitual virtue, the dull and the brilliant, the weak and the mighty, concur without exception; holding it for their first point of honour to be thorough craftsmen, and to carry on the solicitude of their skill throughout the piece, as an armourer would hammer a corslet, or a housewife knit a stocking, leaving no edge untempered, and no thread unfastened. Modern petulance and incompetence lead, on the contrary, to the flaunting of dexterity in one place and the pretence of ease in another—complete some portions of the subject with hypocritical affection, and abandon others in ostentatious contempt. In some few cases, the manner arises from a true eagerness of imagination, or kindly and natural desire for sympathy in particular likings; but in the plurality of instances, the habit allies itself with mistaken principles of art, and protects impatience and want of skill under the shield of philosophy.

Few modern pieces of oil-painting are more accomplished or deliberate than those of Meissonier; and in the example placed on the table in the centre of the room,[1] his subject was one which he certainly would not have treated,

[1] ["Napoleon in 1814." See p. 329.]

consciously, with prosaic indignity of manner, or injurious economy of toil. Yet the inequality of workmanship has depressed what might have been a most sublime picture almost to the level of a scenic effect. The dress of the Emperor and housings of his steed are wrought with the master's utmost care; but the landscape is nearly unintelligible, and the ground a mere conventional diaper of feeble green and gray. It is difficult to describe the height to which the picture would have risen above its present power, if a ruined French village had been represented with Flemish precision amidst the autumnal twilight of the woods; and the ground over which the wearied horse bears his dreaming rider, made lovely with its native wild-flowers.

In all such instances, the hold which a true sense of beauty has over the painter's mind may be at once ascertained by observing the nature of the objects to which his pains have been devoted. No master with a fine instinct for colour would spend his time with deliberate preference on the straps and buckles of modern horse furniture, rather than on the surrounding landscape or foreground flowers, though in a subject like this he would have felt it right to finish both, to the spectator's content, if not to his amazement. And among the numerous rustic scenes by Hunt which adorn these walls, though all are painted with force and spirit, none are recommended to our curiosity by an elaborate finish given to ungraceful objects. His final powers are only employed on motives like the dead doves in Nos. 139 and 145, accompanied by incidents more or less beautiful and seemly.

I must even further guard my last sentence, by the admission that the means by which his utmost intentions of finish are accomplished, can never, in the most accurate sense, be termed "elaborate." When the thing to be represented is minute, the touches which express it are necessarily minute also—they cannot be bold on the edge of a nutshell, nor free within the sphere of a bird's nest—but they are always frank and clear, to a degree which may seem not only imperfect, but even harsh or offensive, to eyes trained in more tender or more formal schools. This broken execution by detached and sharply-defined touches became indeed, in process of years, a manner in which the

painter somewhat too visibly indulged, or prided himself; but it had its origin and authority in the care with which he followed the varieties of colour in the shadow, no less than in the lights, of even the smallest objects. It is easy to obtain smoothness and unity of gradation when working with a single tint; but if all accidents of local colour, and all differences of hue between direct and reflected light, are to be rendered with absolute purity, some breaking of the texture becomes inevitable. In many cases, also, of the most desirable colours, no pigments mixed on the palette, but only interlaced touches of pure tints on the paper, will attain the required effect. The indefinable primrose colour, for instance, of the glazed porringer in the foreground of No. 174 could not possibly have been given with a mixed tint. The breaking of grey through gold by which it has been reached is one of the prettiest pieces of work to be seen in these rooms; it exhibits the utmost skill of the artist, and is an adequate justification of his usual manner.

Among the earliest statements of principles of art made in the "Stones of Venice,"[1] one of those chiefly fortunate in obtaining credit with my readers was the course of argument urging frankness in the confession of the special means by which any artistic result has been obtained, and of the limitations which these appointed instruments, and the laws proper to the use of them, set to its scope. Thus the threads in tapestry, the tesseræ in mosaic, the joints of the stones in masonry, and the movements of the pencil in painting, are shown without hesitation by the greatest masters in those arts, and often enforced and accented by the most ingenious; while endeavours to conceal them—as to make needlework look like pencilling, or efface, in painting, the rugged freedom or joyful lightness of its handiwork into the deceptive image of a natural surface—are, without any exception, signs of declining intelligence, and benumbed or misguided feelings.

I therefore esteem Hunt's work all the more exemplary in acknowledging without disguise the restrictions imposed on the use of water-colour as a medium for vigorously realistic effects; and I have placed pieces of it in my Oxford

[1] [The reference seems rather to be to the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," ch. ii., The Lamp of Truth.]

school[1] as standards of imitative (as distinguished from decorative) colour, in the rightness and usefulness of which I have every day more confirmed trust. I am aware of no other pieces of art, in modern days, at once so sincere and so accomplished: only let it be noted that I use the term "sincere" in this case, not as imputing culpable fallacy to pictures of more imaginative power, but only as implying the unbiassed directness of aim at the realization of very simple facts, which is often impossible to the passions, or inconsistent with the plans, of greater designers.

In more cautiously guarded terms of praise, and with far less general proposal of their peculiar qualities for imitation, I have yet, both in my earlier books, and in recent lectures at Oxford,[2] spoken of the pencil sketches of Prout with a reverence and enthusiasm which it is my chief personal object in the present exhibition to justify, or at least to explain; so that future readers may not be offended, as I have known some former ones to be, by expressions which seemed to them incompatible with the general tenor of my teaching.

It is quite true that my feelings towards this painter are much founded on, or at least coloured by, early associations; but I have never found the memories of my childhood beguile me into any undue admiration of the architecture in Billiter Street or Brunswick Square; and I believe the characters which first delighted me in the drawings of this —in his path unrivalled—artist, deserve the best attention and illustration of which in my advanced years I am capable.

The little drawing, No. 95, bought, I believe, by my grandfather, hung in the corner of our little dining parlour at Herne Hill as early as I can remember, and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind.[3] Men are made what they finally become only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature.[4] I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little

[1] [See, *e.g.*, No. 213 in the "Educational Series," described on p. 49 of Ruskin's "Catalogue of the Educational Series," ed. 1874.]

[2] [See references given above, pp. x., xi.]

[3] ["An English Cottage." It will be remembered that Mr. Ruskin's first work, "The Poetry of Architecture," written when he was nineteen, was devoted to a comparison of the cottage architecture of England with that of the Continent.]

[4] [*Cf.* "Præterita," vol. i. § 28.]

drawing of Prout's was the first I knew; but the hereditary love of antiquity, and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples or dabchick's for reeds, were directed and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.

In the first place, it taught me generally to like ruggedness; and the conditions of joint in moulding, and fitting of stones in walls which were most weather-worn, and like the grey dykes of a Cumberland hill-side. This predilection —passion, I might more truly call it—holds me yet so strongly that I can never quite justly conceive the satisfaction of the original builders, even of the most delicate edifice, in seeing its comely stones well set together. Giotto's tower, and the subtly Cyclopean walls of early Verona, have indeed chastised the prejudice out of me, so far as regards work in marble enriched with mosaic and pure sculpture; but I had almost rather see Furness or Fountains Abbey strewed in grass-grown heaps by their brook-sides, than in the first glow and close setting of their fresh-hewn sandstone. Whatever is rationally justifiable in this feeling, so far as it is dependent on just reverence for the signs of antiquity, and may therefore be trusted to, as existing generally in the minds of persons of thoughtful temperament, was enough explained, long ago, in the passages of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which, the book not being now generally accessible,[1] I reprint in Appendix I.: but openness of joints and roughness of masonry are not exclusively signs of age or decay in buildings: and I did not at that time enough insist on the propriety and even the grace, of such forms of literal "rustication"[2] as are compelled by coarseness of materials, and plainness of builders, when proper regard is had to economy, and just honour rendered to provincial custom and local handicraft. These are now so little considered that the chief difficulties I have had in the minute architectural efforts possible at Brantwood have been to persuade my Coniston builder into satisfaction with Coniston slate, and retention of Coniston

[1] [Written before the issue of the cheap edition, now uniform with the present volume.]

[2] All the forms of massive foundation of which the aspect, in buildings of pretension, has been described by this word, took their origin from the palaces in Florence, whose foundations were laid with unchiselled blocks of the grey gritstone of Fésole, and looked like a piece of its crags.

manners in dressing — or rather, leaving undressed — its primitively fractured edges. If I ever left him alone for a day, some corner stone was sure to be sent for from Bath or Portland, and the ledges I had left to invite stonecrop and swallows, trimmed away in the advanced style of the railway station at Carnforth.

There is more, however, to be noted in this little old-fashioned painting than mere delight in weedy eaves and mortarless walls—pre-eminently its repose in such placid subjects of thought as the cottage and its neighbouring wood contain for an easily-pleased observer, without the least recommendation of them by graceful incident or plausible story. If we can be content with sunshine on our old brown roof, and the sober green of a commonplace English wood, protected by a still more commonplace tarred paling, and allowing the fancy therefore not to expatiate even so far as the hope of a walk in it—it is well; and if not—poor Prout has no more to offer us, and will not even concede the hope that one of those diagonally-dressed children may be the least pretty, or provoke us, by the gleam of a riband, or quaintness of a toy, into asking so much as what the itinerant pedlar has in his basket.

I was waiting for a train the other day at Dover, and in an old-fashioned print-shop on the hill up to the Priory station saw a piece of as old-fashioned picture-making, elaborately engraved, and of curious interest to me, at the moment, with reference to my present essay. It belonged to the dull British school which was founded on conscientious following of the miniature methods and crowded incidents of Dutch painting; and always dutifully proposed to give the spectator as much entertainment as could be collected into the given space of canvas. There was an ideal village street to begin with, the first cottage gable at the corner having more painting (and very good and pretty painting) spent on the mere thatch of it, than there is in the entire Prout drawing under our notice. Beyond the laborious gable came some delicately-branched trees; and then the village street, in and out, half a mile long, with shops, and signs, and what not; and then the orthodox church steeple, and then more trees, and then a sky with rolling white clouds after Wouvermans;—but all this, though the collected quantity of it would have made

half-a-dozen country villages, if well pulled out, was only the beginning of the subject. Gable, street, church, rookery, and sky were all, in the painter's mind, too thin and spare entertainment. So out of the gable window looked a frightened old woman; out of the cottage door rushed an angry old man; over the garden palings tumbled two evil-minded boys; after the evil-minded boys rushed an indignantly-minded dog; and in the centre of the foreground, cynosure of the composition, were a couple of fighting-cocks, one fallen, the other crowing for conquest—highly finished, both, from wattle to spur. And the absolute pictorial value of the whole,—church and sky—village and startled inhabitants—vagabond boys, vindictive dog, and victorious bird (the title of the picture being "The Moment of Victory"), —the intrinsic value of the whole, I say, being—not the twentieth part of a Hunt's five-minutes' sketch of one cock's feather.

And yet it was all prettily painted—as I said; and possessed every conceivable quality that can be taught in a school, or bought for money: and the artist who did it had probably, in private life, a fair average quantity of sense and feeling, but had left both out of his picture, in order to imitate what he had been taught was fine, and produce what he expected would pay.

Take another instance, more curious, and nearer to matters in hand. The little photograph, No. 117 on the south side of the screen, was made in 1858 (by my own setting of the camera), in the courtyard of one of the prettiest yet remaining fragments of fifteenth century domestic buildings in Abbeville.[1] The natural vine leaves consent in grace and glow with the life of the old wood carving; and though the modern white porcelain image ill replaces the revolution-deposed Madonna, and only pedestals of saints, and canopies, are left on the propping beams of the gateway—and though the cask, and cooper's tools, and gardener's spade and ladder are little in accord with what was once stately in the gate, and graceful in the winding stair—the declining shadows of the past mingle with the hardship of the present day in no unkindly sadness; and

[1] [This photograph is again referred to in "The Eagle's Nest," § 91. A copy of it is No. 62 in the "Educational Series" in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

the little angle of courtyard, if tenderly painted in the depression of its fate, has enough still to occupy as much of our best thought as may be modestly claimed for his picture by any master not of the highest order.

But these motives of wise and gentle feeling would not appeal to the public mind in competitive exhibition. Such efforts as are made by our own landscapists to keep record of any fast-vanishing scenes of the kind, are scarcely with good will accepted even in our minor art galleries: and leave to share in the lustre of the Parisian "Salon de 1873" could only be hoped for by the author of the composition from which the photograph, No. 118, is taken, on condition of his giving pungency to the feeble savour of architectural study by a condiment of love, assassination, and despair.

It will not, I trust, be supposed that in anything I have said, or may presently further say, I have the smallest intention of diminishing the praise of nobly dramatic or pathetic pictures. The best years of my life have been spent in the endeavour to illustrate the neglected greatest of these, in Venice, Milan, and Rome; while my last and most deliberate writings have lost much of their influence with the public by disagreeably insisting that the duty of a great painter was rather to improve them than amuse. But it remains always a sure elementary principle that interest in the story of pictures does not in the least signify a relative interest in the art of painting, or in the continual beauty and calm virtue of nature; and that the wholesomest manner in which the intelligence of young people can be developed (I may say, even the intelligence of modest old people cultivated) in matters of this kind, is by inducing them accurately to understand what painting is as mere painting, and music as mere music, before they are led into further question of the uses of either, in policy, morals, or religion.

And I cannot but recollect with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who crowded into happy meeting, on the first Mondays in Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the Old Water-Colour Society;[1] and discussed, with holiday gaiety, the unimposing merits of the favourites, from whose pencils we

[1] [See note on p. 63. And *cf.* "The Art of England," § 159.]

knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or surprised. Copley Fielding used to paint fishing-boats for us, in a fresh breeze, "Off Dover," "Off Ramsgate," "Off the Needles,"—off everywhere on the south coast where anybody had been last autumn; but we were always kept pleasantly in sight of land, and never saw so much as a gun fired in distress. Mr. Robson would occasionally paint a Bard, on a heathery crag in Wales; or, it might be, a Lady of the Lake on a similar piece of Scottish foreground—"Benvenue in the distance." A little fighting, in the time of Charles the First, was permitted to Mr. Cattermole; and Mr. Cristall would sometimes invite virtuous sympathy to attend the meeting of two lovers at a Wishing-gate or a Holy Well. But the farthest flights even of these poetical members of the Society were seldom beyond the confines of the British Islands; the vague dominions of the air, and vasty ones of the deep, were held to be practically unvoyageable by our un-Dædal pinions, and on the safe level of our native soil, the sturdy statistics of Mr. De Wint, and blunt pastorals of Mr. Cox, restrained within the limits of probability and sobriety alike the fancy of the idle and the ambition of the vain.

It became, however, by common and tacit consent, Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement into this—perhaps slightly fenny—atmosphere of English common sense. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his "On the Grand Canal, Venice," was an Arabian enchantment; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his "Sepulchral Monuments at Verona" were Shakespearian tragedy; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his "Street in Nuremberg" was a German fairy tale. But we none of us recognized then (and I know not how far any of us recognize yet), that these feelings of ours were dependent on the mediation of a genius as earnest as it was humble, doing work not in its essence romantic at all; but, on the contrary, the only quite useful, faithful, and evermore serviceable work that the Society—by hand of any of its members—had ever done, or could ever, in that phase of its existence, do: containing, moreover, a statement of certain social facts only to be gathered, and image of certain

pathetic beauties only to be seen, at that particular moment in the history of (what we are pleased to call) civilization.

"As earnest," I repeat, "as it was humble." The drawings actually shown on the Exhibition walls gave no sufficient clue to Prout's real character, and no intimation whatever of his pauseless industry. He differed, in these unguessed methods of toil, wholly from the other members of the Society. De Wint's morning and afternoon sketches from Nature, with a few solidifying touches, were at once ready for their frames. Fielding's misty downs and dancing seas were softened into their distances of azure, and swept into their hollows of foam, at his ease, in his study, with conventional ability and lightly burdened memory. Hunt's models lay on the little table at his side all day; or stood as long as he liked by the barn-door, for a penny. But Prout's had to be far sought, and with difficulty detailed and secured—the figures gliding on the causeway or mingling in the market-place, stayed not his leisure; and his drawings prepared for the Water-colour room were usually no more than mechanical abstracts, made absolutely for support of his household, from the really vivid sketches which, with the whole instinct and joy of his nature, he made all through the cities of ancient Christendom, without an instant of flagging energy, and without a thought of money payment. They became to him afterwards a precious library, of which he never parted with a single volume as long as he lived. But it was the necessary consequence of the devotion of his main strength to the obtaining of these studies, that at his death they remained a principal part of the provision left for his family, and were therefore necessarily scattered. I cannot conceive any object more directly tending to the best interests of our students both in art and history, than the reassembling a chosen series of them for the nation, as opportunity may be given.

Let me, however, before entering on any special notice of those which Mr. Huish has been able at this time (and I myself by the good help of the painter's son, Mr. Gillespie Prout), to obtain for exhibition, state in all clearness the terms under which they should be judged, and may be enjoyed. For just as we ought not to match a woodblock of Bewick's against a fresco by Correggio, we must not compare a pencil outline of Prout's with any such ideals of

finished street effect as Flemish painting once produced. Prout is not a colourist, nor in any extended or complete sense of the word a painter. He is essentially a draughtsman with the lead pencil, as Dürer was essentially a draughtsman with the burin, and Bewick on the wood-block. And the chief art-virtue of the pieces here exhibited is the intellectual abstraction which represents many features of things with few lines.

Take the little view in Amiens, No. 7, showing the west front of the cathedral in the distance. That front is enriched with complex ranks of arcade and pinnacle, which it would take days to outline perfectly, and which, seen at the distance assumed in this drawing, gather into a mystery which no fineness of hand could imitatively follow. But all this has been abstracted into a few steady lines, with an intelligence of choice and precision of notation which build the cathedral as if it stood there, and in such accurate likeness that it could be recognized at a glance from every other mass of Gothic in Europe.

That drawing dependent on abstraction of this kind, in which forms are expressed rather as a mineralogist would draw a crystal than with any investing mystery of shade or effect, cannot be carried beyond the point assigned, nor convey any sense of extreme beauty or majesty when these really exist in its subject, must be conceded at once, and in full. But there is a great deal of scenery in this Europe of ours not lovely, and a great deal of habitation in this Europe of ours not sublime, yet both extremely worthy of being recorded in a briefly crystalline manner. And with scenes only, and dwellings only, of this ruder nature, Prout is concerned.

Take, for instance, the general facts respecting the valley of the Somme, collected in this little sketch of Amiens. That river, and the Oise, with other neighbouring minor streams, flow through a chalk district intersected by very ancient valleys, filled mostly with peat up to sea-level, but carrying off a large portion of the rainfall over the whole surface of the upper plains, which, open and arable, retain scarcely any moisture in morasses, pools, or deep grass. The rivers, therefore, though with little fall, run always fast and brimful, divided into many serviceable branches and runlets; while the older villages and cities on their banks

are built of timber and brick, or, in the poorer cottages, timber and clay; but their churches of an adhesive and durable chalk rock, yielding itself with the utmost ease to dexterities of deep incision, and relieving, at first with lace-like whiteness, and always with a pleasant pearly grey, the shadows so obtained. No sensual arts or wealthy insolences have ever defiled or distorted the quiet temper of the northern French race; and in this busy little water-street of Amiens (you see that Prout has carefully indicated its rapid current—a navigable and baptismal brook, past step and door—water that one can float with and wash with, not a viscous vomit of black poison, like an English river) you have clearly pictured to you a state of peasant life assembled in the fellowship of a city, yet with as little pride as if still in the glades of Arden, and united chiefly for the sake of mere neighbourliness, and the sense of benediction and guardianship in the everywhere visible pinnacles of the temple built by their fathers, nor yet forsaken by their fathers' God.[1]

All this can be enough told in a few rightly laid pencil lines, and more it is needless to tell of so lowly provincial life.

Needless, at least, for the general public. For the closer student of architecture, finer drawing may be needed; but even for such keener requirement Prout will not, for a time, fail us.

Five-and-twenty miles down the Somme lies the little ramparted town of Abbeville;[2] rampart only of the Grand Monarque's time, but the walls of might long ago, in the days of Créçy; and few French provincial bourgs had then more numerous or beautiful monasteries, hospitals, chapels, and churches. Of the central St. Wulfran, never completed, there remain only the colossal nave, the ruined transept walls, and the lordly towers and porches of the west front. The drawing No. 4, quite one of the best examples of Prout's central time in the room, most faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

None of the beautiful ones here seen are now left; and one day, perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to

[1] [Mr. Ruskin's book on Amiens ("The Bible of Amiens") was designed as the first part of a series to be entitled "Our Fathers have told us."]

[2] [See "Præterita," vol. i, ch. ix., for a fuller description of Abbeville.]

the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding, every sign and word on them.

And as one of the few remaining true records of fifteenth-century France, such as her vestiges remained after all the wreck of revolution and recoil of war had passed over them, this pencil drawing, slight as it seems, may well take rank beside any pen-sketch by Holbein in Augsburg or Gentile Bellini in Venice. As a piece of composition and general treatment it might be reasoned on for days; for the cunning choices of omission, the delicate little dexterities of adjustment—the accents without vulgarity, and reticences without affectation—the exactly enough everywhere, to secure an impression of reality, and the instant pause at the moment when another touch would have been tiresome,—are, in the soberest truth, more wonderful than most of the disciplined compositions of the greater masters, for no scruple checks *them* for an instant in changing or introducing what they choose; but Prout gives literal, and all but servile, portrait, only managing somehow to get the checkers of woodwork to carry down the richness of the towers into the houses; then to get the broad white wall of the nearer houses to contrast with both; and then sets the transept turret to peep over the roof just enough to ethereal ize its practicality, and the black figure to come in front of it to give lustre to its whiteness; and so on throughout, down to the last and minutest touches:—the incomprehensiblest classical sonata is not more artificial—the sparklingest painted window not more vivid, and the sharpest photograph not half so natural.

In sequence of this drawing, I may point out seven others of like value, equally estimable and unreplaceable, both in matters of Art, and—I use the word, as will be seen presently, in its full force—of History,—namely:

No. 9. EVREUX.
No. 10. STRASBURG.
No. 19. ANTWERP.
No. 47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.
No. 48. COMO.
No. 65. BOLOGNA.
No. 71. THE COLISEUM.

I choose these eight drawings (counting the Abbeville), four belonging to North France and Germany, four to Italy, of which the Northern ones do indeed utterly represent the spirit of the architecture chosen; but the Southern subjects are much more restricted in expression, for Prout was quite unable to draw the buildings of the highest Italian school: yet he has given the vital look of Italy in his day more truly than any other landscapist, be he who he may; and not excepting even Turner, for *his* ideal is always distinctly Turnerian, and not the mere blunt and sorrowful fact.

You might perhaps, and very easily, think at first that these Prout subjects were as much "Proutized" (Copley Fielding first used that word to me) as Turner's were Turnerized. They are not so, by any manner of means—or rather, they are so by manner and means only, not by sight or heart. Turner saw things as Shelley or Keats did; and with perfectly comprehensive power, gave all that such eyes can summon, to gild, or veil, the fatalities of material truth. But Prout saw only what all the world sees, what is substantially and demonstrably there; and drew that reality in his much-arrested and humble manner indeed, but with perfectly apostolic faithfulness. He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror—jagged, broken, blurred, if you will, but *It*, the thing itself still; while Turner gives *it*, and himself too, and ever so much of fairyland besides. His Florence or Nemi[1] compels me to think, as a scholar, or (for so much of one as may be in me) a poet; but Prout's harbour of old Como is utterly and positively the very harbour I landed in when I was a boy of fourteen, after a day's rowing from Cadenabbia, and it makes me young again, and hot, and happy, to look at it.[2] And that Bologna! Well, the tower *does* lean a little too far over, certainly; but what blessedness to be actually there, and to think we shall be in Venice to-morrow!

But note that the first condition of all these really great drawings (as indeed for all kinds of other good), is unaffectedness. If ever Prout strains a nerve, or begins to

[1] [Both in Mr. Ruskin's collection. See pp. 313, 315, in vol. i. of this book.]

[2] [Mr. Ruskin describes his first visit to the Lake of Como in "Præterita," vol. i. ch. vi.]

think what other people will say or feel—nay, if he ever allows his own real faculty of chiaroscuro to pronounce itself consciously, he falls into fourth and fifth rate work directly; and the entire force of him can be found only where it has been called into cheerful exertion by subjects moderately, yet throughout delightful to him; which present no difficulties to be conquered, no discords to be reconciled, and have just enough of clarion in them to rouse him to his paces, without provoking him to prance or capriole.

I should thus rank the drawing of Como (48) as quite of the first class, and in the front rank of that class. Unattractive at first, its interest will increase every moment that you stay by it; and every little piece of it is a separate picture, all the better in itself for its subjection to the whole.

You may at first think the glassless windows too black. But nothing can be too black for an open window in a sunny Italian wall, at so short a distance. You may think the hills too light, but nothing can be too light for olive hills in midday summer. "They would have come dark against the sky?" Yes, certainly; but we don't pretend to draw Italian skies,—only the ruined port of Como, which is verily here before us—(alas! at Como no more, having long since been filled up, levelled, and gravelled, and made an "esplanade" for modern Italy to spit over in its idle afternoons). But take the lens to the old group of houses:—they will become as interesting as a missal illumination if you only look carefully enough to see how Prout varied those twenty-seven black holes, so that literally not one of them shall be like another. The grand old Comasque builder of the twelfth century arches below (the whole school of Lombardic masonry being originally Comasque) varied them to his hand enough in height and width; but he invents a new tiny picture in chiaroscuro to put under every arch, and then knits all together with the central boats;—literally knits, for you see the mast of one of them catches up the cross-stick—stitch we might call it—that the clothes hung on between the balconies; and then the little figures on the left catch up the pillars like meshes in basket-work; and then the white awning of the boat on the left repeats the mass of wall, taking the stiffness out of it; while

Como

From the drawing in the possession of Mrs Kennedy

the reflections of arches, with the other figures, and the near black freights, carry all the best of it, broken and rippling, to the bitter shore.

But the drawing of the Coliseum at Rome, No. 71, has still higher claim to our consideration; in it were reserved, and in all points, rarer powers of expressing magnitude and solitude. It is so majestic in manner that it would quite have borne being set beside the photograph of Turner's drawing at Farnley—had it been fair to match mere outline against a finished composition. For Prout was, and he remains, the only one of our artists who entirely shared Turner's sense of magnitude, as the sign of past human effort or of natural force; and I must be so far tedious as to explain this metaphysical point at some length.[1] Of all forms of artistic susceptibility, reverent perception of true[2] magnitude is the rarest. No general conclusion has become more clear to my experience than this—strange as it may seem at first statement—that a painter's mind, *typically*, recognizes no charm in physical vastness; and will, if it must choose between two evils, by preference work on a reduced rather than an enlarged scale—and for subject, paint miniature rather than mass. Human form is always given by the great masters either of the natural size, or somewhat less (unless under fixed conditions of distance which require perspective enlargement), and no sort or shadow of pleasure is ever taken by the strongest designers in bulk of matter. Veronese never paints shafts of pillars more than two feet in diameter or thereabouts, and only from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Titian's beech trunks in the Peter Martyr were not a foot across at the thickest, while his mountains are merely blue spaces of graceful shape, and are never accurately enough drawn to give even a suggestion of scale. And in the entire range of Venetian marine painting there is not one large wave.

[1] [For other discussions of the point by Mr. Ruskin, the reader may refer to "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. x. § 8; "Seven Lamps," ch. iii. (The Lamp of Power); "Aratra Pentelici," § 145.]

[2] Reckless accumulation of *false* magnitude—as by John Martin—is merely a vulgar weakness of brain, allied to nightmare; so also the colossal works of decadent states in sculpture and architecture, which are always insolent, not reverent. [For other references to the work of Martin see "Modern Painters," vol i. pref. to 2nd ed.]

Among our own recent landscape painters, while occasionally great feeling is shown for space, or mystery, there is none for essential magnitude. Stanfield was just as happy in drawing the East Cliff at Hastings as the Rock of Ischia;[1] and painted the little sandy jut of crag far better than the coned volcano. Fielding asked for no more stupendous summits than those of Saddleback or Wrynose; and never attempted the grandeur even of Yorkshire scars, finding their articulated geology troublesome. Sometimes David Roberts made a praiseworthy effort to explain the size of a pillar at Thebes, or a tower in the Alhambra; but only in cases where the character of largeness had been forced upon his attention as the quality to be observed by himself, and recommended to the observation of others. He never felt, or would have tried to make any one else feel, the weight of an ordinary boulder stone, or the hollow of an old chestnut stem, or the height of a gathering thunder-cloud. In the real apprehension of measurable magnitude, magnitude in things clearly seen—stones, trees, clouds, or towers—Turner and Prout stand—they two—absolutely side by side—otherwise companionless.

Measurable magnitude, observe—and therefore wonderful. If you can't see the difference between the domes of the National Gallery and of St. Paul's—much more if you can't see the difference between Shanklin Chine and the Via Mala (and most people can't!)—you will never care either for Turner or Prout; nor can you care rightly for them unless you have an intellectual pleasure in construction, and know and feel that it is more difficult to build a tower securely four hundred feet high than forty—and that the pillar of cloud above the crater of Etna, standing two thousand feet forth from the lips of it, means a natural force greater than the puff of a railway boiler. The quiet and calm feeling of reverence for this kind of power, and the accurate habit of rendering it (see notes on the sketches of Strasburg, No. 10, and Drachenfels, No. 23), are always connected, so far as I have observed, with some parallel justice in the estimate of spiritual order and power in human life and its laws; nor is there any faculty of my own mind—among those to which I owe whatever useful

[1] [See "Academy Notes, 1859," No. 237, p. 188 of this vol.]

results it may have reached—of which I am so gratefully conscious.[1]

There is one further point—and if my preface has hitherto been too garrulous, it must be grave in notice of this at the close—in which Turner, Bewick, Hunt,[2] and Prout, all four agree,—that they can draw the poor, but not the rich. They acknowledge with affection, whether for principal or accessory subjects of their art, the British farmer, the British sailor,[3] the British market-woman, and the British workman. They agree unanimously in ignoring the British gentleman. Let the British gentleman lay it to heart, and ask himself why.

The general answer is long, and manifold. But, with respect to the separate work of Prout, there is a very precious piece of instruction in it, respecting national prosperity and policy, which may be gathered with a few glances.

You see how all his best pieces depend on figures either crowded in market-places, or pausing (lounging, it may be) in quiet streets,—you will not find, in the entire series of subjects here assembled from his hand, a single figure in

[1] [Mr. Ruskin alludes again to this faculty of his mind in "Præterita," vol. i. ch. vi., and in the Preface and Epilogue to the 1883 reprint of vol. ii. of "Modern Painters."]

[2] ["Hunt was not insensible to his want of power to depict genteel life, nor wholly without regret that it should be so. His correspondence with an intimate friend contains the following lament: 'I do not wish it to be known what I had to do for Mr. R——, but have no other objection to tell you, only that I am ashamed to say that I broke down: it was to make a drawing of Mrs. R——. I think I could have made a nice drawing of her if she had been one of my tramp girls. I think her very beautiful.' 'I wish,' he says in another letter, 'I could get a very beautiful face to paint from, so that I might, by taking a long time, try if I could not, although I broke down with Mrs. R——, still do something that way. It is a different thing having a lady to sit, to a model that you pay and can have at your command at any time.'"—Roget's *History of the Old Water-Colour Society*, ii. 190.]

[3] Including, of course, the British soldier; but for Turner, a ship of the line was pictorially better material than a field battery, else he would just as gladly have painted Albuera as Trafalgar. I am intensely anxious, by the way, to find out where a small picture of his greatest time may now be dwelling,—a stranded English frigate engaging the batteries on the French coast at sunset (she got off at the flood-tide in the morning). I want to get it, if possible, for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield. For the rest, I think the British gentleman may partly see his way to the answer of the above question if he will faithfully consider with himself how it comes to pass that, always fearless in the field, he is cowardly in the House,—and always generous in the field, is yet meanly cunning, and—too often—malignant, in the House.

a hurry! He ignores, you see, not only the British gentleman, but every necessary condition, nowadays, of British business!

Look again, and see if you can find a single figure exerting all its strength. A couple of men rolling a single cask, perhaps; here and there a woman with rather a large bundle on her head—any more athletic display than these, you seek in vain.

He ignores even the British boat-race—and British muscular divinity, and British muscular art.

His figures are all as quiet as the Cathedral of Chartres! "Because he could not make them move"—think you? Nay, not so. Some of them (that figure on the sands in the "Calais," for instance) you can scarcely think are standing still—but they all move quietly. The real reason is that *he* understood, and *we* do not, the meaning of the word "quiet."

He understood it, personally, and for himself: practically, and for others. Take this one fact—of his quiet dealings with men—and think over it. In his early days he had established a useful and steady connection with the country dealers—that is to say, with the leading printsellers in the county towns and principal watering-places. He supplied them with pretty drawings of understood size and price, which were nearly always in tranquil demand by the better class of customers. The understood size was about 10 inches by 14 or 15, and the fixed price six guineas. The dealer charged from seven to ten, according to the pleasantness of the drawing. I bought the "Venice," for instance, No. 55, from Mr. Hewitt of Leamington, for eight guineas.

The modern fashionable interest in what we suppose to be art, had just begun to show itself a few years before Prout's death; and he was frequently advised to raise his prices. But he never raised them a shilling to his old customers.[1] They were supplied with all the drawings

[1] Nor greatly to his new ones. The drawings made for the Water-colour room were usually more elaborate, and, justly, a little higher in price; but my father bought the Lisieux, No. 13, off its walls, for eighteen guineas.

["Mr. Alfred Fripp relates that on his first serving in 1850 on the Hanging Committee of the Society, with Prout and others, he was 'lectured' (not unkindly) by the veteran member on the sin of a young man's asking higher prices for his works, Prout citing his own early practice

they wanted, at six guineas each—to the end. A very peaceful method of dealing, and under the true ancient laws ordained by Athena of the Agora,[1] and St. James of the Rialto.[2]

Athena, observe, of the Agora, or Market *Place;* and St. James of the Deep Stream, or Market *River.* The Angels of Honest Sale and Honest Porterage; such honest porterage being the true grandeur of the Grand Canal, and of all other canals, rivers, sounds, and seas that ever moved in wavering morris under the night. And the eternally electric light of the embankment of that Rialto stream was shed upon it by the Cross:—know you that for certain, you dwellers by high embanked and steamer-burdened Thames.

And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson —for sum of the best he had to give you (it is the Alpha of the laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of Heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market; adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega—that no city is ever righteous in the sight of Heaven, unless the noble walks in its street.

by way of example, when 'he was content with two-and-sixpence for his small drawings,' and delighted and surprised when Ackermann in the Strand 'raised his prices to five shillings.'"—Roget's *History of the Old Water-Colour Society,* i. 350 *n.* Some interesting particulars of Prout's prices in later years, supplementing what Mr. Ruskin says, will be found at p. 57 of vol. ii. of the same work.]

[1] [For "Athena of the Agora," and "Britannia of the Market," see "The Crown of Wild Olive," § 73.]

[2] [The reference is to the inscription discovered by Mr. Ruskin on the Church of St. James of the Rialto: "Around this Temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful." See "St. Mark's Rest," chs. iii. and viii.; "Fors Clavigera," No. 76; and "Arrows of the Chace," i. 245.]

NOTES ON THE DRAWINGS

For complete Index see page 345.

I.—PROUT

THE reader will find, ending this pamphlet, a continuous index to the whole collection of drawings. In this descriptive text I allow myself to pause in explanatory, or wander in discursive, statement, just as may seem to me most helpful to the student, or most likely to interest the general visitor.

I begin with the series of pencil drawings by Prout, which were my principal object in promoting this exhibition. Of these I have chosen seventy, all of high quality, and arranged so as to illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned Continental tour, beginning at Calais and ending at Rome. Following the order of these with attention, an intelligent observer may learn many things—not to his hurt.

Their dates, it will be noticed, are never given by the artist himself—except in the day; never the year—nor is there anything in the progress of Prout's skill, or in his changes of manner, the account of which need detain us long. From earliest boyhood to the day of his death he drew firmly, and never scrabbled or blurred. Not a single line or dot is ever laid without positive intention,[1] and the care needful to fulfil that intention. This is already a consummate virtue. But the magnificent certainty and ease, united, which it enabled him to obtain, are only seen to the full in drawings of his middle time. Not in decrepitude, but in mistaken effort, for which, to my sorrow, I was partly myself answerable, he endeavoured in later journeys to make

[1] See the exception proving the rule, in a single line, in No. 12, there noted.

his sketches more accurate in detail of tracery and sculpture;[1] and they lost in feeling what they gained in technical exactness and elaboration. Of these later drawings only three are included in this series, 4, 8, and 17; their peculiar character will, however, be at once discernible.

His incipient work was distinguished by two specialities—the use of a grey washed tint with the pencil, a practice entirely abandoned in his great time (though he will always make notes of *colour* frankly); and the insisting on minor pieces of broken texture, in small stones, bricks, grass, or any little picturesque incidents, with loss of largeness and repose. The little study of the apse of Worms Cathedral (32), a most careful early drawing, shows these faults characteristically; the Prague (23) is as definite an example of his great central manner, and even Turner's outline is not more faultless, though more complete. For the rest, Turner himself shared in the earlier weakness of more sharply dotted and sprinkled black touches, and practised, contemporaneously, the wash of grey tint with the pencil. The chief use of the method to the young student is in its compelling him to divide his masses clearly; and I used it much myself in early sketches, such as that of the Aventine, No. 104*a*, for mere cleanliness and comfort in security of shadow—rather than the always rubbing and vanishing blacklead. But it is an entirely restricted method, and must be abandoned in all advanced study, and the pencil used alone, both for shade and line, until the finer gradations of shadow are understood. *Then* colour may be used with the pencil for notation, and every power at once is in the workman's hands. The two first studies in our series are perfect instances of this conclusive method.[2]

[1] [In the first volume of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin, while pointing out Prout's superiority to some other artists, had criticised his lack of detail. "Now we begin to feel that we are in Venice; this is what we could not get elsewhere; it is worth seeing, and drawing, and talking and thinking of—not an exhibition of common daylight or brick walls. But let us look a little closer: we know those capitals very well; their design was most original and perfect, and so delicate that it seemed to have been cut in ivory;—what have we got for them here? Five straight strokes of a reed pen! No, Mr. Prout, it is not quite Venice yet." (Vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 8, 1st and 2nd eds. only).]

[2] For further notes on the methods of shade proper to the great masters, the reader may consult the third and fourth numbers of my "Laws of Fésole." [By the "numbers" Mr. Ruskin refers to the parts in which the "Laws of Fésole" originally appeared. See ch. x. of the work as it now stands.]

There were more reasons, and better ones, than the students of to-day would suppose, for his not adopting it oftener. The subjects in Cornwall and Derbyshire by which his mind was first formed, were most of them wholly discouraging in colour, if not gloomy or offensive. Grey blocks of whinstone, black timbers, and broken walls of clay needed no iridescent illustration; the heath and stonecrop were beyond his skill, and, had he painted them with the staunchest efforts, would not have been translatable into the coarse lithographs for Ackermann's drawing-books, the publication of which was at that time a principal source of income to him.[1] His richer Continental subjects of later times were often quite as independent of colour, and in nearly every case taken under circumstances rendering its imitation impossible. He might be permitted by indulgent police to stop a thoroughfare for an hour or two with a crowd of admirers, but by no means to settle himself in a comfortable tent upon the pavement for a couple of months, or set up a gipsy encampment of pots and easel in the middle of the market-place. Also, his constitution, as delicate as it was sanguine,[2] admitted indeed of his sitting without harm for half-an-hour in a shady lane, or basking for part of the forenoon in a sunny piazza, but would have broken down at once under the continuous strain necessary to paint a picture in the open air. And under these conditions the wonder is only how he did so much that was attentive and true, and that even his most conventional water-colours are so refined in light and shade that even the slightest become almost majestic when engraved.

1. Calais Town.

Sketch on the spot, of the best time and highest quality,

[1] [Prout's work is divided into two clearly-defined periods. In the first, he drew only English scenery. In 1819 he made his first tour on the Continent, and thenceforward devoted himself almost entirely to foreign subjects. The first of "Ackermann's drawing-books," referred to in the text, was entitled "Rudiments of Landscape, in Progressive Studies. Drawn and etched in imitation of chalk, by Samuel Prout. London, R. Ackermann, 101 Strand, 1813." Other volumes of a similar kind were published at various dates between 1819 and 1821. Many of Prout's foreign drawings were also published by Ackermann.]

[2] [Prout suffered from a pulmonary affection. Some of his familiar letters are eloquent alike of his sufferings and of his cheerfulness: see Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," ii. 55–59.]

—the clouds put in as they stood, the brig as she lay, the figures where they measure the space of sand, and give the look of busy desolateness, which poor Calais—crown jewel of England—had fallen to in our day, Prout's and mine. You see the size of the steam-packet of the period: you may trust Prout's measure of its magnitude, as aforesaid. So also of belfry, lighthouse, and church,—very dear all to the old painter, as to me. I gave my own drawing of the lighthouse and belfry (No. 104, on the screen) to the author of "Rab and his Friends," who has lent it me for comparison.[1] My drawing of the church spire is lost to me, but somewhere about in the world, I hope, and perhaps may be yet got hold of, and kept with this drawing, for memory of old Calais, and illustration of what was meant by the opening passage of the fourth volume of "Modern Painters." (Appendix II.)[2]

Take the lens[3] to the gate of the tower (above the steamer) and see how, in such a little bit, the architecture is truly told. Compare Hogarth's "Gate of Calais."[4]

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

2. Calais Old Pier.

Turner's great subject; but Turner's being earlier taken, while the English packet was still only a fast-sailing cutter —(steam unthought of!) A perfect gem of masterful study, and quiet feeling of the facts of eternal sea and shore.

The solemnly rendered mystery of the deep and far sea; the sway of the great waves entering over the bar at the harbour's mouth; the ebbing away of the sand at the angle of the pier; the heaping of it in hills against its nearer side,[5] and the way in which all is made huge, bleak, and wild by

[1] It was exhibited here last year, but is shown again for proof of Prout's fidelity in distant form.

[For Mr. Ruskin's references to Dr. John Brown, see "Fors Clavigera," xxxii.; "Hortus Inclusus," p. 9 (ed. 1902); and "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. xii. See also vol. i. of this book, p. 350 *n.*]

[2] [Compare also "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. x., where Prout's drawing is referred to as "a little idealizing" the belfry.]

[3] For proper study of any good work in painting or drawing the student should always have in his hand a magnifying-glass of moderate power, from two to three inches in diameter.

[4] [Now in the National Gallery. No. 1464.]

[5] Compare the sentence respecting this same place, Appendix II., top of p. 341, "surfy sand, and hillocked shore."

the deeper tone of the dark sail and figure, are all efforts of the highest art faculty, which we cannot too much honour and thank.

3. Studies of French and Netherland Figures and Diligences.

Exemplary in the manner of abstract, and perfect in figure drawing, for *his* purposes. They are poor persons, you see —all of them. Not quite equal to Miss Kate Greenaway's in grace, nor to Mrs. Allingham's in face—(they, therefore, you observe, have mostly their backs to us). But both Miss Kate and Mrs. Allingham might do better duty to their day, and better honour to their art, if they would paint, as verily, some of these poor country people in far-away places, rather than the high-bred prettinesses, or fond imaginations, which are the best they have given us yet for antidote to the misery of London.

4. Abbeville: Church of St. Wulfran.

Seen from the west, over old houses (since destroyed). Of the artist's best time and manner. See Preface, p. 302.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

5. Abbeville: Church of St. Wulfran—the north-western tower, with old houses.

Elaborate. Of the late time, but not in the highest degree good—the chiaroscuro of the pinnacles evidently caught on the spot, but not carried through the drawing rightly, and the whole much mannered. Precious, however, for all that.

6. Photograph of the Porches of St. Wulfran, Abbeville.

7. Amiens.

One of the best of the best time. See Preface, p. 290, and compare the extract from "Modern Painters," given in Appendix III., p. 341.

8. Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in St. Jacques, Dieppe.

One of the best studies of the last period. See further notes on it under the number 17.

9. Evreux.

Perfect sketch of the best time, and most notable for the exquisite grace of proportion in its wooden belfry.[1] No architect, however accurate in his measurements—no artist, however sensitive in his admiration—ever gave the proportion and grace of Gothic spires and towers with the loving fidelity that Prout did. This is much to say, and therefore I say it again deliberately—there are no existing true records of the real effect of Gothic towers and spires, except only Prout's. And now I must be tedious awhile, and explain what I mean in saying this—being much—and show it to be true. Observe, first—everything in grace of form depends on truth of scale. You don't show how graceful a thing is, till you show how large it is; for all grace means ultimately the use of strength in the right way, moral and physical against a given force. A swan no bigger than a butterfly would not be graceful; its grace is in its proportion to the waves, and power over them. A butterfly as large as a swan would not be graceful; its beauty is in being so small that the winds play with it, but do not vex it. A hollow traceried spire fifteen feet high would be effeminate and frivolous, for it would be stronger solid; a hollow traceried spire five hundred feet high is beautiful, for it is safer so, and the burden of the builder's toil spared. All wisdom, economy, beauty, and holiness are one; harmonious throughout—in all places, times, and things: understand any one of their orders, and do it; it will lead you to another—to all others, in time.

Now, therefore, think why this spire of Evreux is graceful. If it were only silver filigree over a salt-cellar, it would still be pretty (for it is beautifully varied and arranged). But not "graceful" (or full of grace). The reason is that it is built, not with silver, but with aspen logs; and because there

[1] ["My best joys were in small pieces of provincial building, full of character, and naturally graceful and right in their given manner. In this kind the little wooden belfry of Evreux, of which Prout's drawing is photographed in my Memoir, is consummate."—"Præterita," vol. ii. ch. x.]

has been brought a strange refinement and melody, as of chiming in tune, and virtue of uprightness, and precision of pointedness, into the aspen logs, which nobody could ever have believed it *was* in a log to receive. And it is graceful also, because it is evidently playful and bright in temper. There are no labouring logs visible—no propping, or thrusting, or bearing logs—no mass of enduring and afflicted timber; only imaginative timber, aspiring just high enough for praise, not for ambition. Twice as high as it ever could have stood in a tree—by honour of men done to it; but not so high as to strain its strength, and make it weak among the winds, or perilous to the people.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

10. STRASBURG: THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

I have put this drawing—quite one of the noblest in all the series—out of its geographical place, and beside the Evreux, that you may compare the qualities of grace in wooden and stone buildings; and follow out our begun reasoning further.

Examine, first, how the height is told. Conscientiously, to begin with. He had not room enough on his paper (perhaps), and put the top at the side rather than blunt or diminish the least bit. I say "perhaps," because, with most people, that would have been the way of it; but my own private opinion is, that *he* never meant to have room on his paper for it—that he felt instinctively that it was grander to have it going up nobody knew where—only that he could not draw it so for the public, and must have the top handy to put on afterwards.

Conscientiously, first, the height is told; next, artfully. He chooses his place just where you can see the principal porch at the end of the street—takes care, by every artifice of perspective and a little exaggeration of aerial tone, to make you feel how far off it is; then carries it up into the clearer air. Of course, if you don't notice the distant porch, or are not in the habit of measuring the size of one part of a thing by another, you will not feel it here—but neither would you have felt it there, at Strasburg itself.

Next, for composition. If you ever read my last year's

notes on Turner, you must remember how often I had to dwell on his way of conquering any objectionable character in his main subject by putting more of the same character in something else, where it was *not* objectionable.[1] Now it happens to be one of the chief faults of Strasburg Spire (and it has many, for all the reputation of it), to be far too much constituted of meagre upright lines (see the angle staircases, and process of their receding at the top, and the vertical shafts across the window at its base). Prout instantly felt, as he drew the tower, that left to itself it would be too iron-like and stiff. He does not disguise this character in the least, but conquers it utterly by insisting with all his might on the flutings of the pilasters of the near well. "How ill drawn these!" you say. Yes; but he hates these, in themselves, and does not care how badly he draws them, so only that by-their ugly help he can save the Cathedral. Which they completely do—taking all the stiffness out of it, and leaving it majestic. Next, he uses contrast to foil its beauty, as he has used repetition to mask its faults. In the "Abbeville," No. 4, he had a beautiful bit of rustic white wall to set off his towers with. Here, in Strasburg, half modernized, alas! even in his time, he finds nothing better than the great ugly white house behind the lamp. In old times, remember, a series of gables like that of the last house would have gone all down the street. (Compare the effect in "Strasburg," No. 11, all contemporary.) Prout will not do any "restoration"—he knows better; but he could easily have disguised this white house with cast shadows across the street, and some blinds and carpets at the windows. But the white, vulgar mass shall not be so hidden, and the richness of all the old work shall gain fulness out of the modern emptiness, and modesty out of the modern impudence.

Pre-eminently the gain is to the dear old gabled house on the right, which is the real subject of the drawing, being a true Strasburg dwelling-house of the great times. But before speaking more of this I must ask you to look at the next subject.[2]

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

[1] [See pp. 316, 324, 328, 330, 334, 418, in vol. i. of this book.]

[2] [*Cf.* "Eagle's Nest," § 86; and "Catalogue of the Educational Series," Nos. 59 and 60.]

12. Old Street in Lisieux.

This, though it contains so much work, is a hurried and fatigued drawing—fatigued itself in a sense, as having more touches put on it than were good for it; and the sign of fatigue in the master, or perhaps rather of passing illness, for he seems never to have been tired in the ordinary way. The unusually confused and inarticulate figures, the more or less wriggled and ill-drawn draperies, and the unfinished foundation of the house on the right, where actually there is a line crossing another unintentionally! are all most singular with him; and I fancy he must have come on this subject at the end of a sickly-minded day, and yet felt that he must do all he could for it, and then broken down.

He has resolved to do it justice, at least in the drawing No. 13, one of the best in the room; but there are characters in the subject itself which, without his quite knowing why, cramped him, and kept several of his finer powers from coming into play.

Note, first, essentially he is a draughtsman of stone, not wood, and a tree-trunk is always wholly beyond his faculty; so that, when everything is wooden, as here, he has to translate his stony manner for it all through, and is as if speaking a foreign language. In the finished drawing, one scarcely knows whether the near doorway *is* stone or wood.

And there was one character, I repeat, in this subject that specially strained this weak part of him. When a wooden house is in properly wooden style, he can always do it, as at Abbeville and Strasburg. But this street at Lisieux is a wooden street in stone style. I feel even tempted to write fine scientific modern English about it, and say it is objectively lignologic and subjectively petrologic. The crossing beams of the wall-courses, and king-posts of the gables in dormer windows, are indeed properly expressive of timber structure; but all the sculpture is imitative of the forms developed in the stone traceries of the same period—seen perfectly in the elaborate drawing, No. 13.

Those traceries were themselves reciprocally corrupted, as we shall see presently, by the woodwork practised all round them; but both the Burgundian and Norman later Gothic were corrupted by their own luxurious laziness, before they took any infection from the forest. Instead of building

a real pointed arch, they merely put a cross lintel with a nick in it[1] (*a*), then softened the nick-edges and ran a line of moulding round it (*b*), and then ran up a flourish above

a *b* *c*

to show what a clever thing they had done (*c*),—and there you are. But there is much more curious interest in this form of wooden imitative architecture than any mere matter of structural propriety.

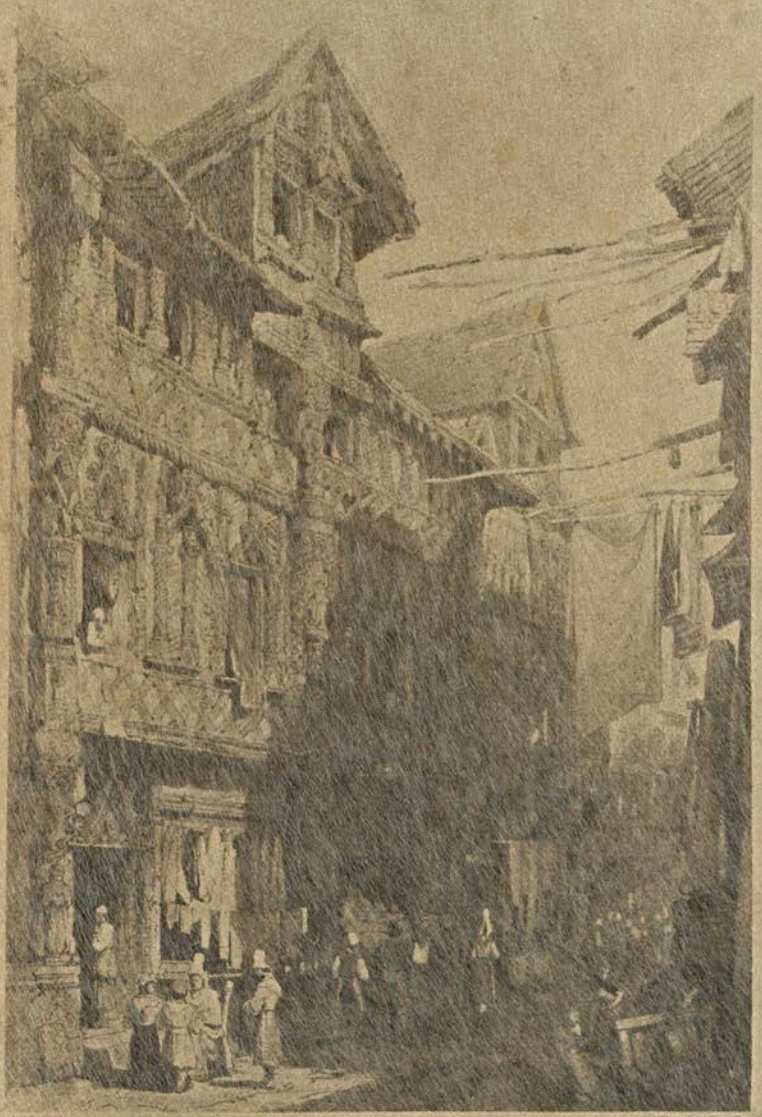
Please compare the Lisieux houses in No. 12 with the house on the right at Strasburg in No. 10. You see there are no pinnacles nor crockets imitated there. All is sternly square—upright timber and cross timber—cut into what ornamental current mouldings the workman knew.

And yet you see the Cathedral at the side is eminently gabled and pinnacular! Run your eye from the square window of the second storey of the house (third from ground) along to the Cathedral gabled tracery. Could any two styles be more adverse? While, on the contrary, the Lisieux street is merely a "changing the willow wreaths to stone"—in imitation of the chapel of St. Jacques [No. 8]? It is true, the Lisieux street is contemporary with St. Jacques, and the Strasburg house a century or so later than the Cathedral; but that is not the reason of the opposition. Had they been either pure French or pure German the two would have declined together and have died together. But in France of the fifteenth century, church, noblesse, and people were one body, and the people in Lisieux loved and delighted in their clergy and nobles, as the Venetians did,—

"Pontifices, clerus, populus, dux mente serenus."[2]

[1] *Without* the nick, mind you, it would have been a grand building—pure Greek or pure Tuscan, and capable of boundless good. It is the Nicolaitane nick that's the devil. ["But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate."—REV. ii. 6.]

[2] [The inscription on a mosaic in St. Mark's: see "St. Mark's Rest," p. 111. A water-colour drawing of this mosaic is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]



Lisieux.

From the drawing in the possession of W. Prinsep Gordon Esq.

But Strasburg is on the edge—nay, on the Pole—of all divisions. Virtually, from west to east, between Dijon and Berne; virtually, from north to south, between Cologne and Basle; virtually, if you have eyes, the Diet of Worms is in it, the Council of Constance is in it, the Battle of Sempach is there, and the rout of Granson.

That is a Swiss cottage, with all ecclesiastical and feudal powers flaming up into the sky at the side of it, and the iron lances and lines of them are as lace round the "Commerce de Jean Dichl."[1] "Commerce," a grand word, which we suppose ourselves here to understand; an entirely vile one, if misunderstood. Human commerce, a business for men and angels; but inhuman, for apes and spectres. We must look at a few more street scenes in order to find out which sort Jean Dichl's belongs to.

[*No. 12 was reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

14. BAYEUX.

A small sketch, but first-rate, and with half a mile of street in it. Pure and plain woodwork this, with prop and buttress of stumpy stone—healthy all, and sound. Note especially the strong look of foundation, as opposed to the modern style of house-front in most commercial quarters,—five storeys of brick wall standing on the edge of a pane of plate-glass.

15. TOURS.

The saints presiding over an old-clothes shop, apparently;—but it may be the fashionable draper's of the quarter. I merely give it as an example of the developed form of bracket, the end of the cross timber becoming a niche, and the prop a saint—not without meaning. Much more strength than is really wanted allowed in the backing, so that these corrugated saints do not by their recessed niches really weaken the structure. Compare photograph, No. 117.

16. ROUEN: THE BUTTER-TOWER.

Built with the octroi on butter—not a right way, be it spoken, in passing. All taxes on food of any sort, or drink

[1] [The inscription over the shop in the drawing described.]

of any sort, are wrong, whether to build a pious tower, or support an impious government.[1]

A tired sketch,—the house on the left, one of the most beautiful in France, hurried and ill done.

17. ROUEN: STAIRCASE IN ST. MACLOU.

Almost unique in the elaboration of the texture in marble pillar, and effect of distant light, showing what he was capable of in this kind: compare "St. Jacques," No. 8, where he gets flickering sunlight through painted glass. There the effect is pathetic and expressive; but both texture and effect of light were mistakes in St. Maclou: it does not in the least matter to the staircase whether the pillar is smooth or the window bright. In earlier times he would have merely indicated the forms of both, and given his time to gather groups of figures following the circular sweep of the staircase.

18. GHENT.

Having run south now as far as I care, we will turn back, please, to go through the Netherlands into Germany. Pretty nearly *all* the Netherlands are in this and the following drawing. Boats beside houses; the boats heavily practical, the houses heavily fanciful, but both accurate and perfect in their way—work of a great, though fen witted, people. The Ghent scene is the very cream of Prout—all that he could best do in his happiest times; his Cornish and Hastings boat-study standing him in thorough stead *here*, though it will fail him at Venice, as we shall sadly see.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

19. ANTWERP.

Altogether magnificent: the noble street scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal, a single feature in it. Pure fact—the stately houses, and the simple market, and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts instead—wouldn't you? and notices

[1] [Mr. Ruskin was an advocate of direct as opposed to indirect taxation, and especially of graduated taxes on income and property. See "Fors Clavigera," 1871, Letter vii.]

of sale, at a ruinous sacrifice, in the shop-windows—wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral—now wouldn't you?

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

21. BRUNSWICK.

Dainty still; a most lovely drawing. I didn't find anything so good in the town myself, but was not there until 1859, when, I suppose, all the best of it had been knocked down. The Stadthaus (see lithograph, No. 93) is unique in the support of its traceries on light transverse arches; but this innovation, like nearly all German specialities in Gothic, is grotesque, and affected without being ingenious.

22. DRESDEN.

An exquisite drawing, and most curious in the entire conquest and calming down of Prout's usual broken touch into Renaissance smoothness. It is the best existing representation of the old town, and readers of "Friedrich" may care to know what it was like.

23. PRAGUE: ENTRANCE OVER THE BRIDGE.

A drawing already noticed, of the highest quality. The lithograph, No. 91, of the other side of the tower on the right, enables us to walk back the other way; it is quite one of the best drawings in the book.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

24. PRAGUE: THE STADTHAUS.

Both lovely, and essentially Proutesque, as a drawing. Architecturally, one of the prettiest possible examples of fourteenth-century Gothic. The town was all, more or less, like that once; the houses beyond have, I suppose, been built even since the siege.

25. BAMBERG.

I include this drawing in our series, first for its lovely crowd of figures; and secondly, to show that Prout never attempts to make anything picturesque that naturally isn't.

Domo d'Ossola and Bologna (47 and 65) are picturesque—in the drawings, because they are so in reality—and heavy Bamberg remains as dull as it pleases to be. This strict honesty of Prout's has never been rightly understood, because he didn't often draw dull things, and gleaned the picturesque ones out of every hole and corner; so that everybody used to think it was he who had made them picturesque. But, as aforesaid, he is really as true as a mirror.

26. NUREMBERG: THE FRAUEN KIRCHE.

Of the best time, and certainly the fullest expression ever given of the character of the church. But the composition puzzled him, the house-corner on the left coming in too abruptly, and the sketch falls short of his best qualities. He gets fatigued with the richness in excess over so large a mass, and feels that nothing of foreground will carry it out in harmony.

28. THE DRACHENFELS.

When I said that Turner and Prout stood by themselves in power of rendering magnitude, I don't mean on the same level, of course, but in perfect sympathy; and Turner himself would have looked with more than admiration—with real respect—at this quiet little study. I have never seen any other picture or drawing which gave so intensely the main truths of the breadth and prolonged distances of the great river, and the scale and standing of the rock, as compared with the buildings, and woods at its feet.

The "standing" of the rock, I say especially; for it is in great part by the perfect sculpture and build of its buttresses (the "articulation" which, I have just said, Fielding shunned as too troublesome) that the effect, or rather information, of magnitude is given.

And next to this rock drawing, the clear houses and trees, and exquisite little boat—examined well—complete the story of mountain power by their intense reality. Take the lens to them—there is no true enjoyment to be had without attention, either from pictures, or the truth itself.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

29. Islands on the Rhine.

First, the power of the Dragon rock; then of the noble river. It seems to have been an especially interesting scene this, to good painters. One of the most elaborate pieces of drawing ever executed by Turner was from this spot.

30. The Pfalz [on the Rhine].

Hurried a little, and too black in distance; but I include it in the series for a most interesting bit of composition in it. The building, from this point of view, had a disagreeable look of a church tower surrounded by pepper-boxes. He brings it into a mass, and makes a fortress of it, by the shadow on the mountain to the right of the tower, almost as dark as a bit of roof.

32. Worms.

An early drawing—the only one included in this series—is to be compared with the careful water-colour, No. 31.

33. See under No. 37.

35. Ulm.

A beautiful drawing of one of the most interesting street fountains in Germany. It is given in this sketch, as usual, with entire care and feeling of its proportion. The water-colour drawing, No. 36, shows the little interest he took in copying for the exhibition, knowing that the British mind was not to be impressed by proportion, and only cared for getting things into their frames. The lithograph, No. 90, is, on the contrary, one of his most careful works, and quite true to the place, when I saw it in 1835. I suppose it is all pulled down, and made an "esplanade" of by this time. (See passage from "Seven Lamps" in Appendix I., p. 340.)

37 and 33. Swiss and German Costumes.

I never can understand how these groups are ever designed—or caught, and how they are built up, one by one. No painter who can do it ever tells us how.

39. CHILLON.

The only drawing I ever saw which gave the real relation of the castle to the size of the mountains behind it.

40. THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

I must leave the reader now to make what he may of this, and the following drawings as far as 47. All of them, to people who know the old look of the places, will be interesting; but I have no time to enlarge on them.

41. MONTREUX.

42. WATERFALL UNDER THE DENT DU MIDI, IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

43. VILLAGE OF MARTIGNY.

46. BRIEG.

47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.

One of the most exemplary in the room, for intense fidelity to the place, and lovely composition of living groups Note the value of the upright figure in the balcony on the left, in breaking up and enriching the mass, and joining it with the rest.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

48. COMO.

Enough dwelt on in the preface, p. 294.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

49. THE MONUMENT OF CAN SIGNORIO DELLA SCALA: AT VERONA.

Note that the low sarcophagus on the left, of much finer time than the richer tomb, has on its side a bas-relief representing the Madonna enthroned between two angels, a third angel presents to her the dead knight's soul, kneeling.

50. The large drawing of the subject, No. 50, has lost all these particulars. Was it all Prout's fault, shall we say?

Was there any one, in his time, of English travellers, who would have thanked him for a Madonna and a dead old Scaliger, done ever so clearly?

56. VENICE: DUCAL PALACE FROM THE WEST.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

57. VENICE: DUCAL PALACE FROM THE EAST.

58. ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

I have put No. 58 in this eccentric manner, after the Ducal Palace, that the reader may feel, for good and all, Prout's intense appreciation of local character—his gaiety with the gay, and his strength with the strong. Cornish-bred, his own heart is indeed in the rocks, and towers, and sands of the fraternal Norman shore; and it fails him in Venice, where the conditions alike of her masquing and her majesty were utterly strange to him. Still, the sense of light, and motion, and splendour above the Riva dei Schiavoni, and of gloom, and iron-fastness, and poverty, midst the silent sands of Avranches, are rendered by the mirror of him, as if you had but turned its face from sun to shade.

The St. Michael's is an entirely grand drawing. The St. Raphael's—for that is indeed the other name of the Ducal Palace[1]—on this side, has many faults; but is yet, out and out, the best Ducal Palace that has yet been done. It is not an architectural drawing—does not in the least pretend to be. No one had ever drawn the traceries of the Ducal Palace till I did it myself. Canaletti, in his way, is just as false as Prout; Turner no better. Not one of them painted anything but their general impressions; and not a soul in England knew that there was a system in Venetian architecture at all, until I made the measured (to half and quarter inches) elevation of it (No. 105), and gave the analysis of its tracery mouldings and their development, from those of the Franciscans at the Frari ("Stones of

[1] The angel Michael is the angle statue on the south-west (seen in No. 56), with the inscription, "With my sword I guard the good, and cleanse the evil." The angel Raphael holds in his hands the nations' prayer to him: "Raphael, the dreadful ('reverende'), make thou the deep quiet, we beseech thee."

Venice," vol. ii. ch. vii.). This study of Prout's, then, I repeat, does not pretend to architectural accuracy; and it has even one very considerable fault. Prout's mind had been so formed among buildings solid at the base, and aerial at the top, that he not only could not enjoy, he could not even *see*, the national audacity of the great builder of the Ducal Palace, in supporting its wall on, virtually, two rows of marble piles; and, at the farther end, just where the shafts at the angle let the winds blow through them as frankly as the timbers of Calais pier,[1] he blackens them all up inside, as if the backing wall were solid and the arches were only niches.

For all that, there never was anything so true to the general splendour and life of the Palace done before, nor ever will be again.[2]

And in the great drawing (No. 60), lent by Lord Coleridge, the upper storey is singularly and gracefully accurate in the pinnacled Gothic of its central window, and in the various elevations and magnitudes of the rest. The two upper windows in the shade at the nearest angle are the oldest portions of the Palace visible, and Prout has carefully noted their different curve. The bright and busy figures are true to old times only.

There are two points—technical both and spiritual both—which the reader must note in this drawing.

The first, how thankful Prout is for the clusters of doves

[1] The real and marvellous structure of the angle is admirably shown in the photograph, No. 1062, though the quantity of light penetrating the shafts is a little exaggerated in effect by uniting with the light sides of the shafts. Taking the lens to the photograph, you will see this fine is destroyed by the modern gas-lamp stuck across the Italian sculpture; and you may admire at leisure the other improvements made by the art of the nineteenth century on the effect of the piazzetta—the combination of the fore and mizzen masts of the huge steamer, whose hull, with its boat, blocks out the whole lagoon, and of the upright *near* gas-lamp, with the pillar of St. Mark; the introduction of the steamer's painted funnel to form a foundation for the tower of San Giorgio; the bathing establishment anchored beyond the pillars, just where the Bucentaur used to lie close to the quay to receive the Doge: and, finally, the bills pasted on the sheds at the base of St. Mark's column, advising us of improving works of a liberal tone, such as the "Storia della Natura" and the "Misteri della Inquisizione di Spagna." In this same Loggia of Sansovino's, against which these sheds are built, the "Misteri" of the Government Lottery are also revealed weekly to the popular mind. [For another reference to the Lottery, see "St. Mark's Rest," ch. ii.]

[2] For the building is now being restored, and no man with a heart will ever draw the patched skeleton of it more.

along the upper line of the cornice. "They might as well be jackdaws," you think? Well, as aforesaid, Prout is not a colourist, else he would have made his boats black and his doves grey; but then he would have been Carpaccio, and not Prout. This is really all you can expect him to do for a dove, with his poor Cumberland plumbago;—and, after all, the glory of the creatures is not in being pigeons, but in being Venetians. Swallow or sparrow, daw or dove, sea-gull by Achilles' isle or chough by Cornish cliff—that they are living with us by shore and altar, under cottage eaves and around palace council-chambers, that is their glory—and, if we knew it, our peace.

The other point is more definitely technical, yet has its lesson in other directions also. I have already again and again insisted on Prout's way of taking up his stitches, and carrying one part of his work into another. Look back to what is said of the Como in the preface (p. 294). He is no more content with his Ducal Palace till he has got it well into fugue with its crowd, than he was with these old houses by the harbour. He won't break the corner of its arcade, but just flutes, as it were, a single pillar with the mast of a boat, and then carries the mast down—stopping the arch-mouldings for it, observe, as he draws them, so deliberate is he, and, getting well down so to his figures, rivets the rent of the canal across with the standing one, just under Michael Steno's central window, and then carries all away to the right, with the sitting figures and levelled sails in harmony with the courses of the Palace, and, to the left, with the boats. Hide one of these foundational forms with your hand, and see how the Palace goes to pieces! There are many compositions in the room more felicitous; but there is no other in which the opposite influence to the "little rift within the lute"—the stitch in time that saves nine—is so delicately and so intensely illustrated as by the service of this single boat-spar to every shaft of the whole Ducal Palace.

With respect to these Venice drawings, there are two metaphysical problems—in my own mind, of extreme insolubility—and on which I therefore do not enlarge: namely, why Prout, practical among all manner of Cornish and Kentish boats, could not for the life of him draw a gondola; and the second, why, not being able to draw a

gondola, he yet never gave the grand Adriatic fishing-boat, with its coloured sail, instead. These, and other relative questions still more abstruse—as, for instance, why he could draw the domes of Dresden rightly, and yet made the Madonna della Salute look like the National Gallery or Bethlehem Hospital—I must for the present leave for the reader's own debate, and only at speed give some account of the points to be illustrated by the supplementary drawings.

People often ask me—and people who have been long at Venice too—of the subject No. 55, *where* those square pillars are, and what they are. The corner of the Piazzetta from which this view is taken was once the sweetest of all sacred niches in that great marble withdrawing-room of the Piazzetta of St. Mark's. My old sketch, No. 107, shows approximately the colour of the marble walls and pavement of it, and the way the white flowers of the Greek pillars—purest Byzantine—shone through the dark spots of lichen. The daguerreotype, No. 108, taken under my own direction, gives the light and shade of them, chosen just where the western sunlight catches the edge of the cross at the base of the nearer one; and my study, No. 108*a*, shows more fully the character of the Byzantine chiselling—entirely freehand, flinging the marble acanthus-leaves here and there as they would actually grow. It is *through* work of this kind that the divine Greek power of the days of Hesiod came down to animate the mosaic workers in St. Mark's in the eleventh century.

They worked under a Greek princess, of whom the reader will find some legend (though yet I have not been able to do more than begin her story) in ch. vii. of "St. Mark's Rest."[1] In ch. viii. I have given some account of the entire series of mosaics which were completed by her husband under the influence of his Greek queen (true *queen*, mind you, at that time, the Duke of Venice then wearing the king's diadem, not the republican cap); and I besought my readers at Venice and elsewhere to help me

[1] My readers continually complain that they can't get my presently issuing books. There is not a bookseller in London, however, who is not perfectly well aware that the said books are always to be had by a post-card sent to my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, to whom subscriptions for the object stated in the text are to be sent (or the books may be had of the Fine Art Society). [Mr. Ruskin's books are now easily procurable in the ordinary way.]

to get some faithful record of these mosaics before they perished by modern restoration.[1] I have never made a more earnest appeal for anything; and indeed I believe, had it been for a personal gift—another Splügen drawing,[2] or the like—I should have got it by this time easily enough. But there are always twenty people who will do what they feel to be kind, for one who will take my advice about an important public object. And—if they only knew it—the one real kindness they *can* show to me is in listening to me—understanding, in the first place, that I know my business better at sixty than I did at five-and-twenty; and in the second, that my happiness, such as yet remains to me, does not at all consist in the things about me in my own parlour, but in the thought that the principles I have taught are being acted upon, and the great buildings and great scenes I have tried to describe saved, so far as may yet be possible, from destruction and desecration. At this very hour the committees of Venetian builders are meeting to plot the total destruction, and re-erection according to their own notions, and for their own emolument, of the entire west front of St. Mark's—that which Barbarossa knelt under, and before which Dandolo took his vow for Palestine! And in the meantime the Christian populace of all Europe is quarrelling about their little parish reredoses and wax candles![3]

And so it comes to pass that the floor of St. Mark's is already destroyed, together with the north and south sides; only the west front and roof mosaics are yet left, and these are instantly threatened. I have got an absolutely faithful and able artist, trained by Mr. Burne-Jones, to undertake the copying of the whole series of mosaics yet uninjured.[4]

[1] [A note by Mr. Ruskin at p. 126 of "St. Mark's Rest." The circular referred to on the next page was distributed to visitors to the Old Water-Colour Society's Exhibition and to the Fine Art Society's Gallery. It is reprinted in "Arrows of the Chace," i. 237–251.]

[2] [See p. 367 of vol. i. of this book.]

[3] It may perhaps not be quite too late to contradict a report that appeared in some Irish paper, that I had been lately in Dublin, giving some opinion or other about reredoses. I have not been in Ireland these ten years—never shall be in Ireland more—and care no more about any modern churches or church furniture than about the drop-scene at Drury Lane—not so much indeed, if the truth were all told.

[4] [Mr. T. M. Rooke. For further particulars about the drawings of the mosaics made for Mr. Ruskin see William White's "Principles of Art as Illustrated by Examples in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield." Several of the drawings are there exhibited.]

He is doing this for love and mere journeyman's wages—how carefully and thoroughly, the three examples in this room (114, 115, 116) will enough show; but he has been six months at work alone, unable to employ assistants, and all that I have yet got for him by the eagerest appeals I could make at Venice and here is—some hundred and thirty pounds, and half of that from a single personal friend.[1]

I will have a little circular drawn up, stating these and other relative facts clearly, before the close of the present exhibition. Before its opening, I can allow myself now little more than the mere explanation of what it contains.

And now I really haven't time to talk any more, and yet I've ever so much to say, if I could, of the following drawings at Arqua and Nuremberg, 77 and 70. I must at least say at once why these, like Venice and St. Michael's Mount, go side by side.

In the first place, I believe that the so-called Petrarch's house at Arqua (67) can only be built on the site of the real one—it can't be of Petrarch's time; but the tomb is true: and just looking from that to the building of Dürer's house (70)—which is assuredly authentic—and of Rubens's. No. 81, what a quantity of the lives of the men we are told by these three slight sketches! One of the things I hope to do at Sheffield is to get a connected and systematic series of drawings of the houses and the tombs of great men. The tombs, of course, generally tell more of their successors than of themselves; but the two together will be historical more than many volumes. Their houses, I say; yes, and the things they saw from their houses—quite the chief point with many of the best men and women. Casa Guidi windows,[2] often of much more import than Casa Guidi; and in this house of Albert, its own cross-timbers are little matter, but those Nuremberg walls around it are everything.

73. KELSO.

I now gather together as I best may the supplementary drawings which have come in since I arranged my series,

[1] £128, 15s. 6d., by report from Mr. Allen, of 12th November.

[2] [Mr. Ruskin was a great admirer of Mrs. Browning's poem. See 'Stones of Venice," vol. ii. ch. vi. § 77 *n.*]

and one or two others which did not properly belong to it. This one of Kelso is chiefly valuable as showing his mode of elementary study with washes of two tints—one warm, the other a little cooler. The system was afterwards expanded into his colour practice.

74. ENTRANCE TO NORTH TRANSEPT OF ROUEN.

Unfinished, and extremely interesting, as showing his *method* of rubbing in the tint with the stump or his finger before adding the pencil lines.

75. STUDY OF DUTCH BOATS.

These boat sketches might be multiplied countlessly; and I would fain have given many and talked much of them, but have neither room nor time. Note in this the careful warping of the mast by the strain of the heavy sail.

76. NEUDERSDORF.
77. GUTENFELS.

Two lovely Rhine realities, when the river was something better than a steam-tramway.

78. AN OLD RHINE BRIDGE AT RHEINFELDEN.

A favourite Turner subject, and drawn and engraved with great care in "Modern Painters."[1] As a Prout, it is inferior—small in manner and forced; but, as usual, wholly true to the place.

79. MUNICH.

Notable chiefly for the effort made to draw the attention away from the ugly arcade under the houses by the crowd of near figures. Compare the insistence on beautiful arcades in the Como and Domo d'Ossola.

80. YPRÈS.

Wholly lovely, and to be classed with the Abbeville and Evreux as one of the most precious records of former domestic architecture.

[1] [See p. 120 of vol. i. of this book.]

81. RUBENS'S HOUSE, ANTWERP.

The kind of domestic architecture that destroyed all reverence for what preceded it, and brought us down to—what we are.

Note the beginning of modern anatomies and sciences and pseudo-classicalisms in the monstrous skulls of beasts.

82. CAEN.
83. FALAISE.

Two of the most careful and finished pieces of his later work, but rather architectural studies than pictures; and, alas! the architecture of the worst school. So little can the taste be really formed without study of sculpture as the queen of edifying law. See notes on Supplementary Sketches.

86. PORTICO DI OTTAVIA, ROME.

All the life and death of Rome is in this quite invaluable drawing; but I have no time to talk of the life and death of Rome, and perhaps the enlightened modern student would only care for a view of the new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine.

87. WELL AT STRASBURG.

We don't want wells neither, in these days of wisdom, having Thirlmere turned on for us, or Loch Katrine, at our pleasure. But—from the days of Jacob's well till—thirty years ago, such things were pleasant in human eyes.

88. WELL AT STRASBURG.

I close our Prout pencilling with seven examples of his superb work on stone; all by his own hand, and as literally and thoroughly his, touch for touch, as the pencil sketches themselves, and even more wonderful in their easy mastery of the more difficult material.

What a disgrace it is to modern landscape-painters that this book of Prout's "Sketches in Flanders and Germany" should remain, to this day, the *only work* of true artistic value produced, that is to say, by the artist's own hand, purchasable by the public of Europe, in illustration of their national architecture!

89. Weil at Nuremberg.

This study is one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most imaginative, that ever Prout made—highly exceptional and curious.

The speciality of Nuremberg is that its walls are of stone, but its windows—especially those in the roof, for craning up merchandise—are of wood. All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrifies all the wood. Very naughty of him! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offence; and, alas! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness!

I never knew him do such a thing before or since; but the end of it is that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nurembergy than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character.

90. Ulm.

91. Prague: Tower of the Gate.

92. Prague: Stadthaus.—The realization of sketch No. 24.

93. Brunswick: Rathhaus.

94. Coblenz.

I have always held this lithograph to show all Prout's qualities in supreme perfection, and proudly finish our series of pencil and chalk work with it.

We now come to a large series of early colour studies, promising better things than ever came of them; and then the examples of Prout for which we are simply to blame the public taste he had to meet, and not him. There were no Pre-Raphaelites in those days. On the walls at the Scala Palace, in that sketch of Verona, No. 49, Prout has written, conscientiously, "brick:" but do you think, if he had painted it of brick, anybody would have bought the drawing? Since those days, all the work of Walker, of Boyce, of Alfred

Hunt, of Albert Goodwin, of John Brett (the whole school of them, mind you, founded first on the strong Pre-Raphaelite veracities which were all but shrieked down at the first seeing of them, and which I had to stand up alone for, against a whole national clamour of critical vituperation), all that affectionate and laborious painting from nature has familiarized you, now, with birds, and ivy, and blossoms, and berries, and mosses, and rushes, and ripples, and trickles, and wrinkles, and twinkles; and, of course, poor old Prout's conventional blue wash won't look its best afterwards. Be thankful to *them* (and somewhat also—I say it not in pride, but as a part of the facts—to "Modern Painters" and me) and indulgent to the old workman, who did the best he could for his customers, and the most he could for his money.

95. THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.—See Preface, p. 283.

96. LAUNCESTON.

Had this drawing been brought to me as an early Turner, I should have looked twice, and thrice, at it before saying no. If Prout had only had just ever so little more pride, and some interest in British history, he would have been a painter, indeed, and no mean pencil draughtsman. But he just missed it—and a miss is as bad as a mile, or a million of miles; and I say nothing more of the series of water-colours here, except only that many a good lesson may be learned from them in chiaroscuro, and in flat tinting, by modest students.

SUPPLEMENTARY DRAWINGS

There are—or ought to be, if I get them together in time—eleven of my own, namely :—

104. CALAIS.

104*a*. THE AVENTINE.

105. DUCAL PALACE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

106. DUCAL PALACE: FOLIAGE OF SOUTH-WEST ANGLE.

107. PILLAR OF THE PIAZZETTA.[1]

108. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PILLAR OF THE PIAZZETTA.

108*a*. CHIAROSCURO STUDY OF THE SAME PILLAR.

109. THE CASA D'ORO. (*On the south wall.*)

110. WINDOW ON THE GRAND CANAL.

111. ABBEVILLE CROCKET.

112. OAK-LEAF.

113. MOSS AND OXALIS.

I meant, when first this exhibition was planned, to have made it completely illustrative of the French flamboyant architecture, which Prout had chiefly studied. But I have been too much interrupted by other duties; and I can only now point out, once more—after thirty years of reiterating this vital fact to architects in vain—that until they are themselves absolute masters of sculptural surface, founded on natural forms, they do not know the meaning of any good work in any school.

Sculptural *surface*, observe. They fancy they have drawn an ornament when they have got its outline: but in sculpture the *surface* is everything; the outline follows, and is compelled by it. Thus, in the piece of Ducal Palace sculpture, No. 106, the entire value of it depends on the chiaroscuro of its surfaces; and it would be as absurd to think of sketching it without shade as a piece of rippled lagoon. And in every minutest finial and crocket of that French flamboyant, the surfaces are studied to a perfection, not less subtle, though relieved by more violent shade. The fast study, No. 111, shows the action of the curved stems and flow of surfaces in one of the crockets of Abbeville. See photograph, No. 6, and the study of oak-leaves, No. 112, will show how the natural forms of vegetation lend themselves

[1] [For notes on this drawing see "Arrows of the Chace," i. 246.]

to every need of such attentive design. I have painted this bit of leafage in two stages, showing—if any one cares to know it—the way Hunt used his body colour, laying it first with extreme care in form and gradation, but in pure white, and then glazing over it—never disturbing it, or mixing it in the slightest degree with his clear colour. And it is only by this management of opaque colour that architectural detail can be drawn at speed with any useful result. See the bit of honeysuckle ornament, for instance (you must take the lens both to the oak-leaf drawing and this), at the top of the pillar in No. 108, and fancy the time it would have taken to express the bossy roundness of it in any other way. All disputes about the use of body colour begin and end in the "to be or not to be" of accurate form.

Then there are three drawings of St. Mark's mosaics by Mr. Rooke:—[1]

114. FLORAL DECORATION.

115. MADONNA AND DAVID.

116. THE PROPHETS.

Then some variously illustrative photographs, etc., namely:—

117. ABBEVILLE. [See Preface, p. 286.]

118. PICTURE OF ABBEVILLE.

106*a*. VENICE, THE PIAZZETTA.

11. LITHOGRAPH OF MODERN STRASBURG. (*On the east wall.*)

119(?) IMPROVEMENTS IN MODERN LONDON.

Then in the glass case there is a little bit of real Venetian sixteenth century silk-work—put there to show precisely what Shakespeare meant by "Valance of Venice gold in

[1] [Mr. Rooke's drawings are now in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]

needlework" ("Taming of the Shrew"); and secondly, to show the use of minute points of colour in decoration carried on thus far from the Byzantine schools.

And, finally, there is the Meissonier, above referred to (p. 280), "Napoleon in 1814," on the Chaussée of Vitry, just after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube :—[1]

"The French horsemen, though inferior to none in the world for audacity and prowess, were overmatched by their opponents, and driven back to the bridge of Arcis. Napoleon, who was on the other side, instantly rode forward to the entrance of the bridge, already all but choked up with fugitives, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'Let me see which of you will pass before me!' These words arrested the flight, and the division Friant, traversing the streets of Arcis in double-quick time, passed the bridge, formed on either side of its other extremity, and by their heavy fire drove back the allied horse.

. . . . . .

"Napoleon was repeatedly in imminent danger; nearly all his staff were killed or wounded. 'Fear nothing,' said he to the generals who urged him to retire: 'the bullet is not yet cast which is to kill me.' He seemed to court rather than fear death; his air was resolute but sombre; and as long as the battle raged, by the light of the burning houses behind and the flash of the enemies' guns in front, he continued to face the hostile batteries.

. . . . . .

"On leaving Arcis, instead of taking the road to Chalons or to Paris, he moved on the chaussée of Vitry, direct towards the Rhine. His letter to the Empress Marie Louise was in these terms :—

"'My love, I have been for some days constantly on horseback. On the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight in the evening. I beat him the same evening. I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in array to protect the march of its columns on Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love. Embrace my son.'" (See *Alison*, vol. x. pp. 396–406.)

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[1] [Mr. Ruskin's "1814," the smaller of two versions, was bought by him for a thousand guineas. It used to hang over the fireplace in the "turret-room" at Brantwood. Mr. Ruskin sold it in 1882 for 5,900 guineas. The larger version was sold in 1890 to M. Chaucard of the Magasins du Louvre for £22,000—a sum far in excess of anything given for the work of a living painter. Mr. Ruskin included his "1814" in a collection shown at the Royal Institution in 1869 in illustration of his lecture on "The Relations of Flamboyant Architecture to Contemporary and Subsequent Art." The following was his note in the catalogue :—

"Realistic art of the lower school, but consummate of its kind. Look at it with the lens.

"Showing the relation of the disturbed and dramatic manner of modern art to the disquietude of national character." For another reference to Meissonier, see "Letters to Ward," ii. 12.]

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the French realistic school than this picture. It is, of course, conventional, and founded on photographic effect The white horse in reality would have looked like a ghost in the twilight, and not one of the details of the housings been in the least visible: had these been so, much more should the details of the landscape have been. But in its kind it is without rivalship, and I purpose that it shall remain in St. George's schools—for a monument of War-sorrow, where War has been unjust.

II.—HUNT.

142. The Butterfly.

Before saying anything more of the Hunt series, I want my readers once more clearly to understand what I have brought it here for—namely, to show them what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story. The Prouts are here for an exactly opposite reason—not at all to show you what mere pencilling is, as such, but what it can pencil for us of European scenery and history. Whereas this butterfly is here, not at all to teach you anything you didn't know about butterflies; nor the peach and grapes to teach you anything you didn't know about those familiar fruits; nor even that boy in his father's boots to teach you anything you didn't know before about boys and boots.[1] They are here merely to show you what is meant by painting, as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands and a pot within reach of them.

Now that little brown-red butterfly (which Mr. Gurney is so fortunate in possessing) is a piece of real painting; and it is as good as Titian or anybody else ever did. And if you can enjoy it, you can enjoy Titian and all other good painters; and if you can't see anything in *it*, you can't see anything in *them*, and it is all affectation and pretence to say that you care about them.

And with this butterfly in the drawing I put first, please look at the mug and loaf in the one I have put last, of the Hunt series, No. 171. The whole art of painting is in that mug—as the fisherman's genius was in the bottle. If you can feel how beautiful it is, how ethereal, how heathery and

[1] [No. 173. "My Father's Boots."]

heavenly, as well as to the uttermost muggy, you have an eye for colour, and can enjoy heather, heaven, and everything else below and above. If not, you must enjoy what you can, contentedly, but it won't be painting; and in mugs, it will be more the beer than the crockery—and on the moors, rather grouse than heather.

Going back to No. 142, you will perhaps ask me why the poppy is so poor and the butterfly so rich? Mainly because the poppy withered, and the butterfly was pinned and permanent. But there are other reasons, of which more presently.

144. HERRING AND PILCHARD.

Supreme painting again, and done with his best pains; for these two subjects, and

146. DEAD CHICKEN,

were done by the old man, in all kindness and care, at my own request, for me to give as types of work to country schools of art. Yet no kindness or care could altogether enable him to work rightly under the direction of another mind; and the project was ultimately given up by me, the chicken, finished as it is, having been one of my chief disappointments.[1] And here anent, let me enter into some general account of the tenor of his drawings. They may be broadly divided into the following classes, into one or other of which every work of importance from his hand will distinctly fall.

CLASS I.

Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity, without the slightest endeavour at idealization, and still less with any wish either to caricature or deplore its

[1] [Six of the drawings thus done for Mr. Ruskin were exhibited in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society between the years 1856 and 1861. "Some of these—in particular, one of 'Mushrooms: Study of Rose-Grey' (1860)—were exquisite. But the generous donor ultimately gave up the project. The old man used to pause in the task, which he was trying his very best to accomplish, and cry out, 'How difficult it is to paint this oyster-shell!' After painting some 'Pilchards' Study of Gold' in 1856, one of the most striking of the series, he wrote, however, 'If you want studies of colour, fish is the sort of thing to look at'" (Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," ii. 196).]

W. Hunt.

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Eavesdropper.

From the drawing in the possession of E.F. Quilter Esq.

imperfections. All the drawings belonging to this class are virtually faultless, and most of them very beautiful. It is, I am glad to say, thoroughly represented in this room, which contains several examples of the highest quality—namely, 121, 168, 171, 172, 173, 175; besides two pieces of still life (169, and the interior, No. 174), properly belonging to the group.

Class 2.

Country life, with endeavour to add interest to it by passing sentiment. The drawings belonging to this class are almost always over-finished, and liable to many faults. There are three in this collection—120, 165, 166.

Class 3.

Country life, with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness. The drawings of this class are usually very clever, and apt to be very popular; but they are, on the whole, dishonourable to the artist. There are five examples here—namely, 157, 158, 161, 163, 164.

Class 4.

Flower pieces. Fruit is often included in these; but they form a quite separate class, being necessarily less finished drawings—the flowers sooner changing their form. Including the fungi among these, there are eight fine ones in the room—148, 150, 149, 152, 147, 151, 154, 156.

Class 5.

Fruit pieces, on which a great part of the artist's reputation very securely rests. Five first-rate ones are here, and several of interesting, though inferior, quality.

Class 6.

Dead animals. Alas! if he could but have painted living ones, instead of those perpetual bunches of grapes. But it could not be. To a weakly, sensitive, nervous temperament, the perpetual changes of position, and perpetual suggestion of new beauty in an animal, are entirely ruinous: in ten minutes they put one in a fever. Only the

very greatest portrait-painters—Sir Joshua and Velasquez[1]—can draw animals rightly.

I begin with this last class, and reascend to the highest.

138. DEAD HARE AND GAME.

A most notable drawing of early practice, quite wonderful in textures of fur and in work of shadows, but tentative, and in many points failing.

141. DEAD DOVE. (A.)

A pure water-colour drawing, before his style was perfectly formed. Full of interest, but too conventional and slight in background.

139. DEAD DOVE. (B.)

Finished work of central time.

145. DEAD DOVE. (C.)

Replica, I suppose, of B, with completer background, and of highest quality. I must be pardoned for saying so of my own drawing; but of course, after long and affectionate relations with the painter, it would be strange if I had not some of his best works.[2]

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

143. PINE, MELON, AND GRAPES.

We were obliged to put this drawing low down, for, in spite of its dark background, it killed everything we put near it. To my mind it is the most majestic piece of work in the room. The grapes are the vintage of Rubens, and the shadows are the darkness of Tintoret. It is wholly free from any pettiness of manner, and in force, spring, and succulence of foliage it is as if the strength of nature were in it, rather than of human hand. I never saw it until now, and have learned from it more than, after my fifty years of labour, I thought anything but a Venetian picture could have taught me.

[1] [*Cf.*, for Reynolds, "Eagle's Nest," § 152; for Velasquez, "Modern Painters," vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. §§ 13, 19.]

[2] [Bought by Mr. Ruskin's father. "I got a piece of advice from Hunt," he wrote to his son in 1852, "never to commission a picture. He could not have done my pigeon so well had he felt he was doing it for anybody" (Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin," p. 137).]

132. "LOVE WHAT YOU STUDY, STUDY WHAT YOU LOVE."

All "Modern Painters" in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect. (See Preface, p. 275 *n.*)

130. GRAPES.

Consummate. Can't be better anywhere.

131. MR. SIBETH'S QUINCES.

All that's best in this kind.

125. BULLACES.

Very fine, but conventional in background.

129. GRAPES.

Perfect work, but wasted. Why he did so many grapes, and scarcely ever sloes, or finely russet apples, or *growing* strawberries, always mystified me.

126. PLUMS.

Finest work, but a little dull. My own favourites of his plums were such variegated ones as 133 and 135; but I somehow never got any. This drawing, however, was the one of which Hunt said to me innocently—seeing it again after some ten years—"It's very nice, isn't it?"[1]

128. PLUMS.

The bit of oak-leaf here is very wonderful and interesting as an example, and what Hunt meant by saying to me once, "I like to see things 'fudged' out."[2] It is to be remembered, however, that this was his own special liking;

[1] ["The last time my dear old friend William Hunt came to see me, I took down one of his early drawings for him to see (three blue plums and one amber one, and two nuts). So he looked at it, happily, for a minute or two, and then said, 'Well, it's very nice, isn't it? I did not think I could have done so well.' The saying was entirely right, exquisitely modest, and true" ("Cestus of Aglaia" in "On the Old Road," vol. i. § 318).]

[2] [For another note on this remark by Hunt, and on his characteristics generally, see "Catalogue of the Educational Series," Nos. 212, 213. Hunt was fond of using the phrase, "fudging it out," to describe a painter's processes. "He has fudged it out," he said of a brother artist; "we must all fudge it out. There is no other way than fudging it out." See Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society," i. 469.]

and it must not be followed by the general student. The finest forms of anything cannot be "fudged" out, but must be drawn, if possible, with the first line, at least with the last one, for ever.

149. DR. DRAGE'S FUNGI.[1]

A perfect gem; "Venetian red" in its best earthly splendour: it could only be more bright in clouds.

147. MR. FRY'S HAWTHORN.

A little overworked, but very glorious. Soft and scented I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.

155. (Mine.) HAWTHORN AND BIRDS' NESTS.

The hawthorn this time a little *under*worked, but very good; and nests as good as can be.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

148. LILAC. (MR. SIBETH'S.)

Fine, but curiously redundant. The upper branch by itself, or the lower with only the laburnum, or both together without the third, would have been beautiful; but two's company, and three's none.

150. VASE WITH ROSE AND BASKET WITH FRUIT.
151. FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

Two resplendent ones; everything that he could do best in this kind—absolutely right in colour, absolutely in light and shade, and without any rivalship in past or present art.

162. THE GAMEKEEPER.[2]

Early study. Please observe that Hunt learned his business, not in spots but in lines. Compare the entirely magnificent sketch of the river-side, No. 124, which is as powerful in lines as Rembrandt, and the St. Martin's Church, No. 123, which is like a bit of Hogarth.

[1] [See also "Academy Notes" for 1858, p. 170 of this volume.]
[2] [Reproduced at p. 180 of Mr. Harry Quilter's "Preferences in Art."]

157. THE INVALID.

Full of humour; but there is no place for humour in true painting. See also No. 164, "The Young Artist," and "The Wasp," No. 163. If I could have the currant-pie without the boy, I should be content.

[*Reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."*]

161. GIPSIES.

Very powerful; historic in its kind.[1]

166. PRAYING BOY.[2] (MR. QUILTER'S.)

Over-finished, as its companion, No. 165, an endeavour at doing what he did not understand. So also the large study of himself, No. 176, with the "Mulatto," No. 122, and "Wanderer," No. 120. His mode of work was entirely unfitted for full life-size.

121. MR. QUILTER'S STABLE-BOY.[3]

172. MR. ORROCK'S SHY SITTER,[4] AND THE BLESSING (171).[5]

On the contrary, he is here again in his utmost strength —and in qualities of essential painting—unconquerable. In the pure faculty of the painter's art—in what Correggio, and Tintoret, and Velasquez, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, meant by *painting*—that single bunch of old horse-collars [in the "Stable-boy"] is worth all Meissonier's horse-bridles, boots, breeches, epaulettes and stars, together.

The other drawings of the highest class need no commentary. There is not much in the two little candle-lights, Nos. 168, 175, but all that is, of the finest; and the three drawings with which I close our series, "The Shy Sitter,"

[1] [Reproduced at p. 184 of Mr. Harry Quilter's "Preferences in Art."]

[2] [Otherwise called "Devotion." See p. 69.]

[3] [Generally known as "The Eavesdropper." Reproduced at p. 177 of Mr. Harry Quilter's "Preferences in Art." Mr. Quilter says: "I remember Sir Frederick Burton saying many years ago to my father—perhaps in a fit of generous enthusiasm—that this is the finest water-colour in the world" (p. 182).]

[4] [No. 172 is reproduced as frontispiece in the illustrated edition of the "Notes."]

[5] ["This has been reproduced in etching by Mr. Waltner."—*Note to illustrated edition.*]

No. 172, "The Fisherman's Boy," No. 173, and "The Blessing," No. 171, things that the old painter was himself unspeakably blessed in having power to do. The strength of all lovely human life is in them; and England herself lives only, at this hour, in so much as, from all that is sunk in the luxury, sick in the penury, and polluted in the sin of her great cities, Heaven has yet hidden for her old men and children such as these, by their fifties, in her fields and on her shores, and fed them with Bread and Water.

APPENDICES

I

EVERY human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations,—it is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. vi. § 10.

But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent

character, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists; and, therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters—so essential to my mind that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury, either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation, which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits; but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained with respect to sculpture—that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of points of shade rather than on purity of outline—do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away. Hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of line, as the Italian Gothic, must be practised altogether in hard and undecomposing materials—granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.—*Ibid.* ch. vi. §§ 16, 17.

II

The essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it—as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness, and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, attributes which are both sublime; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense

pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride, nor grace, yet neither asking for pity: not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents, and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We, in England, have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it,—a mere *specimen* of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover. But, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the grey-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. i.

III

And, in some sort, the hunter of the picturesque is better than many other pleasure-seekers; inasmuch as he is simple-minded and capable of unostentatious and economical delights,

which, if not very helpful to other people, are at all events utterly uninjurious, even to the victims or subjects of his picturesque fancies; while to many others his work is entertaining and useful. And, more than all this, even that delight which he *seems* to take in misery is not altogether unvirtuous. Through all his enjoyment there runs a certain undercurrent of tragical passion—a real vein of human sympathy;—it lies at the root of all those strange morbid hauntings of his; a sad excitement, such as other people feel at a tragedy, only less in degree, just enough, indeed, to give a deeper tone to his pleasure, and to make him choose for his subject the broken stones of a cottage wall rather than of a roadside bank, the picturesque beauty of form in each being supposed precisely the same. And, together with this slight tragical feeling, there is also a humble and romantic sympathy, a vague desire, in his own mind, to live in cottages rather than in palaces; a joy in humble things, a contentment and delight in makeshifts, a secret persuasion (in many respects a true one) that there is in these ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as in king's palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God infinitely greater and holier than can commonly be found in any other kind of place; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness—"poor and sick in body, and beloved by the gods." And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure that he knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them *must* have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town and every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the kind of person who has *no* pleasure in sights of this kind, but only in fair facades, trim gardens, and park palings, and who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot-wheels, and the breeze less offence to his nobility.—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. i.

IV

I do not doubt that you are greatly startled at my saying that greater pleasure is to be received from inferior Art than from the finest. But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That

miraculous aspect of the nature around us was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise. . . .

In your educational series is a lithograph drawing, by Prout, of an old house in Strasburg. The carvings of its woodwork are in a style altogether provincial, yet of which the origin is very distant. The delicate Renaissance architecture of Italy was affected, even in its finest periods, by a tendency to throw out convex masses at the bases of its pillars; the wood-carvers of the sixteenth century adopted this bulged form as their first element of ornamentation; and these windows of Strasburg are only imitations by the German peasantry of what, in its finest type, you must seek as far away as the Duomo of Bergamo.

But the burgher, or peasant, of Alsace enjoyed his rude imitation, adapted, as it was, boldly and frankly to the size of his house and the grain of the larch logs of which he built, infinitely more than the refined Italian enjoyed the floral luxuriance of his marble; and all the treasures of a great exhibition could not have given him the tenth part of the exultation with which he saw the gable of his roof completed over its jutting fretwork, and wrote among the rude intricacies of its sculpture, in flourished black letter, that "He and his wife had built their house with God's help, and prayed Him to let them live long in it—they, and their children."

But it is not only the rustic method of architecture which I wish you to note in this plate; it is the rustic method of drawing also. The manner in which these blunt timber carvings are drawn by Prout is just as provincial as the carvings themselves. Born in a far-away district in England, and learning to draw, unhelped, with fishing-boats for his models; making his way instinctively until he had command of his pencil enough to secure a small income by lithographic drawing; and finding picturesque character in buildings from which all the finest lines of their carving had been effaced by time; possessing also an instinct in the expression of such objects so peculiar as to win for him a satisfying popularity, and, far better, to enable him to derive perpetual pleasure in the seclusion of country hamlets and the quiet streets of deserted cities—Prout had never any motive to acquaint himself with the refinements, or contend with the difficulties, of a more accomplished art. So far from this, his manner of work was, by its very imperfection in the most perfect sympathy with the subjects he enjoyed. The broad chalk touches in which he has represented to us this house at Strasburg are entirely sufficient to give true idea of its effect. To have drawn its ornaments with the subtlety of

Leonardesque delineation would only have exposed their faults and mocked their rusticity. The drawing would have become painful to you from the sense of the time which it had taken to represent what was not worth the labour, and to direct your attention to what could only, if closely examined, be a matter of offence. But here you have a simple and provincial draughtsman happily and adequately expressing a simple and provincial architecture ; nor could builder or painter have become wiser, but to their loss.—*Works of John Ruskin*, vol. iv., "Eagle's Nest," §§ 82, 86, 87.

COMPLETE INDEX OF DRAWINGS

PROUT LIST

		Contributed by
1	Calais Town, see pp. 298, 302, 303 .	Mr. S. G. Prout[1]
2	Calais Old Pier, pp. 302, 304 . .	,,[1]
3	Figure Studies, p. 305 . . .	,,
4	Abbeville: West Front of St. Wulfran, pp. 302, 305, 308	Mr. Ruskin
5	Abbeville: North-west Tower of St. Wulfran, pp. 291, 305 . . .	Mr. S. G. Prout[2]
6	Abbeville: Photograph of the Porches of St. Wulfran	,,
7	Amiens, pp. 290, 305 . . .	,,[3]
8	Dieppe: Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, pp. 302, 306, 310, 312 . .	,,
9	Evreux, pp. 292, 306	,,
10	Strasburg, pp. 292, 296, 307, 310 .	,,
11	Strasburg. Lithograph, p. 308 . .	,,
12	Lisieux, pp. 301 *n.*, 309, 310 . .	,,
13	Lisieux. Water-colour Drawing, pp. 298 *n.*, 309	The Rev. O. Gordon
14	Bayeux, p. 311	Mr. S. G. Prout
15	Shop at Tours, p. 311 . . .	,,
16	Rouen: The Tour de Beurre, p. 311 .	,,
17	Rouen: Staircase in St. Maclou, pp. 302, 312	,,[2]
18	Ghent, p. 312	,,[4]
19	Antwerp, pp. 292, 312 . . .	,,[5]
20	Augsburg	Col. T. H. Sale
21	Brunswick, p. 313	Mr. James Knowles
22	Dresden, p. 313	Mr. S. G. Prout
23	Prague: The Bridge, pp. 302, 313 .	,,[5]

[This Index is reprinted from the original pamphlet, but several additional references are here supplied, and the descriptions are occasionally made more explicit.]

[1] ["Now Mr. Huish's."—*Ill. Ed.*]
[2] ["Now belonging to Mr. John T. Lord."—*Ill. Ed.*]
[3] ["Now the property of Mr. John C. Robinson."—*Ill. Ed.*]
[4] ["Now belonging to Mr. J. S. Kennedy."—*Ill. Ed.*]
[5] ["Now belonging to Mr. Young."—*Ill. Ed.*]

24	Prague: The Stadthaus, p. 313	Mr. John Simon
25	Bamberg, p. 313	Mr. S. G. Prout
26	Nuremberg, p. 314	,,[1]
27	Lahnstein	Mr. W. H. Urwick
27*a*	Broadstairs	Mr. A. Keily
28	The Drachenfels, pp. 296, 314	Mr. S. G. Prout
29	Islands on the Rhine, p. 315	,,
30	The Pfalz, p. 315	,,
31	Worms. Water-colour Drawing, p. 315	Mr. G. W. Reid, F.S.A.
32	Worms. Pencil, p. 302	Mr. S. G. Prout
33	Four Studies of Peasants at Ratisbon, p. 315	,,
34	An Old Water-mill	Mr. Alfred Hunt
35	Ulm, p. 315	Mr. S. G. Prout
36	Ulm. Water-colour Drawing, p. 315	Mrs. C. S. Whitmore
37	Swiss Costumes, p. 315	Mr. S. G. Prout
38	Old Hulk	The Fine Art Society
39	Chillon, p. 316	Mr. S. G. Prout
40	Chillon: The Dungeon, p. 316	,,
41	Montreux	,,
42	Waterfall under the Dent du Midi	,,
43	Martigny Village	,,
44	A Castle	Mr. A. Hunt
45	Mayence	Mrs. C. S. Whitmore
46	Brieg	Mr. S. G. Prout[2]
47	Domo d'Ossola, pp. 292, 314, 316, 323	Mr. Ruskin
48	Como, pp. 292, 293, 294, 323	Mr. S. G. Prout[2]
49	Verona: Monument of Can Signorio della Scala, pp. 316, 325	Mr. Ruskin
50	Same subject. Water-colour Drawing, p. 316	Mr. J. C. Ottway
51	Verona. Three Pencil Drawings	Mr. S. G. Prout
52	Ghent	Mr. W. J. Stuart
53	Sunrise	Mr. W. Scrivener
54	Martigny Village. Water-colour	Mr. Ruskin
55	Place of St. Mark's, Venice, pp. 298, 320	,,
56	Venice: Ducal Palace from the West, p. 317	,,
57	Venice: Ducal Palace from the East	Mr. S. G. Prout
58	St. Michael's Mount, Normandy, p. 317	,,
59	The Grand Canal, Venice, near the Rialto	,,
60	The Doge's Palace, Venice, p. 318	The Right Hon. Lord Coleridge
61	Verona	Mr. J. Rhodes
62	Sunset	Mr. J. C. Scrivener
63	The Grand Canal, Venice	Mr. S. G. Prout
64	The Bridge of Sighs	,,

[1] ["Now belonging to Mr. John T. Lord."—*Ill. Ed.*]
[2] ["Now Mr. J. S. Kennedy's."—*Ill. Ed.*]

65	Bologna: San Giacomo, pp. 292, 293, 314	Mr. S. G. Prout
66	Bologna: The Tower of Gaùsenda	Mr. Ruskin
67	Arqua: Petrarch's House, p. 322	Mr. S. G. Prout
68	Arqua: Petrarch's Tomb	,,
69	Vauxhall	Mr. H. Moore
70	Nuremberg: Dürer's House, p. 322	Mr. S. G. Prout
71	Rome: The Coliseum, pp. 292, 295	,,
72	Rome: The Fountain of Egeria	,,
73	Kelso, p. 322	Mr. J. W. Gibbs
74	Rouen, p. 323	Mr. S. G. Prout
75	Study of Dutch Boats, p. 323	,,
76	Neudersdorf, p. 323	,,
77	Gutenfels, p. 323	,,
78	An Old Rhine Bridge at Rheinfelden, p. 323	,,
79	Munich, p. 323	,,
80	Yprès, p. 323	,,
81	Rubens's House, Antwerp, pp. 322, 324	,,[1]
82	Caen, p. 324	Mr. E. Quaile
83	Falaise, p. 324	,,
84	Old Gateway at Monmouth	Mr. A. F. Payne
85	Old Hulk	Mr. H. Howard-Keeling
86	Portico di Ottavia, Rome, p. 324	Mr. W. H. Urwick
87	Well at Strasburg, p. 324	Mr. J. C. Robinson
88	Well at Strasburg, p. 324	Mr. S. G. Prout
89	Well at Nuremberg, p. 325	,,
90	Ulm, p. 35	,,
91	Prague: Tower of the Gate, p. 313	,,
92	Prague: Stadthaus, p. 325	,,
93	Brunswick: Rathhaus, p. 313	,,
94	Coblenz, p. 325	,,
95	English Cottage, pp. 283, 326	Mr. Ruskin
96	L. unceston, p. 326	Mr. W. Eastlake
97	Wreck of an East Indiaman	Hon. H. Strutt
98	Frankfort	Mr. A. F. Hollingsworth
99	Marine View	Mr. Safe
100	Verona	Mr. J. J. Wigzell
101	Interior of St. Julien at Tours	Mr. S. Castle
102	A Bridge	Mr. A. F. Payne
103	View of a Church	Rev. J. Townsend

[Nos. 1–87 are pencil drawings, except where otherwise stated; 88–94 are lithographs; 95–103 are in colour.]

[1] ["Now Mr. Huish's."—*Ill. Ed.*]

SUPPLEMENTARY DRAWINGS, &c.

	Contributed by
104 Calais, p. 304	Mr. Ruskin
104*a* The Aventine, pp. 302, 317	,,
105 The Ducal Pâlace and Bridge of Sighs	,,
106 Ducal Palace: Foliage of South-west Angle, p. 327	,,
106*a* Photograph of Ducal Palace, p. 318 *n.*	,,
107 Pillar of the Piazzetta, p. 320	,,
108 Photograph of the Pillar of the Piazzetta, p. 320	,,
108*a* Chiaroscuro Study of the same Pillar, pp. 320, 328	,,
109 The Casa d'Oro	,,
110 Window on the Grand Canal	,,
111 Abbeville Crocket, p. 327	,,
112 Oak-leaf, p. 327	,,
113 Moss and Oxalis	,,
114 Floral Decoration, p. 322	Mr. Rooke
115 Madonna and David, p. 322	,,
116 The Prophets, p. 322	,,
117 Abbeville [photograph, pp. 286, 311]	
118 Picture of Abbeville [p. 287]	
119 Improvements in Modern London[1]	

[Nos. 104–113 drawings by Mr. Ruskin, except where otherwise stated.]

HUNT LIST

	Contributed by
120 The Wanderer, pp. 333, 337	Mr. Jas. Orrock
121 The Eavesdropper, pp. 333, 337	Mr. W. Quilter
122 Head of a Mulatto Girl, p. 337	Mr. F. Wigan
123 St. Martin's Church, p. 336	Mr. Ellis
124 Somerset House, p. 336	Mr. J. C. Robinson
125 Bullaces, p. 335	Mr. W. Quilter
126 Plums, p. 335	Mr. Ruskin
127 Black Grapes and Strawberries	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
128 Magnum Bonum Plums	,,
129 Black and White Grapes, p. 335	,,
130 Grapes, p. 335	Mr. W. J. Galloway
131 Quinces, p. 335	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
132 "Love what you study, study what you love," pp. 275 *n.*, 335	Mr. George Gurney
133 Plums and Blackberry, p. 335	Mr. Jas. Orrock
134 Black Grapes and Peach	Mr. Ruskin

[1] [The illustrated edition added: "119*a*. Portrait of Samuel Prout. Contributed by Mr. Prout-Newcombe."]

135	Fruit, p. 335	Mr. Alfred Harris
136	Black and White Grapes	Mr. Jas. Orrock
137	Grapes, Casket, and Peaches	Mr. A. W. Lyon
138	Hare (dead), p. 334	,,
139	A Pigeon, pp. 281, 334	Mr. W. Quilter
140	Acorn	Mr. J. W. Knight
141	A Pigeon, p. 334	Mr. Ruskin
142	Flowers and Fruit with Butterfly, p. 331	Mr. George Gurney
143	Pine, Melon, and Grapes, p. 334	The Fine Art Society[1]
144	Herrings and Red Mullet, p. 332	Mr. George Gurney
145	A Pigeon, pp. 281, 334	Mr. Ruskin
146	Dead Chicken, p. 332	,,
147	A Bird's Nest, with May Blossom, pp. 333, 336	Mr. Fry
148	Lilac and Bird's Nest, pp. 333, 336	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
149	Fungi, pp. 333, 336	Dr. Drage
150	Vase with Rose, and Basket with Fruit, pp. 333, 336	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
151	Flowers and Fruit, pp. 333, 336	Mr. Jas. Orrock
152	Apple Blossom, p. 333	Mr. George Gurney
153	Dog-roses and Bird's Nest	Mr. R. D. Farnworth
154	Primrose and Bird's Nest, p. 333	Mr. George Gurney
155	Birds' Nests and May Blossom, p. 336	Mr. Ruskin
156	Primroses, p. 333	Mr. Jas. Orrock
157	The Invalid, pp. 333, 337	Mr. S. J. Thacker
158	Sunday Morning, pp. 279, 333	Mr. J. J. Wigzell
158a	"Study of a Head"	Mr. G. Peck
159	The Pitcher Girl	Mr. Jas. Orrock
159a	Sketch for the drawing of the Fly-catcher	Mr. H. G. Hine
160	Sketch for the drawing of the Cricketer	Mr. Carl Haag
161	The Gipsies, pp. 333, 337	Mr. W. Quilter
162	The Gamekeeper, p. 336	,,
163	Boy startled by a Wasp, pp. 333, 337	Mr. John Rhodes
164	A Young Artist, pp. 333, 337	Mr. George Gurney
165	Prayer, pp. 333, 337	Mr. Prescott Hewett
166	Devotion, pp. 333, 337	Mr. W. Quilter
167	Girl's Head	Mr. W. J. Galloway
168	Boy with a lighted Candle, pp. 333, 337	Mr. W. Beacall
169	The Blacksmith's Shop, p. 333	Mr. W. H. Urwick
170	By the Wayside	Mr. S. J. Thacker
171	The Blessing, pp. 331, 333, 337	Mr. Jas. Orrock
172	The Shy Sitter, pp. 333, 337	,,
173	My Father's Boots, pp. 331, 333, 337	Mr. John Rhodes
174	An Interior, pp. 278, 282, 333	Mr. Ruskin
175	Boy with Lantern, pp. 333, 337	Mr. J. J. Elliott
176	Portrait of Hunt (painted by himself), p. 337	Mr. Sutton Palmer

[1] ["Now Mr. A. T. Hollingworth's."—*Ill. Ed.*]

176*	Grapes—Muscatel, Peach, and Spray of Raspberries	Mr. George Gurney
177	Portrait of Saml. Prout, by Wm. Hunt [reproduced in the illustrated edition of the "Notes by Mr. Ruskin on Samuel Prout and William Hunt"]	Mr. Haydon
178	Portrait of Wm. Hunt, by himself .	Mr. Osler
179	A Green Melon, Grapes, and Plums .	Sir John Swinburne, Bart.
180	Shells	Mr. Barnes
181	Dead Pigeons	,,
182	A Bit of Mont Blanc	,,
183	Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom .	Mr. W. Barfoot
184	The Art Critic	,, [1]

[1] [The illustrated edition added: "185. Pencil Sketches. . . . Mr. J. F. Hall." The original pamphlet included finally an alphabetical "List of Contributors to the Exhibition." It has not been thought worth while to reprint it here.]

GENERAL INDEX

GENERAL INDEX

OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS NOTICED AND SUBJECTS DISCUSSED

[*For separate Lists of Drawings by Prout and Hunt, see preceding pages.* R.A., *exhibited at the Royal Academy;* O.W.C.S., *Old (now Royal) Society of Painters in Water-Colours;* N.W.C.S., *New Society, &c. (now Royal Institute)*; F.E., *exhibited at the French Gallery;* S.B.A., *Society of British Artists (now Royal Society, &c.)*; B.I., *British Institution;* N.G., *National Gallery. Where two or more references to pages follow a picture, and the first is not the first in order of number, it is the principal reference.*]

ABBEVILLE, 291; Ruskin's photograph of courtyard at, 286; Prout's records of, 292
Ackermann's drawing-books, 303
Acland, Miss A.—
The Intruder (R.A., 1875), 252
Agnew, Messrs. (picture-dealers), 256
Allingham, Mrs.—
Young Customers (O.W.C.S., 1875), 224; *cf.* 305
Alma-Tadema, Sir Lawrence, *R.A.*, 223, 224
The Sculpture Gallery (R.A., 1875), 230
Alpha and Omega of laws of true human life, 299
Amiens, described, 291
Anelay, H.—
Austey's Cove, South Devon (R.A., 1858), 145
Angelico, Fra, 120, 149
Angels, ministration of, 139
Animal painting, need of human sympathy in, 147; Dutch and English compared, 251; and portrait painting, 334
Anonymous Criticism, the ethics of, discussed, 37
Ansdell, Richard, *R.A.*—
Ploughing at Seville, 1857 (R.A., 1857), 97
Anthropology in art, 233
Antigna, Alexandre—
Cherry-Seller of Port l'Abbé, Brittany (F.E., 1859), 211
The Pet Squirrel (F.E., 1859), 211
Archer, James—
John Stuart Blackie (R.A., 1875), 243
Architecture, dependent on sculpture, 324, 327; the severance deplored in Exhibition of 1857, 101
Armitage, Edward, *R.A.*—
Julian the Apostate presiding at a Conference of Sectarians (R.A., 1875), 228

Art: conditions of great art—delight and enthusiasm, 113, 117, 160, 198; reverence, 205; sincerity, 207; nationality, 246; serious purpose, 152; must be didactic, 225, 287; but high purpose no substitute for technical skill, 57, 58, 287; living art and trivial, 103; thoughts and things, 253; confession of means, 282. *See also* Painters, Painting, Pictures, Subjects, Things to be painted
Art for Art's sake, 287
Athena of the Agora, 299
Athenæum, criticisms of the Royal Academy, 135

BABYLON, spiritual and fleshly, 235
Barwell, F. B.—
The *London Gazette*, 1854 (R.A., 1855), 26
Adopting a Child (R.A., 1857), 98
Battle pictures, 261
Baxter, Charles—
Red Riding Hood (S.B.A., 1859), 215
Bellini, Gentile, 292, 299
Bellini, Giovanni—
"Peter Martyr" (N.G., No. 812), 256
Bennett, William—
Drawings in the N.W.C.S., 1858, 160
Bethlehem Hospital, 320
Bewick, 289, 290, 297
Bible teaching, 234
Biography in modern art, 235
Black and white illustration, rapid skill in modern, 224
Blackie, John Stuart, 243
Blottesque, the, in art, 160
Blunden, Miss A.—
Past and Present (R.A., 1858), 142
God's Gothic (R.A., 1859), 194
Bochmann, G.—
Peasantry of Esthonia going to Market (R.A., 1875), 242
Boddington, H. J.—
Llyn Givernen (S.B.A., 1857), 117
The Close of an Autumnal Evening (S.B.A., 1857), 117
The Windings of the Wye (S.B.A., 1858), 156
Boehm, Sir J. E., *R.A.*—
Bust of Thomas Carlyle (R.A., 1875), 245, 229, 246, 248
Bonheur, Rosa—
The Horse Fair (1853), 147
The Plough (F.E., 1858), 147
Bonifazio, 28, 246
Booth, E. C.—
The Roadside Spring, Yorkshire (R.A., 1856), 42
Both, 189
Botticelli, 16
Boughton, G. H., *R.A.*—
The Bearer of the Burden (R.A., 1875), 242
Boutibonne, E.—
Her Majesty the Empress Eugenie (R.A., 1856), 48
Boxall, Sir William, *R.A.*—
Mrs. Coleridge (R.A., 1855), 5
Boyce, G. P., 325
At a Farmhouse in Surrey (R.A., 1858), 138
The East Lynn at Middleham (R.A., 1859), 193

Boyce, Miss J. M. (Mrs. H. T. Wells)—
Elgiva (R.A., 1855), 27
Branwhite, Charles—
Sunset, Winter: a black frost (O.W.C.S., 1857), 107
A Mountain Torrent: late in autumn (O.W.C.S., 1858), 165
Breadth in painting, 193
Brett, J., *A.R.A.*, 326
The Stonebreaker (R.A., 1858), 145, 131
Val d'Aosta (R.A., 1859), 197, 146, 249
Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands (R.A., 1875) 248, 252
British Institution, Exhibition of, 118
,, school: an old-fashioned picture on Dutch models, 285
Brodie, W.—
Bust of Tennyson (R.A., 1857), 101
Brown, Dr. John, 304
Browning, Mrs., "Casa Guidi Windows," 29, 322
Buckner, R.—
The Countess della Torre (R.A., 1859), 182
Burgess, J. B., *R.A.*
The Barber's Prodigy (R.A., 1875), 236
Burgundian Gothic, corruption of, 309
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 269, 321
Burr, J.—
Domestic Troubles (R.A., 1875), 235
Burton, Sir Frederic William—
Faust's First Sight of Margaret (O.W.C.S., 1857), 108
Burton, W. S.—
A Wounded Cavalier (R.A., 1856), 58
Butler, Lady—
The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras (R.A., 1875), 261, 260
Byron, 144

CADORE, described, 84
Calderon, P. H., *R.A.*—
The Gaoler's Daughter (R.A., 1858), 142
Lost and Found (R.A., 1859), 201
Calthrop, Claude—
Getting Better (R.A., 1875), 243
Campbell, J.—
Eavesdroppers (R.A., 1856), 72
The Wife's Remonstrance (S.B.A., 1858), 158
Visit to the Old Sailor ,, ,,
Our Village Clockmaker (R.A., 1859), 201
Canaletto, 185, 274, 317
Carlyle, "My dear Master," 245; on war, 263
Carnforth Railway Station, architecture of, 285
Carpaccio, 247, 256, 319
Carrick, J. M.—
The Village Postman (R.A., 1856), 51
Rydal (R.A., 1857), 96
Carrick, R.—
Thoughts of the Future (R.A., 1857), 85, 83
Weary Life (R.A., 1858), 139
Carter, S.—
The First Taste (R.A., 1875), 251
The Little Wanderers (R.A., 1875), 251
Casa Guidi Windows, 29, 322

Catena's "Kneeling Knight" (N.G., No. 234), 256
Cattermole, George, 288
Chiaroscuro, discussion of the place of, in art, 213; true and false, 240
Christian sects, animosity of, 234
Christianity in mediæval and modern art, 226
Clark, J.—
Private and Confidential (R.A., 1875), 237
Claude, 189, 268
Clay colour, 96
"Clay school," 231
Clifford, Edward—
The Countess of Pembroke (R.A., 1875), 243
Cockerell, P.—
Ready! (R.A., 1875), 232
Cole, Vicat, *R.A.*—
Richmond Hill (R.A., 1875), 258
Colenso, Bishop, 242
Coleridge, Lady—
Dr. Newman (R.A., 1875), 244
Nineteen (R.A., 1875), 244
Collier, T. F.—
Russ, in the Dargle, co. Wicklow (R.A., 1857), 96
Collingwood, W.—
Sunrise on the Jungfrau (O.W.C.S., 1856), 71
Collins, C. A., 20
The Good Harvest of 1854 (R.A., 1855), 26
Collinson, James—
The Writing Lesson (R.A., 1855), 21, 17
Collinson, R.—
Sunday Afternoon (R.A., 1875), 240, 263
Colour, if tame must be false, 11; sanctity of, 97; cannot be right if monotonous, 79; Titian's principles of, 151; in relation to sunlight, 189
Colourists and chiaroscurists, 32
Commerce, noble and ignoble, 311
Composition, principles of, 46, 67. *See also* Prout.
Constable, characteristics of, 255; his sacrifice to chiaroscuro, 214
Continental tour in old-fashioned days, 301
Convent sentiment, 179
Cook, Samuel—
Trebarwith Sands (N.W.C.S., 1857), 115
The Rising of the Ground Sea, Trebarwith (N.W.C.S., 1858), 159
The Serpentine Rocks, Kynance Cove (N.W.C.S., 1858), 160
Hartland Point (N.W.C.S., 1859), 209
Close of Day and Early Morning, West Coast, Cornwall (N.W.C.S. 1859), 209
Cooke, E. W., *R.A.*—
Chioggian Fishing Vessels (R.A., 1856), 61
A Crab and Lobster Shore (R.A., 1857), 79
Morning after a Heavy Gale (R.A., 1857), 95
Sunset on the Lagune: St. Giorgio in Alga and the Euganean Hills (R.A., 1858), 144, 131
H.M. Turret-Ship *Devastation* at Spithead (R.A., 1875), 260
The Mountains and Plains of Denderah on the Libyan bank of the Nile (R.A., 1875), 248
Cooper, Abraham, *R.A.*—
West Australian (R.A., 1856), 46
The Fusee (R.A., 1858), 184

Cooper, T. G.—
Near King's House, Glencoe (R.A., 1875), 258
Cope, C. W., *R.A.*—
Royal Prisoners, 1650 (R.A., 1855), 16
Penserosa (R.A., 1855), 17
Corbould, E. H.—
Noah: a Miracle Play (N.W.C.S., 1858), 162
"A Dream of Fair Women" (N.W.C.S., 1859), 203
Cornwall and Derbyshire, characteristics of Prout, early subjects in, 303
Correggio, chiaroscuro of, 213; hair-painting of, 82; a master of the painting art, 337; mentioned, 216, 227, 279, 289
Costume *v.* expression, 167
Couldery, H. H.—
A Fascinating Tail (R.A., 1875), 251, 225
The Little Epicure ,, ,,
Cox, David, 256, 288
Driving the Flock (O.W.C.S., 1856), 68
Peat-Gatherers, N. Wales ,, ,,
Twilight ,, ,,
Wind and Rain ,, ,,
Caernarvon (O.W.C.S., 1857), 104
Bolton Abbey ,, ,,
Snowdon from Capel Curig (O.W.C.S., 1858), 163
Going to Market (O.W.C.S., 1858), 163
Waterfall (O.W.C.S., 1859), 209
Twilight ,, 210
Creswick, T., *R.A.*—
The River's Bank (R.A., 1855), 10, 17
Autumn Morning (R.A., 1857), 89
Crimean War, 55
Cristall, Joshua, 288
Criticism, function of, 3; wickedness of dishonest, 39; what it should entail, 125; powerless to hurt a good picture, 216; young artists should not greatly heed it, 217
Cunnock, J. J.—
The Llugwy at Capel Curig (R.A., 1875), 259
Cuyp, 189

Daily Telegraph's criticism on Academy of 1875, 263
Dante, 14, 181
Davidson, C.—
Cornfield near Hastings (O.W.C.S., 1857), 105
Haymaking, Lewes (O.W.C.S., 1857), 106
Davis, William—
Early Spring Evening (R.A., 1855), 27, 29
Dearle, J.—
Trout Stream in Wales (R.A., 1855), 25
Dearmer, T.—
Magpie Island (R.A., 1855), 29
Decorative art, 232
D'Egville, J. H.—
San Clemente, Venice (N.W.C.S., 1857), 115
De Hoogh, 189
Deltosse, E.—
The Letter (R.A., 1856), 48
De Wint, 289; "sturdy statistics" of, 288
Diamond (Newton's dog), 51

Dickinson, Lowes—
The Rev. F. D. Maurice (R.A., 1859), 195
Dillon, F.
Emigrants on the Nile (R.A., 1858), 138, 131
Dixon, A.—
"To be Left till Called for" (R.A., 1875), 251
Fairy Tales (R.A., 1858), 134
Ishmael ,, ,,
The Rose Garland (R.A., 1859), 188
Dobson, W. C. T., *R.A.*, want of colour, 60, 96
Alms-deeds of Dorcas (R.A., 1855), 28
The Prosperous Days of Job (R.A., 1856), 60
The Going Down to Nazareth (R.A., 1857), 96
Reading the Psalms (R.A., 1857), 96
Dodgson, G. H.—
Welsh Bridge and Torrent, Valley of the Lledr (O.W.C.S., 1857), 109
Drawing, use of grey-tint and colour with pencil, 302
Duncan, Edward—
Spithead, with part of the Baltic Fleet (R.A. 1856), 70
A Winter Scene: carting ice (O.W.C.S., 1858), 166
Dürer, Albert, 32, 268, 290
Düsseldorf school, 237
Dutch school, 152, 279, 285
Dyce, W., *R.A.*—
Christabel (R.A., 1855), 16
Titian preparing for his First Essay in Colouring (R.A., 1857), 83

EAGLES, E.—
Il Ritorno della Contadina (S.B.A., 1857), 117
Eastlake, Sir C. L., *P.R.A.*—
Beatrice (R.A., 1855), 11
Economist's criticism on "Academy Notes," 125
Eddington, W. C.—
Mountain Twilight (R.A., 1875), 258
Egg, A. L., *R.A.*—
Come Rest in this Bosom (R.A., 1855), 12
Life and Death of the Duke of Buckingham (R.A., 1855), 12
A Wife's Infidelity (R.A., 1858), 141
The Night before Naseby (R.A., 1859), 181
Elgin Marbles, 192
Elmore, Alfred, *R.A.*—
The Emperor Charles V. at Yuste (R.A., 1856), 49
Emmerson, H. H.—
The Maid of Derwent (R.A., 1858), 137
England, the best arms of, 191; the saving remnant, 338
English Church, 228
,, Landscape, defiled by smoke, 259
,, school of painting, characteristics of, 10, 187, 204
,, school of portraiture, the three masters, 195 *n.*
"Engrafted" pictures, 194
Etna, 296
Etruscan mirrors, 293
Etty, William, *R.A.*, 49
Evans, William (of Bristol)—
Gates at the Villa Sommariva, Lake of Como (O.W.C.S., 1858), 164
Wastwater, Cumberland
Near Sorrento: Morning
Evreux, spire of, described, 306

FAED, Thomas. *R.A.*—
The Mitherless Bairn (R.A., 1855), 13
Highland Mary (R.A., 1856), 61
Home and the Homeless (R.A., 1856), 61
Sunday in the Backwoods (R.A., 1859), 188
Fielding, Copley, 256; his sea-pieces, 288; easily executed, 289, 314; his word "Proutized," 293; no sense of magnitude, 296
Fielding, Henry, 237
Finish, importance of, to young artists, 24; caution against excess of, 193; finish and generalisation, 150 *n.*
Flamboyant architecture (French), 327
Florence, palaces of, 284
Florentine school, political subjects, 260
Flowers, painting of, 98
Foster, Birket—
On the River Mole (R.A., 1875), 254
Fountains Abbey, 284
Foxgloves, 143
French Gallery, Exhibitions at, 1856, 72; 1857, 119; 1858, 147; 1859, 211
" school of painting: deadness of colour, 119; softness of outline, 48, 119; depression of tone, 151; steady training, 147; innate tact, 152; realism, 329
Frère, Pierre Edouard: anecdote of, 72; compared with Wordsworth, Reynolds, and Angelico, 120, 148; failings of, 149; alleged monotony, 211
College Studies (F.E., 1856), 72
Student (F.E., 1857), 120
Luncheon " "
Sempstress " "
Prayer " "
The Gleaner Boy (F.E., 1858), 148
The Toilet (F.E., 1859), 211
Artizan's Family (F.E., 1859), 211
Cut Finger " "
Wood Gatherers " "
Fripp, Alfred Downing—
An Italian Cottage Door (O.W.C.S., 1858), 169
Church of St. Olivano " "
Evening on the Abruzzi Mountains (O.W.C.S., 1858), 170
Fripp, George Arthur—
Part of the Ruins of Corfe Castle (O.W.C.S., 1856), 71
Scene at the Head of Glencoe (O.W.C.S., 1857), 106, 105
On the Derwent, Borrowdale " "
Frith, W. P., *R.A.*—
At the Opera (R.A., 1855), 21
Many Happy Returns of the Day (R.A., 1856), 46
The Derby Day (R.A., 1858), 137
Sophia Western (R.A., 1875), 237
Frost, W. E., *R.A.*—
The Graces (R.A., 1856), 49
Narcissus (R.A., 1857), 78
"Fudged out" (W. Hunt's phrase), 335
Furness Abbey, 284

GAINSBOROUGH, 187, 195 *n.*, 224
Game-preserving, 250

Gastineau, Henry—
Glenarm, co. Antrim (O.W.C.S., 1857), 107
St. Maurice " "
Generalization in art, 169
Gibbon, 228
Gilbert, Sir John, *R.A.*—
Queen Victoria inspecting the wounded Coldstream Guards (O.W.C.S., 1856), 68
Sir Andrew Aguecheek writes a Challenge (O.W.C.S., 1859), 203 *n.*
The Banquet at Lucentio's House "
Giorgione, 11, 28, 59, 111
Giotto, 178, 188
Giotto's Tower, 284
Girls, peculiar sweetness of Northern, 188
Glennie, A.—
View in the Forum of Rome (O.W.C.S., 1856), 71
Globe's criticisms on "Academy Notes" answered, 30
Goethe's "Faust," 109
Goldsmith and "Pre-Raphaelite" principles, 227
Gondoliers, movements of, 142, 185
Goodall, F., *R.A.*—
Felice Ballarin reciting "Tasso" to the people of Chioggia (R.A., 1859), 189
Rachel and her Flock (R.A., 1875), 226
A Seller of Doves (R.A., 1875), 227 *n.*
Goodwin, Albert, 326
Gordon, Sir J. W., *R.A.*—
Portrait of David Cox (R.A., 1856), 47
Gothic, German, 313; Burgundian, 309
Gow, A. C., *R.A.*—
Lost: 1797 (R.A., 1875), 237
Graham, Peter, *R.A.*—
Crossing the Moor (R.A., 1875) 255
Grammar of Art, neglect of, 190
Greek Influence in Venetian work, 320
Greenaway, Miss Kate, 305
Guercino's "Hagar" in the Brera, 134

HAAG, Carl—
In the Sabine Hills (O.W.C.S., 1858), 166
Arch at Spalatro " 170
Hair, painting of, 82
Halse, G.—
Mrs. W. Cornwallis West (marble) (R.A., 1875), 244
Hannah, R.—
Master Isaac Newton in his Garden (R.A., 1856), 51
Harding, J. D.—
View on the Banks of the Thames at Maidenhead (R.A., 1856), 59
Val St. Nicolas (O.W.C.S., 1857), 106
Hardy, F. D.—
An Interior (R.A., 1856), 52
Hart, S. A., *R.A.*—
Sacred Song (R.A., 1857), 82
Athaliah's Dismay at the Coronation of Joash (R.A., 1858), 135
Hay, Mrs. J. B.—
A Boy in Florentine Costume (R.A., 1859), 177
England and Italy " "

Haydon, B. R., 137
Herbert, J. R., *R.A.*—
Lear Recovering his Reason at the Sight of Cordelia (R.A., 1855) 13
Mary Magdalen (R.A., 1859), 185
Herkomer, Hubert, von, *R.A.*—
The Last Muster (R.A., 1875) 247
Herodotus, on the marriage customs of the Babylonians, 234
Highland scenery, described, 104, 165
Historical landscape, 197
Historical painting, 72
History in modern art, 230
Hodgson, J. E., *R.A.*—
A Barber's Shop in Tunis (R.A., 1875), 237
A Cock Fight " "
Hogarth, 33, 212, 336
"Gate of Calais" (N.G., No. 1464), 304
Holbein, 195, 292
Holiday, Henry—
The Burgesses of Calais (R.A., 1859), 194
Holy Land, scenery of, 55
Hook, J. C., *R.A.*, 246
Colin (R.A., 1855), 6
The Mother of Moses (R.A., 1855), 22
A Signal on the Horizon (R.A., 1857), 87
Ship-boy's Letter (R.A., 1857), 87
A Pastoral (R.A., 1858), 141
The Coast Boy gathering Eggs (R.A. 1858), 141
Luff, Boy! (R.A., 1859), 191
Brook of Human Life (R.A., 1859), 192
Hours of Listless Sway on Gentle Wave (or, "The Skipper Ashore") (R.A., 1859), 192
Hearts of Oak (R.A., 1875), 239, 225
Wise Saws (R.A., 1875), 254
Horsley, J. C., *R.A.*—
The Novice (R.A., 1856), 52
Au Sixième (R.A., 1857), 78
Flower Girls—town and country (R.A., 1858), 141
House of Commons, 261, 297 *n.*
Huggins, William—
Fowl and Pigeons (R.A., 1855), 22
Tigers (R.A., 1875), 258
Hughes, Arthur—
April Love (R.A., 1856), 60 *n.*, 60, 62, 239
The Eve of St. Agnes (R.A., 1856), 61
The Nativity (R.A., 1858), 138
The King's Orchard (R.A., 1859), 195, 139
Hughes, W.—
Sport in the Olden Time (R.A., 1875), 241 *n.*
Hunish, Marcus B., 273, 289
Hunt, Alfred William, 326
The Stream from Llyn Idwal, Carnarvonshire (R.A., 1856), 44
"When the Leaves begin to Turn" (R.A., 1857), 99
Snowdon after an April Hailstorm " "
Time and Tide " "
On the Greta (R.A., 1859), 193
Summer Days for Me (R.A., 1875), 253

Hunt, William Henry, anecdotes of, "I like to see things fudged out," 335; "It's very nice, isn't it?" 335; animal-painting, 333; artistic methods, 158, 208, 241, 275, 280, 281, 282, 328; biographical—modest life of, 275; his London homes, 275; worked for the middle class, 274; his drawings—standards of imitative colour, 283; classification of, 332; exhibited by Ruskin to show what painting is, 331, 337; his still-life pieces contrasted with those of the old masters, 277-9; limitations—insensibility to brighter human beauty, 278; plebeian and sometimes vulgar, 278; his method unfitted for full life-size, 337; too many grape-pieces, xii. 69; could paint the poor but not the rich, 297; subtle sense of natural beauty, 279; particular drawings by—
An Itinerant (O.W.C.S., 1856), 69
Devotion " " 333, 336
Fruit " "
Fungi (O.W.C.S., 1858), 170, 167, 171, 336
View from Richmond Hill (O.W.C.S., 1858), 171
Peach and Grapes " "
Fruit " "
Pine Apple and Grapes (O.W.C.S., 1859), 209
[*For list of drawings in the "Prout and Hunt" Exhibition*, see p. 348. *For summary of other references by Ruskin*, see pp. xi, xii.]
Hunt, William Holman, 33, 78, *and see* p. 53 *n.*
Two Gentlemen of Verona (1851), 190
Claudio and Isabella (1853), 239
Stray Sheep (1853), 190
The Light of the World (1854), 58, 247
The Scapegoat (R.A., 1856), 53, 226
View from the Mount of Offence (R.A., 1856), 62
Jerusalem, by Moonlight (R.A., 1856), 62
The Sphinx, Ghizeh (R.A., 1856), 62
Hunter, Colin, *A.R.A.*—
Give Way (R.A., 1875), 241 *n.*
Hurlstone, F. Y.—
A Fisherman's Daughter of Mola di Gaeta (S.B.A., 1858), 157
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (S.B.A., 1859), 203

Inchbold, J. W., 33
The Moorland (R.A., 1855), 18
At Bolton (R.A., 1855), 19
A Study in March (R.A., 1855), 19
Mid-Spring (R.A., 1856), 52
The Burn, Cucullen Hills (R.A., 1856), 52
The Jungfrau (R.A., 1857), 81
Inglis, Sir Robert Harry, 16
Isumbras, Sir, at the Ford, discussion of the subject, 92
Italy, slavery in, and in England, 178

Jackson, Samuel Phillips—
The Breakwater and Chapel Rock, Bude (O.W.C.S., 1856), 69
The Sands at Bude " "
Sty Head Tarn, Cumberland (O.W.C.S., 1858), 166
Bamborough (O.W.C.S., 1859), 210
Job, representation of, in art, 60
Johnson, C. E.—
The Horse Dealer (R.A., 1875), 255
Journalists, conditions of their work, 29

Julian the Apostate, character of, 228
Jutsum, Henry—
Fitting Shadows (R.A., 1855), 12

KEATS 133, 293
Kenealy, Dr., 261
Kensington schools, 229, 256
Knaus, Louis—
Bavarian Policeman, &c. (F.E., 1859), 212
Woman fetching her Husband from the Beerhouse (F.E., 1859), 212
Knight, C. P.—
Barley Harvest on the Welsh Coast (R.A. 1859), 186
Knight, W. H.—
The Broken Window (R.A., 1855), 18

LAGO Maggiore, scenery of, described, 114, 155
Landscape in modern art, 252
,, and human sentiment, 108
"Landscapes with figures," conventional type of, 268
Landseer, Sir Edwin, *R.A.*, 48, 164 *n.*, 212
Saved! (R.A., 1856), 47
Scene in Braemar: Highland Deer (R.A., 1857), 97
Deerstalking (R.A., 1858), 145
Laurence, S.—
Sir Theodore Martin (R.A., 1875), 244
John Hodgkin, Esq. ,, ,,
Leader, B., *R.A.*—
A Stream from the Hills (R.A., 1857), 96
Lee, F. R., *R.A.*—
The Breakwater at Plymouth (R.A., 1856), 50
Breaking up a Wreck ,, ,,
Leech, John, 34, 138
Le Hon, Henri—
Seashore at Blankenburg (F.E., 1858), 150
Leighton, Lord, *P.R.A.*—
Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession (R.A., 1855), 23, 29
Little Fatima (R.A., 1875), 247, 225
Portion of the Interior of the Grand Mosque of Damascus (R.A., 1875), 247
Eastern Slinger scaring Birds (R.A., 1875), 250
Le Jeune, H., *A.R.A.*—
Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre (R.A., 1856), 61
Leonardo da Vinci, 66, 84
Leslie, C.—
A Break in the Clouds after the Storm (B.I., 1858), 157
Leslie, C. R., *R.A.*, 33, 134, 185, 187
Rape of the Lock (R.A., 1854), 33, 187
Sir Plume demands the Restoration of the Lock (R.A., 1855), 33
Sancho Panzo and Dr. Pedro Rezio ,, ,,
Sir Roger de Coverley in Church (R.A., 1857), 89
Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline (R.A., 1859), 186
Hotspur and Lady Percy ,, ,, 187
Leslie, G. D., *R.A.*—
Reminiscences of the Ball (R.A., 1859), 177
Kin-le-Chaon ,, ,,
School Revisited (R.A., 1875), 245, 224, 248

Lewis, J. F., *R.A.*: compared to Carpaccio, 256; Van Eyck, 80, 101; Veronese and Tintoret, 64, 80; breadth combined with detail, 64, clever composition, 46, 67; too definite, 66; excessive minuteness, 110, 111; uninteresting subjects, 10, 135, 182; not dramatic enough, 135; oil work as good as his water-colour, 10; originality of, a Pre-Raphaelite before the Pre-Raphaelites, 136; his Spanish subjects, 247; particular pictures and drawings by—
An Armenian Lady, Cairo (R.A., 1855), 10
The Greetings in the Desert (R.A., 1856), 46
Street Scene in Cairo ,, ,,
Frank Encampment in the Desert (O.W.C.S., 1856), 53
Syrian Sheikh, Egypt (R.A., 1857), 79
Harem Life, Constantinople (O.W.C.S., 1857), 110
A Kibab Shop, Scutari (R.A., 1858), 135
An Inmate of the Harem, Cairo (R.A., 1858), 135
Interior of a Mosque at Cairo ,, ,,
Lilies and Roses ,, ,,
Waiting for the Ferry Boat, Upper Egypt (R.A., 1858), 183
[*For summary of other references by Ruskin to Lewis*, see p. 101.
Lindsay, Thomas—
The Upper Wye (N.W.C.S., 1857), 115
Linnell, John, 253
Linnell, J. T.—
The Mountain Path (R.A., 1857), 85
Linnell, W.—
Hoppers on the Road (R.A., 1875), 253
Loch Katrine, 324
London mob, incomparably ridiculous, 258
Long, Edwin, *R.A.*—
The Babylonian Marriage Market (R.A., 1875), 233
Louvre, hanging of pictures at, 182; Venetian pictures at, 24
Luard, J. D.—
A Church Door (R.A., 1855), 17
Lüben, A.—
The Beer Fish (R.A., 1875), 237
Luini, 279

MACLISE, Daniel, *R.A.*: far-sighted, 81
The Wrestling in "As You Like It" (R.A., 1855), 7, 13
Peter the Great (R.A., 1857), 81
Macnee, Sir David—
Portrait of Clarkson Stanfield, *R.A.* (R.A., 1859), 183
Magnifying glass, use of, in picture-seeing, 304 *n.*, 52, 64, 314, 328
Magnitude, rarity of true perception of, 295
Mantegna, 180, 256
Marriage markets, Babylonian and British, 234, 235
Marks, H. Stacy, *R.A.*, p. vii *n.*
A Merrie Jest (R.A., 1875), 236
The Jolly Postboys (R.A., 1875), 236
Meissonier, Louis Ernest—
The Study (F.E., 1858), 151
The Courtier ,, ,,
Napoleon in 1814, 329, 280, 337
Men-of-war, in art, 260
Michael Angelo, 227, 232
Michael Scott, 82
Middle classes, Hunt and Prout patronized by, 273

Millais, Sir J. E., Bart., *P.R.A.*: summary of Ruskin's criticisms, 19 *n.*; collected notes on, 265; summary of his life's work, 268–9; animal painting, 266, 267; our best painter, 268; fine free-hand painting, 267; a great colourist, 32; immortal, 19; "Titian could hardly head him," 50; "not Fall, but Catastrophe," 91; distortion of feature, 94, 180; crude painting, 90, 180; particular pictures by—
Lorenzo and Isabella (R.A., 1849), 180
Christ in the House of His Parents (or, "The Carpenter's Shop") (R.A., 1850), 94, 181, 265, 269
Mariana in the Moated Grange (R.A., 1851), 91, 265, 270
The Return of the Dove to the Ark (R.A., 1851), 140, 181, 226, 265, 268
The Woodman's Daughter (R.A., 1851), 265
Ophelia (R.A., 1852), 91, 180, 265, 266, 269
The Huguenot (R.A., 1852), 239, 265, 269
The Rescue (R.A., 1855), 19, 31
Peace Concluded (or, "The Return from the Crimea") (R.A., 1856), 50, 90
Autumn Leaves (R.A., 1856), 59, 50, 70, 90
The Blind Girl (R.A., 1856), 267
News from Home (R.A., 1857), 80
Sir Isumbras at the Ford (or, "A Dream of the Past") (R.A., 1857), 89
The Escape of a Heretic (R.A., 1857), 93, 181
The Vale of Rest (R.A., 1859), 178
Spring (or, "Apple Blossoms") (R.A., 1859), 180
The North-West Passage (R.A., 1874), 270
The Crown of Love (R.A., 1875), 238
Miss E. Tennant (R.A., 1875), 247
No! (R.A., 1875), 247
The Fringe of the Moor (R.A., 1875), 249
The Deserted Garden (R.A., 1875), 255
The Sound of Many Waters (R.A., 1877), 266
The Marchioness of Ormonde (Grosvenor, 1877), 266
Countess Grosvenor ,,
Lady Beatrice Grosvenor ,,
Caller Herrin' (Fine Art Society, 1881), 270
For the Squire (Grosvenor, 1883), 270
The Ornithologist (or, "The Ruling Passion") (R.A., 1885), 270
Millais Exhibition of 1886, Ruskin's Notes on, 269
Minuteness, warning against excessive, 80
Modern Art, mechanical, not spiritual, 233
,, improvements, 312, 315, 318 *n.*, 324
Molière and "Pre-Raphaelite" principles, 227
Moore, Albert—
A Flower Walk (R.A., 1875), 231
Pansies (R.A., 1875), 231
Moore, Henry, *R.A.*—
A Swiss Meadow in June (R.A., 1857), 88
Morgan, J.—
Mozart's Last Chorus (S.B.A., 1858), 156
Morris, P. R., *A.R.A.*—
Peaceful Days (R.A., 1858), 144
Mulready, W., *R.A.*—
Burchell and Sophia (1847), 255
Choosing the Wedding-Dress (1846), 255
The Young Brother (R.A., 1857), 85
"Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclined" (R.A., 1859), 186

Munro, Alexander—
Bust of Dr. Acland (R.A., 1857), 101
Mutrie, Miss A. F.—
Azaleas (R.A., 1855), 5
Primula and Rhododendron (R.A., 1855), 5
Orchids (R.A., 1855), 5
Orchids (R.A., 1856), 47
Roses (R.A., 1856), 47
Autumn Flowers (R.A., 1857), 98
Reynard's Glove (R.A., 1858), 143
Mutrie, Miss M. D.—
Geraniums (R.A., 1856), 47
Primulas " "

NAFTEL, P. J.—
Collecting Vraic, Guernsey (O.W.C.S., 1856), 70
The Evening Gun at Castle Cornet, Guernsey (O.W.C.S., 1856), 70
One of Nature's Ferneries, Guernsey (O.W.C.S., 1857), 108
The Brook in Spring " "
Lihon Island, near Guernsey (O.W.C.S., 1858), 168
Rocquaine Bay " "
Grouse or Black Cock: Study in Glen Falloch (O.W.C.S., 1859), 210
Head of Loch Lomond " "
National Gallery: dome of, 296; the building, 320; pictures in, referred to: No. 51 (Rembrandt's "Jew"), 213; No. 35 (Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"), 18, 256; No. 78 (Reynolds' "Holy Family"), 182; No. 111 (Reynolds' "Lord Heathfield"), 187; No. 234 (Catena's "Kneeling Knight"), 256; No. 274 (Mantegna's "Madonna"), 256; No. 294 (Veronese's "Family of Darius"), 100, 158; No. 812 (Bellini's "Peter Martyr"), 256; No. 1464 (Hogarth's "Calais Gate"), 304
Nationality in painting, 247
Natural History work in modern art, 248
Nature: simple, 140; infinite, 140; strange, 157
Netherlands, characteristics of scenery, 312
Neuchatel (Swiss) school, 237
Newcome, F. C.—
The Head of a Highland Glen (R.A., 1875), 259
New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Exhibitions of, 1857, 113; 1858, 159; 1859 203
Newton, A. P.—
Declining Day: View in Argyllshire (O.W.C.S., 1858), 168
Entrance to the Caledonian Canal
Snow Scene (O.W.C.S., 1859), 210
Inverlochy Castle " "
Nicol, Erskine, *A.R.A.*—
The Sabbath Day (R.A., 1875), 263
Noah (a miracle play), 162
Norman Gothic, later, conception of, 309
Nuremberg, speciality of architecture of, 325

OAKES, J. W., *A.R.A.*—
Craig-dulyn, Carnarvonshire (R.A., 1857), 96
Carnarvonshire Hills from Anglesey " "
The Warren (R.A., 1858), 143
Marcallyn-Mawr (R.A., 1859), 103
Old masters, patience and finish of, 280

Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours: its Exhibitions in old days described, ix. 287; exhibitions, of, 1856, 71; 1857, 102; 1858, 163; 1859, 209
O'Neill, G. B.—
Market-Day (R.A., 1856), 60
Orchardson, W. Q., *R.A.*—
Too Good to be True (R.A., 1875), 237
Ouless, W. W., *R.A.*—
The Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne (R.A., 1875), 243
Oxford Museum, 138
Oxford, Ruskin Drawing School at, 283

Painters: first business is to paint, 57–8; rules of life for, 196; three classes of (false, true, imaginative), 90; scorn of their own work, 111
Painting, conditions of good: must be reserved as well as expressive, 140; light, 145
Palmer, S.—
Going to India (O.W.C.S., 1858), 170
Paris Salon of 1873, picture of Abbeville at, 287
Partington, J. H. E.—
Hard Weather (R.A., 1875), 242
Paton, Sir Joseph Noel—
Home (R.A., 1856), 43, 134
The Bluidy Tryste (R.A., 1858), 133, 135
In Memoriam " "
Peacocks, 230
Pettie, John, *R.A.*—
Portrait in the Costume of the Sixteenth Century (R.A., 1875), 241
Scene in Hal of the Wynd's Smithy " "
Jacobites: 1745 " "
Pettitt, J. P.—
Bettws-y-Coed (S.B.A., 1857), 117
Near Annecy " "
The Studio, Foss Novyn, on the Conway (S.B.A., 1858), 157
Otter-Hunting at Pont-y-Parc, Bettws-y-Coed " "
Philippoteaux, F. E. H.—
La Charge des Cuirassiers Français à Waterloo (R.A., 1875), 261
Phillip, J., *R.A.*—
El Paseo (R.A., 1855), 5
And the Prayer of Faith shall save the Sick (R.A., 1856), 52
Agna Fresca (R.A., 1856), 52
Dona Pepita " "
Gipsy Water-Carrier of Seville (R.A., 1856), 52
Daughter of the Alhambra (R.A., 1858), 143
A Huff (R.A., 1859), 181
Pickersgill, F. R., *R.A.*—
"Love's Labour Lost" (R.A., 1856), 43
Picture of the year, The, 1858, 144
Pictures: as windows, 168, 171, 197; bad pictures, two classes of, 7, 13; not toys, 152; if worth seeing, worth seeing well, 183
Plassan, Antoine Emile—
Doctor's Visit (F.E., 1857), 119
The Music Lesson (F.E., 1858), 152
Policy in mediæval and modern art, 260
Poole, R. F., *R.A.*—
The Death of Cordelia (R.A., 1858), 135
Ezekiel's Vision (R.A., 1875), 226
Pope, 33

Portraiture: the three great schools of, 195; importance of clear back grounds, 48, 100, 242
Potted Art, 103
Poverty, representations of, in mediæval and modern art, 148
Poynter, Sir E. J., *P.R.A.*—
The Festival (R.A., 1875), 231
The Golden Age (R.A., 1875), 232
Pre-Raphaelites: principles defined, 227; Rossetti the founder of the school, 226; Ruskin's advocacy of, 269, 326; some Pre-Raphaelite pictures, 52, 57, 83, 145, 262; the best yet produced, 270; current criticisms of the school, 9, 22, 167; characteristics of, 17, 83, 189 growing influence of, 43, 46, 77; victory of, 41, 129; consequent disappointment, 130; faults of affected simplicity, 16, 130; inconsistency of tone, 161; selection of ugly types, 51, 94, 158, 180; defective flesh-painting, 190
Prout, Gillespie, 289
Prout, Samuel: (a) *biographical*, (b) *artistic methods and characteristics*, (c) *his subjects*, (d) *Ruskin and Prout.*
(a) *biographical:* Cornish-bred, 317; modest life, 275; worked for the middle classes, 274; his suburban homes, 274; uneducated skill, 275; pauseless industry, 289; ill-health, 303; fixed and modest prices, 298; his sketch-books, 289
(b) *artistic method and characteristics:* his different styles and periods, 302, 303, 323, 325; his lithographic work, 324; certainty and ease, 301; chiaroscuro, 294; clever composition, 292, 294, 307, 308, 319; draughtsman, not colourist, 290, 319; intellectual abstraction in his work, 290; loving fidelity, 256, 306; never blurred, 301; sense of magnitude and scale, 295, 304, 314; unaffectedness, 293; unidealizing, 293; compared with Turner, 296, 314
(c) *his subjects:* historical records, 288, 292, 331; French, 247; only true records of Gothic towers and spires, 306; failed at Venice, 317; placidity of, 285, 298; true as a mirror, 293, 314
(d) *Ruskin and Prout:* Ruskin's first "Prout," 284; Ruskin's enthusiasm for, 283; Prout's later drawings influenced by Ruskin, 302 Ruskin's reasons for arranging the exhibition, 283; summary of other Ruskin references, ix.–xi.
[*For index of Prout drawings*, see p. 345.]
Prout's "Sketches in Flanders and Germany," 324
Prout and Hunt Exhibition, 1879-80, 281, 283, 331
"Proutized," 293
Psalters, 206
Purism, 96
Pyne, J. B.—
Borromean Islands on the Lago Maggiore (S.B.A., 1858), 154

QUANTITY, not a substitute in Art for quality, 194
Quarterly Review, criticism of Ruskin, 38
Quiet, virtue of, 298

RAILROADS, 168
Rankley, A.—
The Evening Song (R.A., 1859), 191
Raphael, 100, 188, 227; his "Sposalizio" (Milan), 64; "Vision of Ezekiel" (Pitti), 226
Raven, J. S.—
Saintfoin in Bloom (R.A., 1859), 193
The Quarries of Holmeground, Lancashire (R.A., 1875), 257
Storm and Flood (R.A., 1875), 259

Rayner, Miss L.—
Fair Day, South Petherton, Somersetshire (R.A., 1875), 260
Redgrave, R., *R.A.*—
The Bird-Keeper (R.A., 1855), 17
Little Red Riding Hood (R.A., 1856), 45
The Emigrant's Last Sight of Home (R.A., 1859), 192
Reflection, laws of, 107, 114
Rembrandt: the chiaroscuro school, 32; his strength in character not in chiaroscuro, 213; his "Head of a Jew" in the National Gallery, 213; his bad bricklayer's work, 241; power, 336; a master of the painter's art, 337
Restoration, 308
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, *P.R.A.*: animal painting, 334; facility of, 195; grace, 120, 149; could not paint a hero, 187; hues of, 28; playful tenderness and easy precision, 195; subordinate to Titian, 246; his "Holy Family," 182; "Lord Heathfield," 187
Rhine, past and present, 323
Richardson, T. M.—
Scene in Glen Nevis (O.W.C.S., 1857), 104
Catanzaro, the Capital of Calabria (O.W.C.S., 1857) 105
Richmond, George, *R.A.*—
Sir Robert Harry Inglis (R.A., 1855) 15
The Dean of Westminster (Trench) (R.A., 1859), 183
Captain Sir Charles Hotham (R.A., 1859), 182
Riviere, Breton, *R.A.*—
War Time (R.A., 1875), 238
The Last of the Garrison (R.A., 1875), 238
Roberts, D., *R.A.*, 185, 255, 296
Rome (R.A., 1855), 24, 30
Christmas-Day in St. Peter's (R.A., 1856), 42
Interior of the Duomo, Milan (R.A., 1857), 80
" " Church of St. Gommaire, Lierre (R.A., 1857), 80
The Ducal Palace, Venice (R.A., 1858), 142
The Church of S. Maria della Salute (R.A. '59), 184
Roberts, T.—
Child at Play (S.B.A., 1859), 215
Opinions of the Press (S.B.A., 1859), 215
Robson, George, 256, 288
Rome, old and new, 324; subjects from, in modern art, 230
Rooke, T. M., 321
Rosenberg, W. F.—
View in Glencoe (O.W.C.S., 1856), 70
Rossetti, D. G., 27, 226, 269
Rowbotham, T. L.—
At Fallanza, Hazy Morning (N.W.C.S., 1857), 113
The Bay of Naples (N.W.C.S., 1858), 160
Cetara in the Gulf of Salerno (N.W.C.S., 1858), 161
East Cliff, Hastings (N.W.C.S., 1859), 209
Royal Academy of Arts: the present building, 183; complaints of hanging at exhibitions of, 46, 60, 73, 99, 182, 243, 258; exhibition of 1856, general character of, 41, 51; of 1858, 129; of 1859, 175; of 1875, 223, 258
Royal Academicians: masters of ceremonies, not studies, 241; a man may be R.A. and not able to paint a gutter, 184; "no more than an Academician," 25
Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. *See* New Society
Royal Society of British Artists. *See* Society, &c.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. *See* Old Society
Rubens, 251, 334, 337
Rundell and Bridges, 15
Ruskin, John: (a) *biographical*, (b) "*Academy Notes*," (c) *other books referred to*, (d) *drawings*

(a) *biographical:* at Abbeville (1858), 286; Assisi (1874), 253; Brantwood, building operations at, 284, favourite summer walk, 253, Brunswick (1859), 313; Como (1833), 293; Dover (1878), 253; Lucerne, carried an old woman's bag, 211; in Scotland (1857) 143; at Ulm (1835), 315; in 1856, hard-worked, 62

Early admiration for Prout, 283, influence of, 283, circumstances and hereditary character in biography, 283; love of: dogs, 251, monks, heroes, and sea, 241 *n.*, antiquities and country life, 284, ruggedness in building, 284, old Calais, 304; "never shall go to Ireland again," 321 *n.*; no care for: modern churches or church furniture, 321 *n.*, architecture without sculpture, 101, St. Peter's at Rome, 42, 43; author's sense for scale and magnitude, 296

Friendship with: Royal Academicians, vii. 241; Burne-Jones, 269; Alfred Hunt, 253; William Hunt, xi. 334; gift of the Splügen drawing to, 321 (*cf.* vol. i. 367); happiness "not in my parlour" but in acceptance of my principles, 321

Relations with the Pre-Raphaelites, 227, 269, 326; spent best years of his life in illustrating neglected painters, 287; commissions to W. Hunt for drawings for schools of art, 332; scheme for records of houses and tombs of great men, 322; appeal for records of the mosaics of St. Mark's, Venice, 321; state of the subscription list, 322 *n.*; commission to T. M. Rooke, 322.

(b) *Academy Notes:* purpose and origin of, 3, 29, 127; strict impartiality of, 3, 38, 39, 221; author's twenty years' preparation for, 38; "one of my chief works," 40; apply a fixed criterion of right and wrong, 221; conditions under which written, 126; why many pictures passed over, 126; replies to critics of, 29, 125; offence given by, 37; why suspended, 221; why resumed in 1875, 224, 252; pamphlets reprinted in this volume:—

Academy Notes—I., 1855, pp. 1–34
" II., 1856, " 35–74
" III., 1857, " 75–121
" IV., 1858, " 123–171
" V., 1859, " 173–217
" VI., 1875, " 219–264

(c) *other books referred to:*[1] anonymous reviews in *Quarterly*, 38; letter to *Times* on "Pre-Raphaelites," 33; "Modern Painters," 30, 31, 62, 65, 252, 255, 280, 304, 323, 326, 335; "Seven Lamps of Architecture," 284; "Stones of Venice," 282, 317; "Lectures on Art," 231; "Laws of Fesole," 302 *n.*; "Circular respecting Memorial Studies of St. Mark's, Venice," 322; "my last and most deliberate writings," 287; pamphlets and catalogue reprinted, or quoted, in this volume:—

Catalogue of the Douglas Exhibition, 1880, p. 199
Notes on the Millais Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1886, pp. 249 *n.*, 269, 270
Notes on Prout and Hunt, 1879–80, pp. 271–350

[1] *i.e.* by Mr. Ruskin himself in the text. It has not been thought worth while to index notes collected from his works by the editor.

(d) *drawings:* early sketches in Prout's manner, 302; pioneer work on the traceries of the Ducal Palace, 317; particular drawings referred to:—

[*For list of drawings exhibited in* 1879–80, see pp. 326, 347.]

Abbeville, crocket at, 327
The Aventine, 302
Old Calais, 304
Study of Oak-leaves, 327
Venice: Ducal Palace, foliage of S.W. angle, 327
,, Pillar of the Piazzetta, 328
Rustication in building, 284

SADLER, W. Dendy—
Steady, Brother, Steady! (R.A., 1875), 241 *n.*
St. James of the Rialto, 299
St. Paul's, dome of, 296
St. Raphael's, another name for St. Mark's, Venice, 317
Salvator Rosa, Hades Forests by, 268
Sant, George—
A Valley in Wales (R.A., 1875), 258
Sant, James, *R.A.*—
Eda (R.A., 1855), 28
Scale, truth of, grace of form dependent on, 306; *cf.* Magnitude
Scapegoat, 56
Scheffer, Ary, 97
Marguerite at the Fountain (R.A., 1858), 153
Schiller, criticism of, 232
Schongauer, Martin, 180
Scientific explanations, 240
Scott, Sir George Gilbert, *R.A.*—
The Halifax Town Hall (R.A., 1857), 100
Sculpture: study of essential in architecture, 324, 327; importance of surface in, 327
Sea painting, 141; Dutch and modern compared, 145; "horses of the sea," 192; foam seldom painted, 13, 95 (*cf.* vol. i. 16)
Seeley, Miss E. L.—
Nobody's Dog (R.A., 1875), 252
Shakespeare, plays and characters discussed: "As You Like It," 8; Cloten, 205 *n.*; Cordelia, 14; "Coriolanus," 223; his knowledge of Rome, 223; Desdemona, 205 *n.*; Perdita, 205 *n.*; Portia, 205 *n.*; Virgilia, 14; "Richard II." (pathetic utterance in), 254; "Taming of the Shrew," 329; "Tempest," 230
Shanklin Chine, 296
Sheffield, Ruskin Museum, scheme for, 322
Shelley, 144, 293
Siena, political pictures, 260
Smallfield, F.—
Little Peggy (S.B.A., 1857), 117
An Itinerant Shoeblack (S.B.A., 1857), 117
Roast-Chestnut Seller (S.B.A., 1858), 158
The Woodman's Boy ,, ,,
The Strange Gentleman (R.A., 1858), 158
The May-Gatherer ,, ,,
Smith, William Collingwood—
Chillon (O.W.C.S., 1859), 210

Snyders, 251
Society of British Artists, Exhibition of, 1856, 72; 1857, 117; 1858, 154; 1859, 203
Solomon, Abraham—
A Contrast (R.A., 1855), 21
Waiting for the Verdict (R.A., 1857), 97
Somme, the Valley of the, described, 290
Spectator on Titian and cotton-mills, 257
Spenser, quoted, 139
Stanfield, Clarkson, *R.A.*, 255, 296
Dutch Boats, Zuider Zee (R.A., 1855), 13
St. Sebastian: during the Siege, 1813 (R.A., 1855) 22
The Abandoned (R.A., 1856), 45
Port a Spania, Giant's Causeway (R.A., 1857), 88
Gulf of Salerno (R.A., 1857), 89
Old Holland (R.A., 1858), 132
A Maltese Xebec on the Rocks of Procida (R.A., 1859), 188, 296
Stanfield, G. C.—
At Berncastel, on the Moselle (R.A., 1857), 87
Stark, A. J.—
A Quiet Nook (R.A., 1857), 96 *n.*
Still-life pieces, by the Old Masters, characteristics of, 277
Stirling, J.—
Scottish Presbyterians: the Sermon (R.A., 1855), 22
Stone, Frank, *A.R.A.*—
Bon Jour, Messieurs (R.A., 1857), 94
The Missing Boat: Pas de Calais (R.A., 1858), 137
Stone and wood, styles of, in architecture, 309
Strasburg, mixed architecture of, 310; spire of, criticized, 308
Streams, pollution of, 259
Street fountains, 315
Subjects: greatest painters choose serene, 133; young painters should choose simple, 116; merely pretty landscapes not suitable, 101
See also Things to be painted
Sue, Eugène, 78
Sutcliffe, Thomas—
Early Spring (N.W.C.S., 1857), 115
Scene from Milton ,,
A Study in Winter, Adel Moor (N.W.C.S., 1858), 162
Syer, J.—
Mill near Aber, North Wales (S.B.A., 1858), 156

TAXATION on food wrong, 312
Tayler, Frederick—
Huntsman's Boy and Bloodhounds (O.W.C.S., 1856), 68
Highland Gillie with Dogs and Black Game (O.W.C.S., 1858), 164
Otter-Hunting in the Highlands ,, 165
Taylor, Tom, 91, 100 *n.*
Telbin, W.—
Dovedale (N.W.C.S., 1859), 209
Tennyson, 87
"The Moment of Victory," print of a picture so-called described 286
Theology in modern art, 225
Things to be painted, 98, 131, 184
Thirlmere, 324
Thompson, Miss Elizabeth *see* Butler, Lady
Thomson's 'Seasons' referred to, 259

Times: author's letter to, on Pre-Raphaelites, 32; criticisms of, 1857, on Millais, 99; on portraiture, 100
Tintoret: mighty work of, 224; a supreme master of painting, 337; power of, 80; exact balance between colour and chiaroscuro, 32; chiaroscuro of, 213; darkness of, 66, 334; his "Last Judgment" in S. Maria del Orto, Venice, 178
Tinworth, S.—
Terra-cottas representing Scenes in the Life of Christ (R.A., 1875), 229
Titian: great master of painting, 331; importance of studying him, 189; what he could do with a touch, 157; chiaroscuro of, 213; distances of, 11; head of all portrait painters, 195; his complete portrait backgrounds, 100; his principles in colouring, 151; noble scorn of his own work, 111; twilight effects of, 190; his home described, 84; Millais and, 50, 266; his "Bacchus and Ariadne," 18, 256; "Peter Martyr," 64, 295
Topham, F. W.—
At the Fountain (O.W.C.S., 1857), 109
Village Musicians, Brittany (O.W.C.S., 1857), 109
Topham, F. W. W.—
The Convent of San Francesco, Assisi, 1442 (R.A., 1875), 235
Traceries, corruption of Gothic, 310
Trayer, Mons.—
Convalescent (F.E., 1857), 119
Trees, English and French, 171 (*cf.* vol. i. 127)
Troyon, Constant—
A Country Fair in France (F.E., 1859), 283
Turck, Miss E.—
Cinderella (R.A., 1856), 45
Turner, J. M. W., *R.A.*: associated with Pre-Raphaelitism, 136; colour of, 62, 142, 162; his pictures as "jewel casements," 255; early discipline of, 208; grey tint and pencil method, 302; excess of quantity in, 53 (*cf.* vol. i. 31, 35, 50); composition, 308 (*cf.* Index to vol. i.); fondness for sea and sailors, 297; his Italian work always Turnerian, 293; sometimes too mysterious, 66; surpassed all former landscape, 50; sense of magnitude, 295; saw things like Shelley or Keats, 293; his Yorkshire honesty, 247; painted the poor, not the rich, 297; Venice pictures, inaccurate architectural detail, 317; his "Calais Old Pier," 304; "Coliseum" (Farnley), 295; "Florence" and "Nemi" (Hakewill), 293 (*cf.* vol. i. 313, 315); "Rheinfelden" drawings, 323; "Shipwreck," 95; "Slaves," 180; "Sun of Venice," 189
Turner, William (of Oxford)—
Loch Garry, Inverness-shire: Autumn (O.W.C.S., 1856), 69
Loch Torridon, Ross-shire: before Morning " "
A Lingerer (O.W.C.S., 1858), 165
View from Quiraing, Isle of Skye (O.W.C.S., 1858), 165
Ben Cruachan (O.W.C.S., 1859), 210

UNIVERSAL suffrage, 229

VACHER, Charles—
The Kabyle Mountains at Sunset (N.W.C.S., 1857), 114
The Environs of Mesilah: first hour of Night (O.W.C.S., 1857), 114
The Vesper Hour of Italy " "
Bardj Açouss (N.W.C.S., 1858), 159
Val d'Aosta, scenery of, described, 197
Vandyck, 195 *n.*, 240

Van Eyck, 64, 80, 111, 266, 268
Van Huysum, 274
Velasquez: animals' of, 334; great master of painting, 224, 227, chiaroscuro of, 213; economy of touch, 6; nationality in his art, 247; portraits akin to Venetian, 195 *n.*; portrait backgrounds, 100
Venetian architecture, Ruskin's studies of, 317
,, marine paintings, 295
,, school, characteristics of, 23, 24, 28, 111, 149, 260
,, silk work (16th century), 328
Venice—seldom well painted, 115; Prout's drawings of, 317; modern "improvements" at, 318 *n.*; restoration of St. Mark's, 321; mosaics of St. Mark's, 320, 321; the Ducal Palace, restoration of, 318 *n.*, and a city of the building, 318; inscriptions St. James of the Rialto, 299; a mosaic at St. Mark's (Pontifices, clerus, &c.) 310; church of the Salute, 185; S. Maria del Orto, 178; lottery at, 318 *n.*
Vernet, Horace, "Eylau" and "Plague," 179
Verona, "subtly Cyclopean walls" of early, 284
Veronese, Paolo: power of, 80, 216; Lewis compared with, 64; chiaroscuro of, 213; local colour of, 20, 32; portrait backgrounds, 100; small scale, 295; sometimes too flat, 66; purple robes, 165; his "Family of Darius," 100, 158
Via Mala, 296
Vulgarity, definition of, 204

WADE, R. (doctor and collector of Hunt's drawings), 274
Walker, F., 325
Wallis, H.—
Chatterton (R.A., 1856), 53
Andrew Marvell Returning the Bribe (R.A., 1856), 53
Montaigne (R.A., 1857), 95
Thou wert our Conscript (R.A., 1858), 144, 131
On the Ponte della Paglia: Going to the Council (R.A., 1875), 236
War, the meaning and ethics of, 263, 330
Ward, E. M., *R.A.*—
The Last Painting of Marie Antoinette from her son (R.A., 1855), 45
Ward, W.—
A Bird's Nest (S.B.A., 1857), 117
Warren, Edmund G.—
In the Forest of Dean (N.W.C.S., 1858). 161
Lost in the Woods (N.W.C.S., 1859), 208
Avenue, Evelyn Wood ,, ,,
Warren, Henry—
Song of the Georgian Maiden (N.W.C.S., 1858), 161
Warwick, the Beauchamp Chapel, 278
Water-Colours, methods of, old and new, 208; should be encouraged, 71; pleasant decorations, 96; decay of, 110
Watts, G. F., *R.A.*—
Isabella (R.A., 1859), 201
Dedicated to all the Churches; or, "The Spirit of Christianity" (R.A., 1875), 225
Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B. (R.A., 1875), 248
Mr. F. W. Walker ,, ,,
The Late Marquis of Lothian ,, ,,
Wayside Chapels, 84
Webbe, W. G.—
The White Owl (R.A., 1856), 45

Webster, Thomas, *R.A.*—
Grace before Meat (R.A., 1858), 137
Sunday Evening " "
Weigall, H.—
Dr. Parry, first Bishop of Melbourne (R.A., 1855), 242
Wells, old and new, 324
Wells, H. T., *R.A.*—
At Birdsall House, Yorkshire. Testimonial Hunt Picture (R.A., 1875), 239
West, Benjamin, 137
West, W.—
Waterfall, Romsdal, Norway (S.B.A., 1857), 117
On the Conway " "
Tyr-y-Cae " "
Whaite, H. Clarence—
Barley Harvest, (R.A., 1859), 193
Snowdon " "
Whymper, J. W.—
The Bass Rock (N.W.C.S., 1858), 159
Wilkie, 138, 189, 255; Wilkie-ism, 13
Williams, C. F.—
The Rivals, from Clynnog Beach (R.A., 1858), 145
Wilson, Richard, *R.A.*, 189, 247
Windus, W. L.—
Burd Helen (R.A., 1856), 73, 196
Too Late (R.A., 1859), 96, 201
Witherington, W. F., *R.A.*—
In Betchworth Park (R.A., 1855), 17
The Glen, Chudleigh, Devon (R.A., 1856), 53
Wolf, J.—
Clovey (B.I., 1857), 118
Women, Ruskin's opinion that they "cannot paint" recanted, 262
cleverest women most dashing, 262
Wood and Stone, styles of, in architecture, 309
Woolner, Thomas, *R.A.*—
Medallion of Carlyle (R.A., 1857), 101
Bust of Tennyson (Manchester, 1857), 101
Wordsworth, 120, 148
Wortley, A. Stuart—
Miss Margaret Stuart-Wortley (R.A., 1875), 244
Woutermans, Rolling White Clouds, 285

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